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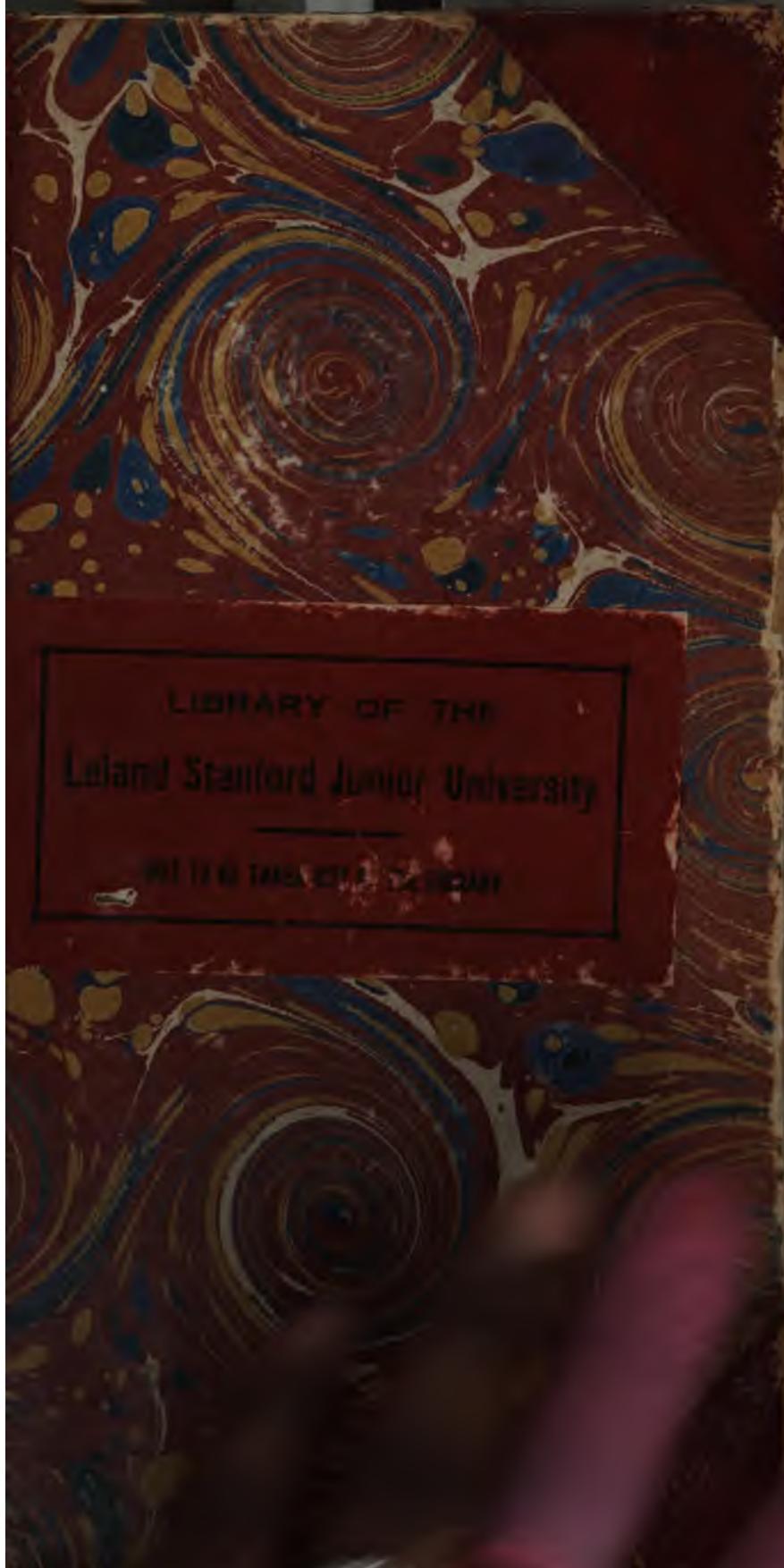
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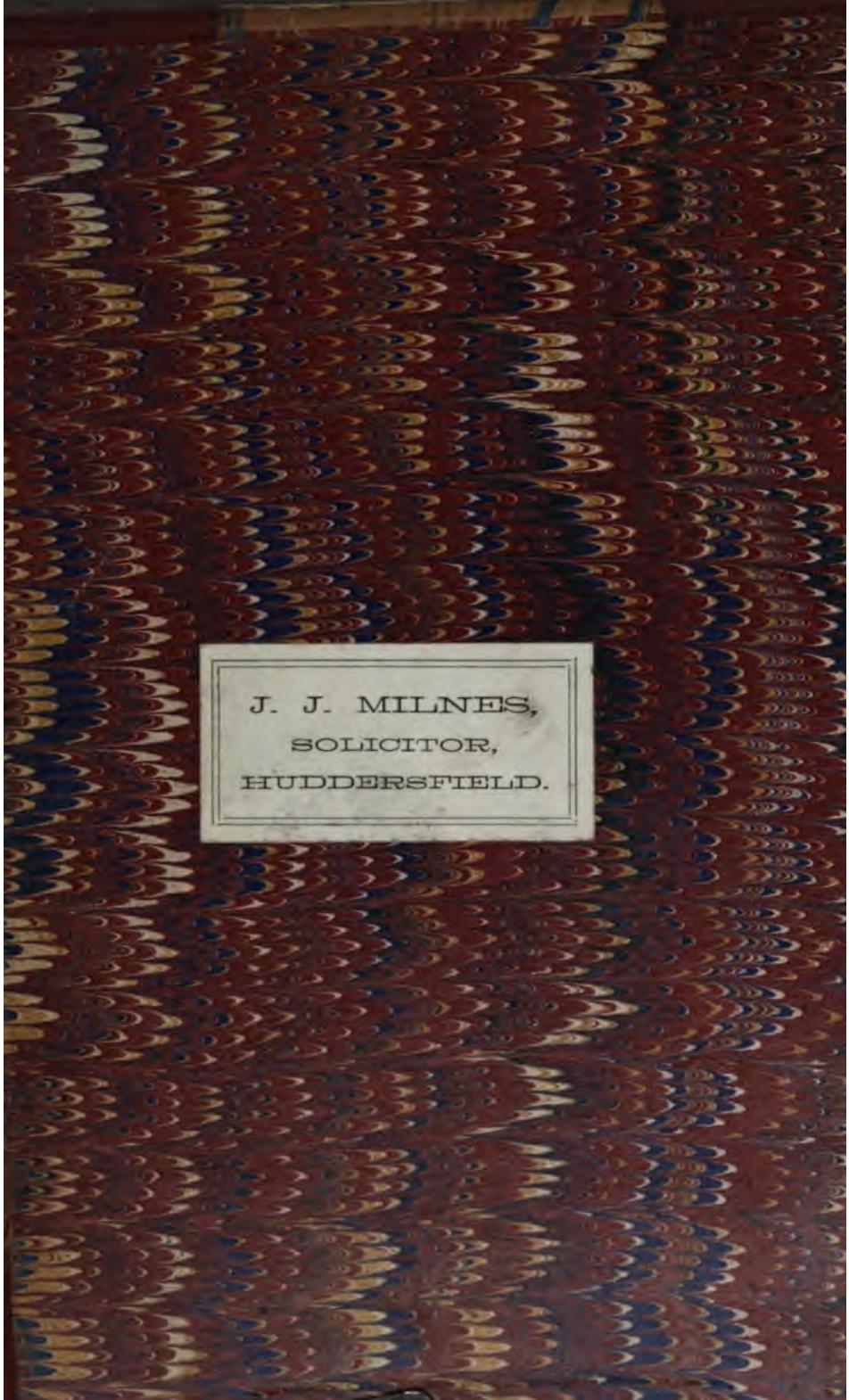
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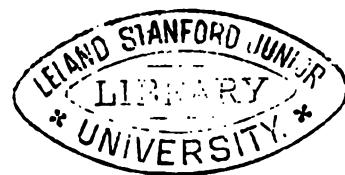
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# P L A Y S

Written by the Late

Ingenious Mrs. *BEHN.*

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VOL. II.

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## CONTAINING,

A B D E L A Z E R ; or, The Moor's Revenge.	The C I T Y H E I- R E S S ; or, Sir <i>Timothy Treat all.</i>
The Y O U N G K I N G ; or, The Mistake.	The Feign'd C U R- T E Z A N S ; or, A Night's Intrigue.

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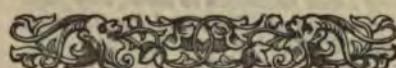
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—



*ABDEL AZER;*  
OR, THE  
Moor's Revenge.

---

PROLOGUE,

**G**allants, you have so long been absent hence,  
That you have almost cool'd your Diligence ;  
For while we study or revive a Play,  
You, like good Husbands, in the Country stay,  
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,  
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles toot ;  
Or, in Montero-Caps, at Feldfares shoot.  
Nay, some are so obdurate in their Sin,  
That they swear never to come up again,  
But all their Charge of Clothes and Treat retrench,  
To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench :  
Even they, who in the Summer had Mishaps,  
Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.

*The Ladies too are as resolv'd as they,  
And having Debts unknown to them, they stay,  
And with the Gain of Cheeze and Poultry pay.  
Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,  
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale ;  
And in Discourse with Secrecy report  
State-News, that past a Twelve-month since at Court.  
Those of them who are most refin'd, and gay,  
Now learn the Songs of the last Summer's Play :  
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,  
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.  
These Country Grievances too great appear :  
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here ;  
You come not sharp, as you are wont, to Plays :  
But only on the first and second Days :  
This made our Poet, in her Visits, look  
What new strange Courses, for your time you took,  
And to her great Regret she found too soon,  
Dam'n'd Beasts and Ombre spent the Afternoon ;  
So that we cannot hope to see you here  
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.  
Suppose you should have Luck \_\_\_\_\_  
Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,  
You'll lose in Beauty what you win in Gold :  
And what each Lady of another says,  
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.*

## Dramatis

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>Ferdinand</i> , a Young King of <i>Spain</i> , in love with <i>Florella</i> ,	Mr. Harris.
<i>Philip</i> , his Brother,	Mr. Smith.
<i>Abdelaser</i> , the Moor,	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Mendoza</i> , Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen,	Mr. Medburne.
<i>Alonzo</i> , a young Nobleman of <i>Spain</i> , contracted to <i>Leonora</i> ,	Mr. Crosbie.
<i>Roderigo</i> , a Creature to the Moor,	Mr. Norris.
<i>Antonio</i> ,	{ Mr. John Lee.
<i>Sebastian</i> ,	{ Mr. John Lee.
<i>Osmin</i> ,	{ Moors, and Officers to <i>Abdelaser</i> ,
<i>Zarrack</i> ,	{ Mr. Percivall.
	{ Mr. Richards.

Officers, Pages, and Attendants.

### W O M E N.

<i>Isabella</i> , Queen of <i>Spain</i> , Mother to <i>Ferdinand</i> and <i>Philip</i> ,	Mrs. Lee.
<i>Abdelaser</i> ,	
<i>Leonora</i> , her Daughter, Sister to <i>Ferdinand</i> and <i>Philip</i> ,	Mrs. Barrey.
<i>Florella</i> , Wife to <i>Abdelaser</i> , and Sister to <i>Alonzo</i> ,	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Elvira</i> , Woman to the Queen,	Mrs. Osborne.

Other Women Attendants.

S C E N E *Spain*, and In the Camp.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A rich Chamber.**A Table with Lights, Abdelazer sullenly leaning his Head on his Hands: after a little while, still Musick plays.*

S O N G.

 *O V E in fantastick Triumph sat,  
Whilſt bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,  
For whom fresh Pains he did create,  
And ſtrange Tyrannick Pow'r he shew'd;  
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,  
Which round about in ſport he hurl'd;  
But 'twas from mine he took Desires,  
Enough to undo the amorous World.  
  
From me he took his Sighs and Tears,  
From thee his Pride and Cruelty;  
From me his Languishments and Fears,  
And ev'ry killing Dart from thee:  
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,  
And ſet him up a Deity;  
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,  
Whilſt thine the Victor is, and free.  
[After which he rouses, and gaves.*

*Abd.* On me this Musick loſt?—this Sound on me  
That hates all Softneſſes?—What, ho, my Slaves!*Enter Osmin, Zarrack.**Oſm.* My gracious Lord— [Enter Queen, Elvira.*Qu.* My deareſt *Abdelazer*—*Abd.* Oh, are you there?—Ye Dogs, how came  
ſhe in?Did I not charge you on your Lives to watch,  
That none diſturb my Privacy?*Qu.*

*The Moor's Revenge.*

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*Qu.* My gentle *Abdelaser*, 'tis thy Queen,  
Who has laid aside the Busines of her State,  
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love—  
Play all your sweetest Notes, such as inspire  
The active Soul with new and soft Desire,  
[To the *Musick*, they play softly.  
Whilst we from Eyes—thus dying, fan the Fire.

*Qu.* [She sits down by him.] Can ought that I command displease my Moor ?

*Abd.* Away, fond Woman.

*Qu.* Nay, prithee be more kind.

*Abd.* Nay, prithee Good Queen, leave me—I am dull,  
unfit for Dalliance now.

*Qu.* Why dost thou frown?—to whom was that Curse  
sent!

*Abd.* To thee—

*Qu.* To me!—it cannot be—to me, sweet  
Moor!—

No, no, it cannot—prithee smile upon me—  
Smile, whilst a thousand *Cupids* shall descend  
And call thee *Jove*, and wait upon thy Smiles,  
Deck thy smooth Brow with Flowers;  
Whilst in my Eyes, needing no other Glafs,  
Thou shalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

*Abd.* Away, away, be gone—

*Qu.* Where hast thou learnt this Language, that can say  
But those rude Words—Away, away, be gone?  
Am I grown ugly now?

*Abd.* Ugly as Hell—

*Qu.* Didst thou not love me once, and swore that  
Heav'n  
Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?

*Abd.* Thy Face and Eyes!—Baud, fetch me here a  
Glafs [To Elvira.  
And thou shalt see the Balls of both those Eyes  
Burning with Fire of Lust:  
That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks so hot,  
That have not I to cool it  
Made an Extraction even of my Soul,

Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Lust ?  
And wou'dst thou still pursue me to my Grave ?

*Qu.* All this to me, my *Abdelazer* ?

*Abd.* I cannot ride through the *Castilian Streets*,  
But thousand Eyes throw killing Looks at me,  
And cry—That's he that does abuse our King—  
There goes the Minion of the *Spanish* Queen,  
Who, on the lazy Pleasures of his Love,  
Spends the Revenues of the King of *Spain* —  
This many-headed Beast your Lust has arm'd.

*Qu.* How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love ?

*Abd.* I will not answ're thee, nor hear thee speak.

*Qu.* Not hear me speak !—Yes, and in Thunder too ;  
Since all my Passion, all my soft Intreaties  
Can do no good upon thee,  
I'll fee (since thou haft banish'd all thy Love,  
That Love, to which I've sacrific'd my Honour)  
If thou haft any Senfe of Gratitude,  
For all the mighty Graces I have done thee.

*Abd.* Do ;—and in thy Story too, do not leave out  
How dear those mighty Graces I have purchas'd ;  
My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,  
Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions  
Than to lie fawning at a Woman's Feet,  
And pass my Hours in Idleness and Love—  
If I cou'd blush, I shou'd thro all this Cloud  
Send forth my Senfe of Shame into my Cheeks.

*Qu.* Ingrate !

Have I for this abus'd the best of Men,  
My noble Husband ?  
Depriving him of all the Joys of Love,  
To bring them all intirely to thy Bed ;  
Neglect'd all my Vows, and sworn 'em here a-new,  
Here, on thy Lips—  
Exhausted Treasures that wou'd purchase Crowns,  
To buy thy Smiles—to buy a gentle Look ;  
And when thou diſt repay me—bleſt the Giver ?  
Oh *Abdelazer*, more than this I've done—  
This very Hour, the last the King can live,  
Urg'd by thy Witchi-craft, I his Life betray'd ;  
And is it thus my Bounties are repaid ?

What-

## The Moor's Revenge.

9

Whate'er a Crime so great deserves from Heav'n,  
By *Abdelaser* might have been forgiven : [Weeps.  
But I will be reveng'd by Patience,  
And e'er the King dies, own my black Offence—  
And yet that's not enough—*Elvira*— [Pauses.  
Cry murder, murder, help, help.

[*She and her Women cry aloud, he is surpris'd, the Queen falls, he draws a Dagger at Elvira.*

*Elv.* Help, murder, murder !—

*Abd.* Hell, what's this—peace Baud—’death,  
They'll raise the Court upon me, and then I'm lost—  
My Queen—my Goddes—Oh raiſe your lovely Eyes,  
I have dissembled Coldnes all this while ;  
And that Deceit was but to try thy Faith.

[*Takes her up, sets her in a Chair, then kneels.*  
Look up—by Heav'n 'twas Jealousy—  
Pardon your Slave—pardon your poor Adorer.

*Qu.* Thou didſt upbraid me with my shameful Passion.

*Abd.* I'll tear my Tongue out for its Profanation.

*Qu.* And when I woo'd thee but to ſmile upon me,  
Thou cryſt—Away, I'm dull, unfit for Dalliance.

*Abd.* Call back the frightened Blood into thy Cheeks,  
And I'll obey the Dictates of my Love,  
And ſmile, and kifs, and dwell for ever here—

*Enter Oſmin hafily.*

How now—why darſt thou ſo ;

*Oſm.* My Lord—the King is dead.

*Abd.* The King dead !—’Twas time then to diſemble.

What means this Rudenes ?— [Aside.  
*Enter Zarrack.* [One knocks.

*Zar.* My Lord—the Cardinal inquiring for the Queen,  
The Court is in an uproar, none can find her.

*Abd.* Not find the Queen ! and wou'd you ſearch her  
here ?

*Qu.* What ſhall I do ? I muſt not here be found.

*Abd.* Oh, do not fear—no Cardinal enters here ;  
No King—no God, that means to be ſecure—  
Slaves guard the Doors, and ſuffer none to enter,

A 5

Whilſt

Whilst I, my charming Queen, provide for your Security—  
You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,  
Into the which the busy Sun ne'er enter'd,  
But all is dark, as are the Shades of Hell,  
Thro which in dead of Night I oft have pass'd,  
Guided by Love, to your Apartment, Madam—  
They knock again—thither, my lovely Mistress,  
Suffer your self to be conducted—  
*Ofmin*, attend the Queen—descend in haste,

[*Queen, Ofm. and Elv. descend the Vault.*

My Lodgings are beset.

*Zar.* I cannot guard the Lodgings longer—

*Don Ordonio.* Sir, to seek the Queen—

*Abd.* How dare they seek her here?

*Zar.* My Lord, the King has swooned twice,  
And being recover'd, calls for her Majesty.

*Abd.* The King not dead!—go *Zarrack*, and aloud  
Tell *Don Ordonio* and the Cardinal,  
He that dares enter here to seek the Queen,

[*Puts his Hand to his Sword.*

Had better snatch the She from the fierce side  
Of a young amorous Lion, and 'twere safer.—

Again, more knocking!—

*Zar.* My gracious Lord, it is your Brother, *Don Alonso*.

*Abd.* I will not have him enter—I am disorder'd.

*Zar.* My Lord, 'tis now too late.

*Enter Alonso.*

*Alon.* Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?

*Abd.* My Lord.

*Alon.* Was not the Queen here with you?

*Abd.* The Queen with me!

Because, Sir, I am married to your Sister,  
You, like your Sister, must be jealous too:  
The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!  
A Slave of *Barbary*! for so  
Your gay young Courtiers christen me—But Don,  
Altho my Skin be black, within my Veins  
Runs Blood as red, and royal as the best.—

My Father, Great *Abdela*, with his Life

Lost

Loft too his Crown ; both most unjustly ravish'd  
By Tyrant *Philip*, your old King I mean.  
How many Wounds his valiant Breast receiv'd,  
E'er he would yield to part with Life and Empire :  
Methinks I see him cover'd o'er with Blood,  
Fainting amidst those numbers he had conquer'd.  
I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,  
Tho' not revenge, or to defy my Fetters :  
For then began my Slavery ; and e'er since  
Have seen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,  
Which crown'd the sacred Temples of my Father,  
And shou'd adorn mine now—shou'd ! nay, and must—  
Go tell him what I say—'twill be but Death——  
Go, Sir,—the Queen's not here.

*Alon.* Do not mistake me, Sir,—or if I wou'd,  
I've no old King to tell—the King is dead——  
And I am answ'red, Sir, to what I came for,  
And so good night. [Exit.]

*Abd.* Now all that's brave and villain feize my Soul,  
Reform each Faculty that is not ill,  
And make it fit for Vengeance, noble Vengeance.  
Oh glorious Word ! fit only for the Gods,  
For which they form'd their Thunder,  
Till Man usurp'd their Power, and by Revenge  
Sway'd Destiny as well as they, and took their trade of  
killing.

And thou, almighty Love,  
Dance in a thousand forms about my Person,  
That this same Queen, this easy *Spaniſh* Dame,  
May be bewitch'd, and dote upon me still ;  
Whilst I make use of the infatiate Flame  
To set all *Spain* on fire.—  
Mischief, erect thy Throne,  
And sit on high ; here, here upon my Head.  
Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defy :  
The influence of this—must raise my Glory high.

*[Pointing to his Sword.]* [Exit.]

S C E N E

## SCENE II.

*Enter Ferdinand weeping, Ordonio bearing the Crown, followed by Alonzo, leading Leonora weeping; Florella, Roderigo, Mendoza, met by the Queen weeping; Elvira and Women.*

*Qu.* What doleful Cry was that, which like the Voice  
Of angry Heav'n struck thro my trembling Soul?  
Nothing but horrid Shrieks, nothing but Death;  
Whilst I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,  
Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,  
Sending up Prayers in Sighs, t' implore from Heaven  
Health for the Royal Majesty of *Spain*—  
All cry'd, the Majesty of *Spain* is dead.  
Whilst the sad Sound flew through the echoing Air,  
And reach'd my frighted Soul—Inform my Fears,  
Oh my *Fernando*, oh my gentle Son—  
[Weeps.]

*King.* Madam, read here the truth, if looks can shew  
That which I cannot speak, and you wou'd know:  
The common Fate in ev'ry Face appears;  
A King's great losf the publick Grief declares,  
But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears.

[Card. leads in the Queen attended.]

*Leon.* Ah Sir!  
If you thus grieve, who ascend by what y'ave lost,  
To all the Greatnes that a King can boast;  
What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,  
Who've lost at once a King and Father too?

*King.* My *Leonora* cannot think my Grief  
Can from thos empty Glories find relief;  
Nature within my Soul has equal share,  
And that and Love surmount my Glory there.  
Had Heav'n continu'd Royal *Philip's* Life,  
And giv'n me bright *Florella* for a Wife,

[Bows to Florella.]

To Crown and Scepters I had made no claim,  
But ow'd my Blessings only to my Flame.  
But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away,  
I had no bus'nes for another Joy.

[To Flor.]

[Weeps.]

The

The King, *Alonzo*, with his dying Breath,  
[Turns to *Alon.* and *Leon.*  
To you my beauteous Sister did bequeath ;  
And I his Generosity approve,  
And think you worthy *Leonora's* Love.

*Enter Card.* and *Queen weeping.*

*Alon.* Too gloriously my Services are paid,  
In the possession of this Royal Maid,  
To whom my guilty Heart durst ne'er aspire,  
But rather chose to languish in its Fire.

*Enter Philip in a Rage,* *Antonio* and *Sebastian.*

*Phil.* I know he is not dead ; what envious Powers  
Durst snatch him hence ? he was all great and good,  
As fit to be ador'd as they above.  
Where is the Body of my Royal Father ?  
That Body which inspir'd by's sacred Soul,  
Aw'd all the Universe with ev'ry Frown,  
And taught 'em all Obedience with his Smiles.  
Why stand you thus distract'd—Mother—Brother—  
My Lords—Prince Cardinal—  
Has Sorrow struck you dumb ?  
Is this my Welcome from the Toils of War ?  
When in his Bosom I shou'd find repose,  
To meet it cold and pale !—Oh guide me to him,  
And with my Sighs I'll breathe new Life into't.

*King.* There's all that's left of Royal *Philip* now,

[*Phil. goes out.*

Pay all thy Sorrow there—whilst mine alone  
Are swoln too high t' admit of Lookers on.

*Philip returns weeping.*

*Phil.* His Soul is fled to all Eternity ;  
And yet methought it did inform his Body,  
That I, his darling *Philip*, was arriv'd  
With Conquest on my Sword ; and even in Death  
Sent me his Joy in Smiles.

*Qu.* If Souls can after Death have any Sense  
Of human things, his will be proud to know  
That *Philip* is a Conqueror.

[*Enter*

*Enter* Abdelazer.

But do not drown thy Laurels thus in Tears,  
Such Tributes leave to us, thou art a Soldier.

*Phil.* Gods ! this shou'd be my Mother——

*Men.* It is, great Sir, the Queen.

*Phil.* Oh she's too foul for one or t'other Title.

*Qu.* How, Sir, do you not know me ?

*Phil.* When you were just, I did,  
And with a Reverence, such as we pay Heav'n,

I paid my awful Duty ;——

But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,  
For such a Sin the basest of your Slaves

Wou'd blush to call you Mother.

*Qu.* What means my Son ?

*Phil.* Son ! by Heav'n I scorn the Title.

*Qu.* Oh ! Insolence——out of my sight, rude Boy.

*Phil.* We must not part so, Madam ;

I first must let you know your Sin and Shame ;——

Nay hear me calmly—for by Heav'n you shall——

My Father whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong Arm

With numerous Battles 'gainst the Enemy,

Wafting his Brains in warlike Stratagems ;

To bring Confusion on the faithleſs Moors,

Whilſt you, lulld in soft Peace at home, betray'd

His Name to everlasting Infamy ;

Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Lust,

Gave up your ſelf, your Honour, and your Vows,

To wanton in yon footy Lecher's Arms. [Points to Abd.

*Abd.* Me doſt thou mean ?

*Phil.* Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,

'Tis thee I mean.

*Qu.* Oh moſt unnatural, to dishonour me !

*Phil.* That Dog you mean, that has dishonour'd you,

Dishonour'd me, theſe Lords, nay, and all Spain ;

This Devil's he, that——

*Abd.* That—what—Oh pardon me if I throw off

All Ties of Duty ;——wert thou ten King's Sons,

And I as many Souls as I have Sins,

Thus I would hazard all. [Draws, they all run between.

*Phil.* Stand off—or I'll make way upon thy Bofom.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* How got you, Sir, this daring ?

*Phil.* From injur'd *Philip's* Death,  
Who, whilst he liv'd, unjustly cherish'd thee,  
And set thee up beyond the reach of Fate ;  
Blind with thy brutal Valor, deaf with thy Flatteries,  
Discover'd not the Treason thou didst act,  
Nor none durst let him know 'em—but did he live,  
I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.

*Abd.* You durst as well been damn'd.

*Phil.* Hell seize me if I want Revenge for this——  
Not dare !

Arise thou injur'd Ghost of my dead King,  
And thro thy dreadful Paleness dart a Horror,  
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.

*Abd.* Oh insupportable ! dost hear me, Boy ?

*Qu.* Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided ?

[*To the Lords.*]

*Phil.* Dare ye detain me whilst the Traitor braves me ?  
*Men.* Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble Heat  
That shou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.

*Abd.* You politick Cheat——

*Men. Abdelaizer*——

By the Authority of my Government,  
Which yet I hold over the King of *Spain*,  
By Warrant of a Council from the Peers,  
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,  
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatnes,  
Those Offices and Trufts you hold in *Spain*.

*Abd.* Cardinal—who lent thee this Commission ?  
Grandees of *Spain*, do you consent to this ?

*All.* We do.

*Alon.* What Reafon for it ? let his Faith be try'd.

*Men.* It needs no tryal, the Proofs are evident,  
And his Religion was his Veil for Treason.

*Alon.* Why should you question his Religion, Sir ?  
He does profefs Christianity.

*Men.* Yes, witness the Habit which he still retains  
In scorn to ours——

His Principles are too as unalterable.

*Abd.* Is that the only Argument you bring ?

I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown  
Covers a Soul more sanctify'd than this Moorish Robe.

*Phil.* Damn his Religion—he has a Thousand Crimes  
That will yet better justify your Sentence.

*Men.* Come not within the Court; for if you do,  
Worse mischief shall ensue—you have your Sentence.

[*Ex. Phil. and Men.*]

*Alon.* My Brother banish'd ! 'tis very sudden ;  
For thy fake, Sister, this must be recall'd. [*To Flor.*]

*Qu. Alonso,* join with me, I'll to the King,  
And check the Pride of this insulting Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all, except Abdelazer, Florella.*]

*Abd.* Banish'd ! if I digest this Gall,  
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,  
Which I have purchas'd with so many Wounds.  
And all for *Spain*; for *Spain* ! ingrateful *Spain* !—  
Oh my *Florella*, all my Glory's vanish'd,  
The Cardinal (Oh damn him) wou'd have me banish'd.

*Flor.* But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.

*Abd.* Tamely ;—ha, ha, ha,—yes, by all means—  
A very honest religious Cardinal !

*Flor.* I wou'd not for the World you should be banish'd.

*Abd.* Not *Spain*, you mean—for then she leaves the  
King. [*Afde.*]  
What if I be?—Fools ! not to know all parts o'th'  
World

Allow enough for Villany ; for I'll be brave no more.  
It is a Crime——and then I can live any where——  
But say I go from hence—I leave behind me  
A Cardinal that will laugh——I leave behind me  
A *Philip* that will clap his Hands in sport——  
But the worst Wound is this, I leave my Wrongs,  
Dishonours, and my Discontents, all unreveng'd—  
Leave me, *Florella*—prithee do not weep ;  
I love thee, love thee wondrously—go leave me—  
I am not now at leisure to be fond——  
Go to your Chamber—go.

*Flor.* No, to the King I'll fly,  
And beg him to revenge thy Infamy.

[*Ex. Flor.*  
*To*

*The Moor's Revenge.*

17

*To him Alonzo.*

*Alon.* The Cardinal's mad to have thee banish'd *Spain* ;  
I've left the Queen in angry Contradiction,  
But yet I fear the Cardinal's Reasoning.

*Abd.* This Prince's Hate proceeds from Love,  
He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my Power. *[Aside.]*

*Alon.* Come, rouse thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul,  
And arm thy Justice with a brave Revenge.

*Abd.* I'll arm no Justice with a brave Revenge. *[Sullenly.]*

*Alon.* Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once  
Proud to attend thy conqu'ring Chariot-Wheels ?

*Abd.* I care not—I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

*Alon.* But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,  
Since my lov'd Sister did become your Wife ;  
And if yours did suffer, mine too is unsafe.

*Abd.* I cannot help it—

*Alon.* What Ice has chill'd thy Blood ?  
This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

*Abd.* 'Tis true ; but now the World is chang'd you see ;  
Thou art too brave to know what I resolve— *[Aside.]*  
No more—here comes the King with my *Florella*.  
He loves her, and she fwears to me she is chaste ;  
'Tis well, if true—well too, if it be false : *[Aside.]*  
I care not, 'tis Revenge

That I must sacrifice my Love and Pleasure to.

*[Alon. and Abd. stand aside.]*

*Enter King, Lords, Guards passing over the Stage.*

*Florella in suppliant posture weeping.*

*King.* Thou wo'st me to reverie thy Husband's Doom,  
And I woo thee for Mercy on my self,  
Why shoud'nt thou sue to him for Life and Liberty,  
For any other, who himself lies dying,  
Imploring from thy Eyes a little Pity ?

*Flor.* Oh mighty King ! in whose sole Power, like Heav'n,  
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,  
Hear and redress my *Abdelazer's* Wrongs.

*King.* All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain !  
Mistaken charming Creature, if my Power  
Be such, who kneel and bow to thee,

What

What must thine be,  
Who hast the Sovereign Command o'er me and it ?  
Wou'dst thou give Life ? turn but thy lovely Eyes  
Upon the wretched thing that wants it,  
And he will surely live, and live for ever.  
Canst thou do this, and com'st to beg of me ?

*Flor.* Alas, Sir, what I beg's what you alone can give,  
My *Abdelaser's* Pardon.

*King.* Pardon ! can any thing ally'd to thee offend ?  
Thou art so sacred and so innocent,  
That but to know thee, and to look on thee,  
Must change even Vice to Virtue.

Oh my *Florella* !  
So perfectly thou dost possess my Soul,  
That ev'ry Wish of thine shall be obey'd :  
Say, wou'dst thou have thy Husband share my Crown ?  
Do but submit to love me, and I yield it.

*Flor.* Such Love as humble Subjects owe their King,  
[Kneels, he takes her up.

And as such I dare pay, I offer here.

*King.* I must confess it is a Price too glorious :  
But my *Florella* —

*Abd.* I'll interrupt your amorous Discourse, [Aside.  
[Abd. comes up to them.

*Flor.* Sir, *Abdelazar's* here.

*King.* His Presence never was less welcome to me ; —  
[Aside.  
But Madam, durst the Cardinal use this Insolence ?

Where is your noble Husband ?

*Abd.* He sees me, yet inquires for me. [Aside.  
*Flor.* Sir, my Lord is here.

*King.* *Abdelazar*, I have heard with much surprize,  
O'th' Injuries you've receiv'd, and mean to right you :  
My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,  
I think you worthy of that Honour still,

*Abd.* True — for my Wife's sake. [Aside.  
*King.* When my Coronation is solemnized,

Be present there, and re-assume your wonted State and  
Place ;  
And see how I will check the insolent Cardinal.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* I humbly thank my Sovereign—  
[Kneels, and kisses the King's Hand.  
That he loves my Wife so well. [Aside.  
[Exeunt.

*Manent* Abdelazer, Florella.

*Flor.* Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile ?  
Have I not acted well the Suppliant's part ?

*Abd.* Oh wonderfully ! y'ave learnt the Art to move.  
Go, leave me.

*Flor.* Still out of humour, thoughtful, and displeas'd ?  
And why at me, my *Abdelazer* ? what have I done ?

*Abd.* Rarely ! you cannot do amiss you are so beautiful,  
So very fair—Go, get you in, I say—

[Turns her in roughly.  
She has the art of dallying with my Soul,  
Teaching it lazy soft nefs from her Looks.  
But now a nobler Passion's enter'd there,  
And blows it thus—to Air—Idol Ambition,  
*Florella* must to thee a Victim fall :  
Revenge,—to thee—a Cardinal and Prince :  
And to my Love and Jealousy, a King—  
More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,  
None that you e'er inspir'd like me shall act ;  
That fawning servile Crew shall follow next,  
Who with the Cardinal cry'd, banish *Abdelazer*.

*Like Eastern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate,*  
*And to the Shades thou shalt descend in State.* [Exit.

A C T

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Enter the King crown'd, Philip, Mendoza, Queen, Leonora, Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, Officers and Guards; met by Abdelazar follow'd by Osmin, Zarrack, and Moors attending. He comes in with Pride, staring on Philip and Mendoza, and takes his stand next the King.*

*Phil.* **W**H Y stares the Devil thus, as if he meant  
From his infectious Eyes to scatter Plagues,  
And poison all the World? Was he not banish'd?  
How dares the Traitor venture into th' Presence?—  
Guards, spurn the Villain forth.

*Abd.* Who spurns the *Moor*  
Were better fet his foot upon the Devil—  
Do, spurn me, and this Hand thus justly arm'd,  
Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,  
Divide his Body from his Soul—stand back—[To the Guards.  
Spurn Abdelazar!—

*Phil.* Death, shall we bear this Insolence?

*Alon.* Great Sir, I think this Sentence was unjust.

[To the King.

*Men.* Sir, you're too partial to be judge in this,  
And shall not give your Voice.

*Abd.* Proud Cardinal—but he shall—and give it loud.  
And shall not!—who shall hinder him?

*Phil.* This—and cut his Wind-pipe too, [Offers to draw.  
To spoil his whisp'ring, [Abd. offers to draw, his Attendants do the same.

*King.* What means this Violence?  
Forbear to draw your Swords—'tis we command.

*Abd.* Sir, do me Justice, I demand no more.

[Kneels, and offers his Sword.

And at your Feet we lay our Weapons down.

*Men.* Sir, Abdelazar has had Justice done,  
And stands by me banish'd the Court of Spain.

*King.* How, Prince Cardinal!  
From whence do you derive Authority

To

To banish him the Court without our leave ?

*Men.* Sir, from my Care unto your royal Person,  
As I'm your Governor—then for the Kingdom's Safety.

*King.* Because I was a Boy, must I be still so ?  
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,  
And I am of an age to rule alone ;  
And from henceforth discharge you of your Care.  
We know your near relation to this Crown,  
And wanting Heirs, that you must fill the Throne ;  
Till when, Sir, I am absolute Monarch here,  
And you must learn Obedience.

*Men.* Pardon my zealous Duty, which I hope  
You will approve, and not recal his Banishment.

*King.* Sir, but I will ; and who dares contradict it, is  
a Traitor.

*Phil.* I dare the first, yet do defy the last.

*King.* My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.

*Men.* Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to *Rome*.

*Phil.* By Heav'n I'll to the Camp—Brother, farewell,  
When next I meet thee, it shall be in Arms,  
If thou can't get loose from thy Mistrefs' Chains,  
Where thou ly'st drown'd in idle wanton Love.

*Abd.* Hah—his Mistrefs—who is't Prince *Philip* means ?

*Phil.* Thy Wife, thy Wife, proud Moor, whom thou'rt  
content

To sell for Honour for eternal Infamy——

Does't make thee snarl ?—Bite on, whilst thou shalt see,  
I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me.

[*Going out, turns and draws.*

*Abd.* Stay ! for 'tis here already—turn, proud Boy.

[*Abd. draws.*

*King.* What mean you, *Philip* ?— [Talks to him aside.  
*Qu.* Cease, cease your most impolitick Rage. [To Abd.  
Is this a time to shew't ?—Dear Son, you are a King,  
And may allay this Tempest.

*King.* How dare you disobey my Will and Pleasure ?

[To Abd.

*Abd.* Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore ?  
Were he great *Jove*, and arm'd with all his Lightning,  
By Heav'n I could not hold my just Resentment.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* 'Twas in his Passion, noble *Abdelazar*—

[*King talking to Phil. aside.*]

Imprudently thou dost disarm thy Rage,  
And giv'lt the Foe a warning, e'er thou strik'lt ;  
When with thy Smiles thou might'ft securely kill.  
You know the Passion that the Cardinal bears me ;  
His Pow'r too o'er *Philip*, which well manag'd  
Will serve to ruin both : put up your Sword—  
When next you draw it, teach it how to act.

*Abd.* You shame me, and command me.

*Qu.* Why all this Rage ?—does it become you, Sir ?

[*To Men. aside.*]

What is't you mean to do ?

*Men.* You need not care, whilst *Abdelazar*'s safe.

*Qu.* Jealousy upon my Life—how gay it looks !

*Men.* Madam, you want that pitying Regard  
To value what I do, or what I am ;  
I'll therefore lay my Cardinal's Hat aside,  
And in bright Arms demand my Honour back.  
*Qu.* Is't thus, my Lord, you give me Proofs of Love ?  
Have then my Eyes lost all their wonted Power ?  
And can you quit the hope of gaining me,  
To follow your Revenge ?—go—go to fight,  
Bear Arms against your Country, and your King,  
All for a little worthless Honour lost.

*Men.* What is it, Madam, you would have me do ?

*Qu.* Not side with *Philip*, as you hope my Grace—  
Now, Sir, you know my Pleasure, think on't well.

*Men.* Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,  
And use it too tyrannically—but dispose  
The Fate of him, whose Honour, and whose Life,  
Lies at your Mercy—

I'll stay and die, since 'tis your gracious Pleasure.

*King.* *Philip*, upon your Life,  
Upon your strict Allegiance, I conjure you  
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.

*Phil.* Never Sir ;

Nor can you bend my Temper to that Tameness.

*King.* 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Prisoner ;  
But you're my Brother—yet remember too

I am

I am your King—No more.

*Phil.* I will obey.

*King. Abdelazer,*

I beg you will forget your Cause of Hate  
Against my Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal ;  
He's young, and rash, but will be better temper'd.

*Abd.* Sir, I have done, and beg your royal Pardon.

*King.* Come *Philip*, give him your Hand.

*Phil.* I can forgive without Ceremony.

*King.* And to confirm ye Friends,

I invite you all to Night to banquet with me ;  
Pray fee you give Attendance—Come Brother,  
You must along with us. [Exeunt all but *Abd. Queen*  
and *Women*.]

*Qu.* Leave me—

[To the *Women*, who go out.]

Now my dear Moor.

*Abd.* Madam.

*Qu.* Why dost thou answer with that cold Reserve—  
Is that a Look—an Action for a Lover ?

*Abd.* Ah, Madam—

*Qu.* Have I not taken off thy Banishment ?

Restor'd thee to thy former State and Honours ?  
Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy Hopes ;  
And still to raiſe thee equal to this Heart,  
Where thou must ever reign.

*Abd.* 'Tis true, my bounteous Mistres, all this you've  
done—But—

*Qu.* But what, my *Abdelazer* ?

*Abd.* I will not call it to your Memory.

*Qu.* What canſt thou mean ?

*Abd.* Why was the King remov'd ?

*Qu.* To make thy way more easy to my Arms.

*Abd.* Was that all ?

*Qu.* All !

*Abd.* Not but it is a Blessing Gods would languish for—  
But as you've made it free, so make it just.

*Qu.* Thou mean'ſt, marry thee.

*Abd.* No by the Gods—

[Aside.]

Not marry thee, unleſs I were a King.

*Qu.* What signifies the Name to him that rules one ?

*Abd.*

*Abd.* What use has he of Life, that cannot live  
Without a Ruler ?

*Qu.* Thou wouldest not have me kill him.

*Abd.* Oh by no means, not for my wretched Life !  
What, kill a King !—forbid it Heaven :  
Angels stand like his Guards about his Person.

The King !

Not so many Worlds as there be Stars  
Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament !

The King !

He loves my Wife *Florella*, shou'd he die—  
I know none else durst love her.

*Qu.* And that's the Reason you wou'd fend him hence.

*Abd.* I must confess, I wou'd not bear a wrong :  
But do not take me for a Villain, Madam ;  
He is my King, and may do what he pleafes.

*Qu.* 'Tis well, Sir.

*Abd.* Again that Frown, it renders thee more charming  
Than any other Drefs thou could'st put on.

*Qu.* Away, you do not love me.

*Abd.* Now mayſt thou hate me, if this be not pretty.

*Qu.* Oh you can flatter finely—

*Abd.* Not I, by Heaven :

Oh that this Head were circled in a Crown,  
And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth !  
And that I was, till by thy Husband's Power  
I was divest'd in my Infancy—  
Then you shou'd see, I do not flatter ye.  
But I, instead of that, must fee my Crown  
Bandy'd from Head to Head, and tamely fee it :  
And in this wretched state I live, 'tis true ;  
But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might gueſs.

*Qu.* We need no Crowns ; Love best contented is  
In shady Groves, and humble Cottages,  
Where when 'twould ſport, it ſafely may retreat,  
Free from the Noife and Danger of the Great ;  
Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,  
But what their Nymphs beſtow on Holy-Days ;  
Nor Envy can the amorous Shepherd move,  
Unleſs againſt a Rival in his Love.

*Abd.* Love and Ambition are the ſame to me,  
In either I'll no Rivals brook.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Nor I :

And when the King you urge me to remove,  
It may be from Ambition, not from Love.

*Abd.* Thoſe Scruples did not in your Bosom dwell,  
When you a King did in a Husband kill.

*Qu.* How, Sir ! dare you upbraid me with that Sin,  
To which your Perjuries first drew me in ?

*Abd.* You interrupt my Sense ; I only meant  
A Sacrifice to Love so well begun  
Shou'd not Devotion want to finish it ;  
And if that stop to all our Joys were gone,  
The envying World wou'd to our Power submit :  
But Kings are sacred, and the Gods alone  
Their Crimes must judge, and punish too, or none—  
Yet he alone destroys his Happiness.

*Qu.* There's yet one more—

*Abd.* One more ! give me his Name,  
And I will turn it to a Magick Spell,  
To bind him ever fast.

*Qu. Florella !*

*Abd. Florella !* Oh I cou'd gnaw my Chains,  
That humble me so low as to adore her :  
But the fond Blaze must out—while I erect  
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition.

—*Florella dies*—a Victim to your Will. [Aside.]  
I will not let you lose one single Wish,  
For a poor Life, or two ;  
Tho I must fee my Glories made a Prey,  
And not demand 'em from the Ravisher ;  
Nor yet complain—because he is my King :  
But *Philip's* Brow no sacred Ointment deifies,  
If he do wrong, stands fair for the Revenger.

*Qu. Philip !* instruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate ;  
The publick Infamy I have receiv'd,  
I will revenge with nothing less than Death.

*Abd.* 'Tis well we can agree in our Refements,  
For I have vow'd he shall not live a day ;  
He has an Art to pry into our Secrets :  
To all besides our Love is either hid,  
Or else they dare not fee—But this Prince  
Has a moft dangerous Spirit muſt be calm'd.

*Qu.* I have resolv'd his Death,  
And now have waiting in my Cabinet,  
Engines to carry on this mighty Work of my Revenge,

*Abd.* Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd;  
You, like the Gods, need only but command,  
And I will execute your sacred Will——

That done, there's none dare whisper what we do.

*Qu.* Nature be gone, I chafe thee from my Soul,  
Who Love's almighty Empire does controul :  
And she that will to thy dull Laws submit,  
In spite of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.  
No rigid Virtue shall my Soul possest,  
Let Gown-Men preach against the Wickedness ;  
Pleasures were made by Gods, and meant for us,  
And not t'enjoy'em, were ridiculous.

*Add.* Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex !  
Like thy great self 'twas spoke, resolv'd and brave—  
I must attend the King——where I will watch  
All *Philip's* Motions.

*Qu.* And—after that—if you will beg Admittance,  
I'll give you leave to visit me to Night.

*Abd.* That Blessing now must be deser'd.

[Leads her to the door.  
My Wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,  
And bring forth Vengeance with the Morning's Light.

*Enter Ofmin, Zarrack.*

*Orf.* My gracious Lord.

*Abd.* Come near—and take a Secret from my Lips ;  
And he who keeps not silent hears his Death.—  
This Night the Prince and Cardinal—do you mark me—  
Are murder'd.

*Ofm.* Where, Sir ?

*Abd.* Here in the Court.

*Ofm.* By whom, great Sir ?

*Abd.* By thee——I know thou durst.

*Ofm.* Whatever you command.

*Abd.* Good !——then see it be perform'd.

*Ofmin,* how goes the Night ?

*Ofm.* About the hour of Eight,  
And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir :

Prince

Prince *Philip* storms, and swears you're with the Queen.

*Abd.* Let him storm on ; the Tempest will be laid—

Where's my Wife ?

*Osm.* In the Presence, Sir, with the Princefs and other Ladies.

*Abd.* She's wondrous forward !—what the King—  
(I am not jealous tho)—but he makes court to her.

—Hah, *Ojmin* !

He throws out Love from Eyes all languishing ;—  
Come tell me,—he does figh to her,—no matter if he do—

And fawns upon her Hand,—and kneels ;—tell me Slave !

*Osm.* Sir, I saw nothing like to Love ; he only treats her Equal to her Quality.

*Abd.* Oh damn her Quality.

*Zar.* I came just now

From waiting on his Person to the Banquet,  
And heard him ask, if he might visit her to Night,

Having somethong to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.

*Abd.* And so it shall by Heav'n !

*[Aside.]*

*Zar.* But she deny'd, and he the more intreated—

But all in vain, Sir.

*Abd.* Go *Ojmin*, (you the Captain of my Guard of Chuse out the best affected Officers, (Moors)

To keep the Watch to Night—

Let every Guard be doubled—you may be liberal too—

And when I give the Word, be ready all.

*Osm.* What shall the Word be ?

*[Ex. Zarraek.]*

*Abd.* Why—Treason—mean time make it your Busines, To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet ;

Heated with Wine, and fearless of his Person,

You'll find him easily to be attack'd.

*Osm.* Sir, do not doubt my Management nor Succes.

*[Ex. Osmín.]*

*Abd.* So, I thank thee, Nature, that in making me,

Thou didst design me Villain ;

Hitting each Faculty for active Mischief :

Thou skilful Artist, thank thee for my Face,

It will discover nought that's hid within.

Thus arm'd for Ills,

Darknes, and Horrour, I invoke your aid ;

B 2

And

And thou dread Night, shade all your busy Stars  
 In blackest Clouds,  
 And let my Dagger's Brightness only serve  
 To guide me to the Mark—and guide it so,  
 It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow. [Exit.]

## S C E N E II.

*A Banquet, under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, Ladies waiting; Philip, Mendoza, Alonzo, Ordonio, Antonio, Sebastian, Lords and Attendants: As soon as the Scene draws off, they all rise, and come forward.*

*King.* My Lords, you're sad to Night; give us loud Mu-  
 I have double Caufe to mourn; (sick—  
 And Grief has taken up his dwelling here—  
 Beyond the Art of Love, or Wine to conquer—  
 'Tis true, my Father's dead—and possibly  
 'Tis not fo decent to appear thus gay;  
 But Life, and Death, are equal to the wretched,  
 And whilst Florella frowns—'tis in that Number  
 I must account her Slave—*Alonzo*,  
 How came thy Father fo bewitch'd to Valour,  
 (For *Abdelaser* has no other Virtue)  
 To recompence it with fo fair a Creature?  
 Was this—a Treasure t' enrich the Devil with?

*Alon.* Sir, he has many Virtues, more than Courage,  
 Royally born, serv'd well his King, and Country;  
 My Father brought him up to martial Toils,  
 And taught him to be brave; I hope, and good—  
 Befide, he was your Royal Father's Favourite.

*King.* No, *Alonzo*, 'twas not his Love to Virtue,  
 But nice Obedience to his King, and Maſter,  
 Who ſeeing my encrease of Paſſion for her,  
 To kill my Hopes, he gave her to this *Moor*.

*Alon.* She's now a virtuous Woman, Sir.

*King.* Politick Sir, who would have made her other?  
 Againſt her Will, he forc'd her to his Arms,  
 Whilſt all the World was wondring at his Madneſs.

*Alon.* He did it with her Approbation, Sir.

*King.*

*King.* With thine, *Florella*! cou'dst thou be so criminal?

*Flor.* Sir, I was ever taught Obedience; My humble Thoughts durst ne'er aspire to you, And next to that—Death, or the Moor, or any thing.

*King.* Oh God! had I then told my Tale So feebly, it could not gain Belief. Oh my *Florella*! this little Faith of thine Has quite undone thy King—*Alonso*, Why didst not thou forbid this fatal Marriage, She being thy only Sister?

*Alon.* Great Sir, I did oppose it with what Violence My Duty would permit; and wou'd have dy'd In a just Quarrel of her dear Defence; And Sir, tho I submitted to my Father, The Moor and I stand on unequal Terms.

*Phil.* Come, who dares drink Confusion to this Moor?

*Ant.* That, Sir, will I.

*Sebast.* And I.

*Phil.* Page, fill my Glaſs, I will begin the Round, Ye all shall pledge it—*Alonso*, first to thee. [Drinks.

*Alon.* To me, Sir!

*Phil.* Why yes, thou lov'st him—therefore— Nay, you shall drink it, tho 'twere o'th' *Stygian Lake*. Take it—by Heaven thou'dſt pimp for him to my Mo- ther—

Nay, and after that, give him another Sister.

*Alon.* 'Tis well you are my Prince.

*Phil.* I'd rather be a Prince of Curs—come pledge me—

*Alon.* Well, Sir, I'll give you way. [Drinks.

*Phil.* So wouldſt thou any—tho they trod on thee. So—nay, Prince Cardinal, tho it be not decent For one to sanctify'd to drink a Health; Yet 'tis your Office both to damn and bleſs— Come, drink and damn the Moor.

*Men.* Sir, I'm for no carousing.

*Phil.* I'm in an Humour now to be obey'd, And must not be deny'd—But see, the Moor.

*Enter Abdelazer, gazes on them.*

Just come to pledge at last—Page fill again—

*Abd.* I'll do you Reason, Prince, what'er it be.

[*Gives him the Glafs.*

*Phil.* 'Twas kindly said—Confusion to the Moor.

*Abd.* Confusion to the Moor—if this vain Boy,

See the next rising Sun. [Aside.

*Phil.* Well done, my Lad.

*King.* *Abdelazer*, you have been misfing long,  
The publick Good takes up your whole Concern,

But we shall shortly ease you of that Load—

Come let's have some Musick ;

*Ordonio*, did I not call for Musick ?

*Ord.* You did, Sir.

*Abd.* *Roderigo* !

*Rod.* My gracious Lord— [Roderigo whispers to Abd.

*Abd.* No more—the Prince observes us.

*Phil.* There's no good towards when you are whif-  
p'ring.

*Ord.* The Musick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

### SONG.

Nymph. **M**AKE hast Amintas, come away,  
The Sun is up and will not stay ;  
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day !  
Make hast, Amintas, to this Grove,  
Beneath whose Shade so oft I've sat,  
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,  
How much he Galatea lov'd ;  
Whilst all the lip'ning Birds around,  
Sung to the Musick of the blessed Sound.  
Make hast Amintas, come away,  
The Sun is up and will not stay ;  
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day !

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and  
Pipes.

## The Moor's Revenge.

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*I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,  
And see, bright Nymph, thy Swain is here?  
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid,  
But that a Lamb of thine was stray'd;  
And I the little Wanderer have brought,  
That with one angry Look from thy fair Eyes,  
Thou mayst the little Fugitive chaffise,  
Too great a Punishment for any Fault.  
Come, Galatea, haste away,  
The Sun is up and will not stay,  
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day!*

[Dance.]

*King.* How likes Florella this?

*Flor.* Sir, all Delight's so banish'd from my Soul,  
I've lost the Taste of every single Joy.

*Abd.* Gods ! this is fine ! Give me your Art of Flattery,

Or something more of this, will ruin me——  
Tho I've resolv'd her Death, yet whilst she's mine,

I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.

*Phil.* Mark how he snarls upon the King !

The Cur will bite anon.

*Abd.* Come, my Florella, is't not Bed-time, Love ?

*Flor.* I'll wait upon you, Sir. [Going out.]

*Phil.* The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.

*Abd.* What has he ta'en away ? [Turns about.]

*Phil.* The fine gay play-thing, that made us all so merry.

*Abd.* Was this your Sport ? [To his Wife.]

*King.* Abdelaazar, keep your way——Good night fair Creature !

*Abd.* I will obey for once. [Ex. Abd. and Flor.]

*King.* Why this Resentment, Brother, and in publick ?

*Phil.* Because he gives me Cause, and that in Publick.  
And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Infolence ;  
I saw him dart Revenge from both his Eyes,  
And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,  
To keep his Jealousy from breaking forth,  
Which when it does—stand fast my King.

*King.* But, *Philip*, we will find a way to check him ;  
Till when we must dissemble—take my Counsel—Good  
night.

*Phil.* I cannot, nor I will not—yet good Night.

[*Exit. King, and all but Philip's Party.*

Well Friends, I see the King will sleep away his Anger,  
And tamely see us murder'd by this Moor ;  
But I'll be active, Boys—  
Therefore *Antonio*, you command the Horse ;  
Get what more Numbers to our Caufe you can :  
'Tis a good Caufe, and will advance our Credit.  
We will awake this King out of his Lethargy of Love,  
And make him absolute—Go to your Charge,  
And early in the Morning I'll be with you—

[*Ex. all but Phil.*

If all fail, *Portugal* shall be my Refuge,  
Those whom so late I conquer'd, shall protect me—  
But this *Alonzo* I shou'd make an Interest in ;  
Cou'd I but flatter—'tis a Youth that's brave.

*Enter Cardinal in haste.*

*Men.* Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and lost else.

*Phil.* Betray'd and lost ! Dreams, idle Coward Dreams.

*Men.* Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earnest,  
And you must either quickly fly, or die ;  
'Tis so ordain'd—nor have I time to tell  
By what strange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.  
*Phil.* Not care I, I will slay, and brave it.  
*Men.* That, Sir, you shall not, there's no safety here,  
And 'tis the Army only can secure us.  
*Phil.* Where had you this Intelligence ?

*Men.* I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment ;  
Where we must put our selves in Holy Drefs ;  
For so the Guards are set in every Place,  
(And thofe all Moors, the Slaves of *Abdelazer*)  
That 'tis impossible in any other Habit to eſcape.  
Come, haſte with me, and let us put 'em on.

*Phil.* I had rather slay and kill, till I am weary—  
Let's to the Queen's Apartment, and feize this Moor ;  
I'm ſure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.

*Men.* Sir, we lose time in talking—Come with me.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Where be these lousy Gaberdines ?  
*Men.* I will conduct you to 'em.  
*Phil.* Mother—and Moor, farewell,  
I'll visit you again ; and if I do,  
My black Infernal, I will conjure you. [Exeunt.]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Abdelazer and Zarrack.*

*Zar.* O *SMIN* (my Lord) by this has done his Task,  
And *Philip* is no more among the living :  
Will you not rest to night ?  
*Abd.* Is this a time for Sleep and Idleness—dull Slaves ?  
*Zar.* The Bus'nes we have Order, Sir, to do,  
We can without your Aid.

*Enter Ofmin.*

*Abd.* *Ofmin* !  
Thy ominous Looks preface an ill Success ;  
Thy Eyes no joyful News of Murders tell :  
I thought I shou'd have seen thee drest in Blood——  
Speak ! Speak thy News——  
Say that he lives, and let it be thy last.  
*Ofm.* Yes, Sir, he lives.  
*Abd.* Lives ! thou ly'lt, base Coward—lives !—renounce thy Gods !  
It were a Sin leſs dangerous——speak again.  
*Ofm.* Sir, *Philip* lives.  
*Abd.* Oh treacherous Slave !  
*Ofm.* Not by my Fault, by Heav'n !  
*Abd.* By what curſt Chance,  
If not from thee, could he evade his Fate ?  
*Ofm.* By ſome Intelligence from his good Angel.  
*Abd.* From his good Devil !  
Gods ! muſt the Earth another Day at once  
Bear him and me alive ?  
*Ofm.* Another Day !——an Age for ought I know ;  
For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.

*Abd.* Fled ! fled—say’st thou ?  
 Oh I cou’d curse the Stars, that rule this Night :  
 ’Tis to the Camp they’re fled ; the only Refuge  
 That Gods, or Men cou’d give ’em——  
 Where got you this Intelligence ?

*Osm.* My Lord, inquiring for the Prince  
 At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)  
 His Pages answ’r’d me, he was at his Devotions ;  
 A lucky time (I thought) to do the Deed ;  
 And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,  
 And a poor sleepy Groom, who with much threatning,  
 Confes’d that they were fled, in holy Robes.

*Abd.* That Cafè of Sanctity was first ordain’d,  
 To cheat the honest World :  
 Twas an unlucky Chance—but we are idle——  
 Let’s see, how from this Ill, we may advance a good—

[*Pauses.*]

’Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders  
 Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darknes—  
 I’ll ring thro all the Court, with doleful Sound,  
 The sad Alarms of Murder—Murder—*Zarrack*,  
 Take up thy standing yonder—*Osm*, thou  
 At the Queen’s Apartment—cry out, Murder :  
 Whilſt I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King ;  
 Perhaps in this Disorder I may kill him.      [*Aside.*]  
 —Treason—Murder—Murder—Treason.

*Enter Alonzo, and Courtiers.*

*Alon.* What dismal Crys are theſe ?——

*Abd.* Where is the King ?—Treason—Murder !—  
 Where is the ſleeping Queen ?—Arife, arife.

*Osm.* The Devil taught him all his Arts of Falshood.      [*Aside.*]

*Enter King in a Night-Gown with Lights.*

*King.* Who frights our quiet Slumbers with this Noife ?

*Enter Queen and Woman, with Lights.*

*Qu.* Was it a Dream, or did I hear the Sound  
 Of Treafon, call me from my ſilent Griefs ?

*King.* Who rail’d this Rumour, *Abdelazer*, you ?

*Abd.* I did, Great Sir.

*King.* Your Reafons.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* Oh Sir, your Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal,  
Both animated by a Senfe of Wrongs,  
(And envying, Sir, the Fortune of your Slave)  
Had laid a Plot this Night, to murder you :  
And 'cause they knew it was my waiting Night,  
They wou'd have laid the Treafon, Sir, on me.

*King.* The Cardinal, and my Brother ! bring them forth,

Their Lives shall answer it.

*Abd.* Sir, 'tis impossible :  
For when they found their Villany discover'd,  
They in two Friers Habits made escape.

*King.* That Cardinal is subtle, and ambitious,  
And from him *Philip* learnt his dangerous Principles.

*Qu.* The Ambition of the one infects the other,  
And they are both too dangerous to live——  
But might a Mother's Counfel be obey'd,  
I wou'd advise you, fend the valiant Moor  
To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp :  
For thither they are fled—where they will find  
A Welcome fatal to us all.

*King.* Madam, you counsel well ; and *Abdelazar*,  
Make it your Care to fetch these Traitors back,  
Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,  
But as they are your Enemies ; and th' envious World  
Will say, you made this story to undo 'em.

*Abd.* Sir, I'll obey ; nor will I know repose,  
Till I have justify'd this fatal Truth.

[*Abd. goes to the Queen, and talks to her.*]

*King.* Mean time I will to my *Florella's* Lodging.  
Silence, and Night, are the best Advocates [Aside.  
To plead a Lover's cause—*Abdelazar*—haste.  
Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.

*Abd.* Sir, that's my Duty.

*King.* Madam, good Night—*Alonzo*, to your rest.  
[*Ex. all but Qu. and Abd.*]

*Qu.* *Philip* escaped !  
Oh that I were upon some Defart Shoar,  
Where I might only to the Waves and Winds  
Breathe out my Senfe of Rage for this Defeat.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* Oh 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.

*Qu.* Give me but any Hopes of blest Revenge,  
And I will be as calm as happy Lovers.

*Abd.* There is a way, and is but that alone ;  
But such a way, as never must be nam'd.

*Qu.* How ! not be nam'd ! Oh swear thou hat'ft me  
rather,

It were a Torment equal to thy Silence.

*Abd.* I'll shew my Passion rather in that Silence.

*Qu.* Kind Torturer, what mean'st thou ?

*Abd.* To shew you, Madam, I had rather live  
Wrong'd and contemn'd by *Philip*,

Than have your dearer Name made infamous.

*Qu.* Heavens ! dost thou mock my Rage ? can any Sin  
I could commit, undo my Honour more

Than his late Infolence ?

Oh name me something may revenge that Shame :  
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,

To meet it—Come, oh quickly give me ease.

*Abd.* I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,  
Than you dare execute it when 'tis told.

*Qu.* How little I am underlood by thee—  
Come, tell me instantly, for I grow impatient ;

You shall obey me—nay, I do command you.

*Abd.* Durst you proclaim—*Philip* a Bastard, Ma-  
dam ?

*Qu.* Hah ! proclaim my self—what he wou'd have me  
thought !

What mean'st thou ?—

*Abd.* Instruct you in the way to your Revenge.

*Qu.* Upon my self thou mean'st—

*Abd.* No—

He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortify'd  
Beyond our Power to hurt, but by this means ;  
Which takes away his Hopes of being a King,  
(For he 'ad no other Aim in taking Arms)  
And leaves him open to the People's Scorn ;  
Whom own'd as King, Numbers would assist him,  
And then our Lives he may dispose, as he has done our  
Honours.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* There's Reason in thy Words: but oh my Fame!

*Abd.* Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,  
Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way  
To save that too, which I'll at leisure tell you.  
In the mean time fend for your Confessor,  
And with a borrow'd Penitence confess,  
Their Idol *Philip* is a Baſtard;  
And zealously pretend you're urg'd by Conscience:  
A cheap Pretence to cozen Fools withal.

*Qu.* Revenge, altho I court you with my fatal Ruin,  
I muſt enjoy thee: there's no other way,  
And I'm resolv'd upon the mighty Pleasure;  
He has profan'd my purer Flame for thee,  
And merits to partake the Infamy. [He leads her out.

*Abd.* Now have at my young King—  
I know he means to cuckold me to Night,  
Whilſt he believes I'll tamely step aside—  
No, let *Philip* and the Cardinal gain the Camp,  
I will not hinder 'em—  
I have a nobler Sacrifice to make  
To my declining Honour, ſhall redeem it,  
And pay it back with Interest—well, then in order to't,  
I'll watch about the Lodgings of *Florella*,  
And if I fee this hot young Lover enter,  
I'll ſave my Wife the trouble of allaying  
The amorous Heat—this—will more nimblly do't,  
[Snatches out his Dagger.

And do it once for all—

Enter *Florella* in her Night-Clothes.

*Flor.* My *Abdelazer*—why in that fierce posture,  
As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death?  
Why is that Dagger out?—against whom drawn?

*Abd.* Or ſlay,—ſuppoſe I let him fee *Florella*,  
And when he's high with the expeſted Blifs,  
Then take him thus—Oh 'twere a fine ſurprize!

*Flor.* My Lord—dear *Abdelazer*.

*Abd.* Or ſay—I made her kill him—that were yet  
An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.

*Flor.* Will you not ſpeak to me? what have I done?

*Abd.* By Heaven it ſhall be fo.

*Flor.*

*Flor.* What shall be so?

*Abd.* Hah——

*Flor.* Why dost thou dres thy Eyes in such unusual wonder?

There's nothing here that is a stranger to thee,  
Or what is not intirely thine own.

*Abd.* Mine!

*Flor.* Thou canst not doubt it.

*Abd.* No,—and for a proof thou art so,—take  
this Dagger.

*Flor.* Alas, Sir!——what to do!

*Abd.* To stab a Heart, *Florella*, a Heart that loves  
thee.

*Flor.* Heaven forbid!

*Abd.* No matter what Heaven will, I say it must——

*Flor.* What must?

*Abd.* That Dagger must enter the Heart of him  
That loves thee self, *Florella*;——gues the Man.

*Flor.* What means my Moor?——

Wouldst thou have me kill thy self?

*Abd.* Yes——when I love thee better than the King.

*Flor.* Ah, Sir! what mean you?

*Abd.* To have you kill this King,  
When next he does pursue thee with his Love——  
What, do you weep?——

By Heaven they shall be bloody Tears then.

*Flor.* I shall deserve them——when I suffer Love  
That is not fit to hear;——but for the King,  
That which he pays me, is so innocent——

*Abd.* So innocent!—damn thy dissembling Tongue;  
Did I not see, with what fierce wishing Eyes  
He gaz'd upon thy Face, whilst yours as wantonly  
Return'd, and understood the amorous Language?

*Flor.* Admit it true, that such his Passions were,  
As (Heaven's my witness) I've no cause to fear;  
Have not I Virtue to resist his Flame,  
Without a pointed Steel?

*Abd.* Your Virtue! —— Curfe on the weak Defence;  
Your Virtue's equal to his Innocence.

Here

Here, take this Dagger, and if this Night he visit thee,  
When he least thinks on't—send it to his Heart.

*Flor.* If you suspect me, do not leave me, Sir.

*Abd.* Oh—I'm dispatch'd away—to leave you free—  
About a wonderful Affair—mean time,  
I know you will be visited—but as you wish to live,  
At my return let me behold him dead.—  
Be sure you do't—tis for thy Honour's safety—  
I love thee so, that I can take no rest,  
Till thou hast kill'd thy Image in his Breast.

—Adieu, my dear *Florella.*

[*Exit.*]

*Flor.* Murder my King!—the Man that loves me too—  
What Fiend, what Fury such an act wou'd do?  
My trembling Hand wou'd not the Weapon bear,  
And I should sooner strike it here—than there.

[*Pointing to her Breast.*]

No! tho' of all I am, this Hand alone  
Is what thou canst command, as being thy own;  
Yet this has plighted no such cruel Vow;  
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.  
To save my King's, my Life I will expose,  
No Martyr dies in a more glorious Caufe.

[*Exit.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Queen in an undress alone, with a Light.*

*Qu.* Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers  
Make their devout and humble Invocations;  
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,  
Lays by the awful Terror of a Deity,  
And every harmful Dart, and deals around  
His kind Desires; whilst thou, blest Friend to Joys,  
Draw'st all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,  
To veil the Blushes of soft yielding Maids;  
Beneath thy Covert grant the Love-sick King,  
May find admittance to *Florella's* Arms;  
And being there, keep back the busy Day;  
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;  
Where in her Lodgings he shall find his Wife,  
Amidst her amorous Dalliance with my Son.—

My

My watchful Spies are waiting for the Knowledge ;  
Which when to me imparted, I'll improve,  
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.

*Enter Elvira.*

—*Elvira*, in thy Looks I read Success ;  
What haft thou learnt ?

*Elv.* Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,  
To fair Florella's Lodging.

*Qu.* But art thou sure he gain'd Admittance ?

*Elv.* Yes, Madam ;  
But what Welcome he has found, to me's unknown ;  
But I believe it must be great, and kind.

*Qu.* I am of thy Opinion.—  
But now, *Elvira*, for a well laid-Plot,  
To ruin this *Florella* ; —tho' she be innocent,  
Yet she must die ; so hard a Destiny  
My Passion for her Husband does decree :  
But 'tis the way I stop at.—  
His Jealousy already I have rais'd ;  
That's not enough, his Honour must be touch'd.  
This Meeting 'twixt the King and fair *Florella*,  
Must then be render'd publick ;  
'Tis the Disgrace, not Action, must incense him—  
Go you to Don *Alonzo*'s Lodging strait,  
Whilst I prepare my Story for his Ear. ——*[Exit Elvira.*

*Alon.* Assist me all that's ill in Woman-kind,

And furnish me with Sighs, and feign'd Tears,

That may express a Grief for this Discovery.

My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold ;

And like the noble Ravisher of *Rome*,

Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,

Till thou hast made a Conquest o'er her Virtue.

*Enter Alonzo, Elvira.*

—*Oh Alonzo*, I have strange News to tell thee !

*Alon.* It must be strange indeed, that makes my Queen

Dres her fair Eyes in Sorrow.

*Qu.* It is a Dres that thou wilt be in love with,

When thou shalt hear my Story.—

You had a Sister once.

*Alon.* Had !

*Qu.*

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*Qu.* Yes, had,—whilst she was like thy self, all Virtue ;  
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled such Flames,  
As will undo us all.

*Alon.* My Sister, Madam ! sure it cannot be :—  
What Eyes ? what Flames ?—inform me strait.

*Qu.* *Alonzo*, thou art honest, just and brave :  
And should I tell thee more,—  
(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)  
It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,  
Which baser Spirits will call Cruelty.

*Alon.* Gods, Madam ! do not praise my Virtue thus,  
Which is so poor, it scarce affords me patience  
To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver.—  
Come, Madam, say my Sister——is a Whore.  
I know 'tis so you mean ; and being so,  
Where shall I kneel for Justice ?  
Since he that shou'd afford it me,  
Has made her Criminal—  
Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King I mean.

*Qu.* I grieve to own, all thy prophetick Fears  
Are true, *Alonzo*, 'tis indeed the King.

*Alon.* Then I'm disarm'd,  
For Heaven can only punish him.

*Qu.* But *Alonzo*,  
Whilst that religious Patience dwells about thee,  
All *Spain* must suffer, nay Ages that shall ensue  
Shall curse thy Name, and Family ;  
From whom a Race of Bastards shall proceed,  
To wear that Crown.

*Alon.* No, Madam, not from mine,  
My Sister's in my power, her Honour's mine ;  
I can command her Life, tho' not my King's.  
Her Mother is a Saint, and shou'd she now  
Look down from Heaven upon a Deed so foul,  
I think even there she wou'd invent a Curse,  
To thunder on her Head.—

But, Madam, whence was this Intelligence ?

*Qu.* *Elvira* saw the King enter her Lodgings,

With Lover's haste, and Joy.

*Alon.* Her Lodgings !—when ?

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Now, not an Hour ago,  
Now, since the Moor departed.

*Alon.* Damnation on her ! can she be thus false ?  
Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this Strumpet,  
And make me see this truth, [To Elvira.]  
Or I will leave thee dead, for thus abusing me.

*Qu.* Nay dear *Alonzo*, do not go inrag'd,  
Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look ;  
That if, by chance, you shou'd behold the Wantons,  
(Aided with Silence, and the shades of Night)  
May possibly commit,

You may not do that which you may repent of.

*Alon.* Gods ! shoud I play the Pander !  
And with my Patience, aid the amorous Sin—  
No, I shall scarce have so much Tameness left,  
To mind me of my Duty to my King.  
Ye Gods ! behold the Sacrifice I make  
To my lost Honour : behold, and aid my Justice

[Ex. Alon.]

*Qu.* It will concern me too to see this Wonder,  
For yet I scarce can credit it. [Exit.]

### S C E N E III Florella's Lodgings.

*Enter the King, leading in Florella all in fear.*

*Flor.* Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,  
If by a Death les cruel than my Fears,  
You would preferve my Honour ; begin it quickly,  
And after that I will retain my Duty,  
And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.

*King.* Where learnt you, Fairest, so much Cruelty  
To charge me with the Power of injuring thee ?  
Not from my Eyes, where Love and Languishment  
Too sensibly inform thee of my Heart.

*Flor.* Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul  
From fears which such a Visit must create,  
In dead of Night, when nought but frighted Ghosts  
Of restless Souls departed walk the Round.

King

*King.* That fleeting thing am I, whom all Repose,  
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,  
That fatal Hour thou gavest thy self away ;  
And I was doom'd to endless Desperation :  
Yet whilst I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,  
Some sacred Treasures in thy Breast I hid,  
And near thee still my greedy Soul will hover.

*Flor.* Ah rather like a Ravisher you come,  
With Love and Fierceness in your dangerous Eyes ;  
And both will equally be fatal to me.

*King.* Oh do not fear me, as the fair *Lucretia*  
Did the fierce *Roman* Youth ; I mean no Rapes,  
Thou canst not think that I wou'd force those Joys,  
Which cease to be so, when compell'd, *Florella*—  
No, I would sooner pierce this faithful Heart,  
Whose Flame appears too criminal for your Mercy.

*Flor.* Why do you fright me, Sir ? methinks your  
Looks  
All pale, your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,  
The awful Horror of the dark and silent Night,  
Strike a cold Terror round my fainting Heart,  
That does presage some fatal Accident.

*King.* 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the Danger lies—  
Wou'd you receive me with that usual Tenderness,  
Which did express it self in every Smile,  
I should dismiss this Horror from my Face,  
And place again its native calmness there ;  
And all my Veins shall re-assume their Heat,  
And with a new and grateful Ardour beat.

*Flor.* Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,  
And you advance your Fate, by staying here—  
Fly, fly, this place of Death—if *Abdelazer*  
Shou'd find you here—all the Divinity  
About your sacred Person could not guard you.

*King.* Ah, my *Florella*, cease thy needless Fear,  
And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love ;  
Love, that with soft Desires may fill thy Eyes,  
And fave thy Tongue the pain t' instruct my Heart,  
In the most grateful Knowledge Heaven can give me.

*Flor.* That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more  
wretched, Since

Since you, I know, wou'd still be wishing on,  
And I shou'd grant, till we were both undone.  
And, Sir, how little she was worth your care,  
Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,  
For an inglorious Life—short and despis'd—

*King.* Canst thou believe a Flame thy Eyes have kind  
Can urge me to an infamous purfuit?— (led,  
No, my *Florella*, I adore thy Virtue,  
And none profane those Shrines, to whom they offer;  
—Say but thou lov'st—and I thus low will bow—

[Kneels.

And sue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen;  
I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns  
Of *Castile*, *Portugal*, and *Arragon*;  
And all those petty Kingdoms, which do bow  
Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.

*Flor.* Ah, Sir! have you forgot my sacred Vow?  
All that I am, is *Abdelazar's* now.

*King.* By Heav'n it was a sacrilegious Theft;  
But I the Treasure from his Breast will tear,  
And reach his Heart, tho thou art seated there.

*Flor.* A Deed like that my Virtue wou'd undo,  
And leave a Stain upon your Glories too;  
A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Passion move;  
I owe a Duty, where I cannot love.

*King.* Thou think'st it then no Sin to kill thy King;  
For I must die, without thy Love, *Florella*.

*Flor.* How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,  
Whose fatal Potion must your Life betray;  
And tho a King, cannot divine your Fate;  
Kings only differ from the Gods in that.—  
See, Sir, with this—I am your Murderer made.

[Holds up a Dagger.

By those we love, we soonest are betray'd.

*King.* How! can that fair Hand acquaint itself with  
Death?

—What wilt thou do, *Florella*?

*Flor.* Your Destiny divert,  
And give my Heart those Wounds design'd for yours.

—If

—If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.  
*King.* Hold!—I command thee hold thy impious  
Hand,  
My Heart dwells there, and if you strike—I die.

Enter Queen, Alonzo, and Elvira.  
Qu. Florella! arm'd against the King?  
[Snatches the Dagger and slabs her: the King rises  
Oh Traitors!  
Elvira. My King, my King!

*King.* Hold, hold, inhuman Murdress; What hast thou done, most barbarous of thy Sex!

[Takes Flor. in his Arms.  
Qu. Destroy'd thy Murdres, — and my too fair Rival.  
[Ald.]

*King.* My Murdrefs!—what Devil did inspire thee  
With Thoughts so black and sinful? cou'd this fair Saint  
Be guilty of a Murder?—No, no, too cruel Mother,  
With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes,  
She might have kill'd, and her too virtuous Cruelty.

—Oh my *Florella*! Sacred lovely Creature!  
*Flor.* My Death was kind, since it prevented yours,  
And by that Hand which sav'd mine from a Guilt.

And by that Hand, which sav'd mine from a Guilt.  
[Points to the Queen  
—That Dagger I receiv'd of *Abdelazar*,  
To stab that Heart,—he said, that lov'd me best;  
But I design'd to overcome your Passion,  
And then to have vanquish'd *Abdelazar's* Jealousy:  
But finding you too faithful to be happy.

But finding you too faithful to be happy,  
I did resolve to die—and have my wish.  
—Farewell—my King—my Soul begins its flight,

—And now—is hovering—in eternal—Night. [Die.  
King. She's gone—she's gone—her sacred Soul is  
dead.

To that Divinity, of which it is a part ;  
Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.

Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.  
Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one so foul.  
King. What profane Breath was that pronounc'd he

Thy Mother's Soul, tho turn'd into a Cherubim,  
Was black to hers——Oh she was all divine.  
—*Alonzo*, was it thou?—her Brother!

Alon

*Alon.* When she was good, I own'd that Title, Sir,  
*King.* Good!—by all the Gods she was as chaste as  
 Vestals,  
 As Saints translated to Divine Abodes.  
 I offer'd her to be my Queen, *Alonzo*,  
 To share the growing Glories of my Youth;  
 But uncorrupted she my Crown contemn'd,  
 And on her Virtue's Guard flood thus defended.

[Alon. weeps.

—Oh my *Florella*! let me here lie fix'd, [Kneels.  
 And never rise, till I am cold and pale,  
 As thou fair Saint art now—But sure  
 She cou'd not die;—that noble generous Heart,  
 That arm'd with Loye and Honour, did rebate  
 All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,  
 Might sure defend it self againt those Wounds  
 Given by a Woman's Hand,—or rather 'twas a Devil's.

[Rises.

—What dost thou merit by this Treachery?  
 Thou vilest of thy Sex—  
 But thou'rt a thing I have miscall'd a Mother,  
 And therefore will not touch thee—live to suffer  
 By a more shameful way;—but here she lies,  
 Whom I, the dead, must still adore as living.

*Alon.* Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your stay;  
 When I reflect upon this Night's Disorder,  
 And the Queen's Art to raise my Jealousy:  
 And after that my Sister's being murder'd,  
 I must believe there is some deeper Plot,  
 Something design'd against your faceted Person.

*King.* *Alonzo*, raise the Court, I'll find it, [Ex. *Alonzo*.  
 Tho 'twere hid within my Mother's Soul.

*Qu.* My gentle Son, pardon my kind mistake,  
 I did believe her arm'd againt thy Life.

*King.* Peace Fury! Not ill boding Raven Shrieks,  
 Nor midnight Cries of murder'd Ghosts, are more  
 Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuses.

—Be gone! and trouble not the silent Griefs,  
 Which will infensibly decay my Life,  
 Till like a Marble Statue I am fixt,

Drop-

Dropping continual Tears upon her Tomb.

[Kneels and weeps at Florella's Feet.

*Abd. Within.*] Guard all the Chamber-Doors—Fire and Confusion  
Confuse the *Spaniſh* Dogs—was I for this  
Sent to fetch back a *Philip*, and a Cardinal,  
To have my wife abuf'd ?

*Enter Abdelazer.*

*Qu.* Patience, dear *Abdelazer*.

*Abd.* Patience and I am Foes : where's my *Florella*?  
The King ! and in *Florella's* Bed-Chamber /  
*Florella* dead too !—  
Rife, thou eternal Author of my Shame ;  
Gay thing—to you I speak, [King rises.  
And thus throw off Allegiance.

*Qu.* Oh stay your Fury, generous *Abdelazer*.

*Abd.* Away, fond Woman. [Throws her from him.

*King.* Villain, to me this Language ?

*Abd.* To thee, young amorous King.  
How at this dead and silent time of Night,  
Durſt you approach the Lodgings of my Wife ?

*King.* I scorn to anſwer thee.

*Abd.* I'll ſearch it in thy Heart then.

[They fight, *Queen* and *Elv.* run out crying *Treafon*.

*King.* The Devil's not yet ready for his Soul,  
And will not claim his due.—Oh, I am wounded. [Falls.

*Abd.* No doubt on't, Sir, theſe are no Wounds of Love.

*King.* Whate'er they be, you might have ſpar'd 'em now,  
Since thoſe *Florella* gave me were ſufficient :  
— And yet a little longer, fixing thus

Thou'dſt ſeen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.

*Florella!* — *Florella* — is thy Soul fled ſo far

It cannot anſwer me, and call me on ?

And yet like dying Ecchoes in my Ears,

I hear thee cry, my Love—I come—I come, fair Soul.

— Thus at thy Feet—my Heart shall bleeding—lie.

Who ſince it liv'd for thee—for thee—will die. [Dies.

*Abd.* So—thou art gone—there was a King but now—  
And now a ſenſelesſ, dull, and breathleſſ nothing.

[A noife of fighting without.

*Enter*

*Enter Queen, running.*

*Qu.* Oh Heavens ! my Son—the King, the King is  
kill'd ! \_\_\_\_\_  
Yet I must save his Murderer :—Fly, my Moor ;  
*Alonzo*, Sir, assisted by some Friends,  
Has set upon your Guards,  
And with resistless Fury is making hither.

*Abd.* Let him come on.

*Enter Alonzo and others, led in by Osmin, Zarrack,  
and Moors.*

Oh, are you fast ? [Takes away their Swords.  
*Alon.* What mean'st thou, Villain ?  
*Abd.* To put your Swords to better uses, Sir,  
Than to defend the cause of Ravishers.

*Alon.* Oh Heavens, the King is murder'd !

*Abd.* Look on that Object,  
Thy Sister, and my Wife, who's doubly murder'd !  
First in her spotless Honour, then her Life.

*Alon.* Heaven is more guilty than the King in this.

*Qu.* My Lords, be calm ; and since your King is mur-  
der'd,  
Think of your own dear Safeties ; chuse a new King,  
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.

*Alon.* Who should we chuse ? Prince *Philip* is our King.

*Abd.* By Heaven, but *Philip* shall not be my King ;  
*Philip*'s a Bastard, and Traytor to his Country :  
He braves us with an Army at our Walls,

Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal Ruin.

And who shall lead you forth to Conquest now,  
But *Abdelazer*, whose Sword reap'd Victory,  
As oft as 'twas unsheathe'd ? — and all for *Spain* ?  
— How many Laurels has this Head adorn'd ?

Witnesses the many Battles I have won ;  
In which I've emptied all my youthful Veins !—  
And all for *Spain* ! — ungrateful of my Favours !  
— I do not boast my Birth,

Nor will not urge to you my Kingdom's Ruin ;  
But loss of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd—  
And still for *Spain* !

And can you think, that after all my Toils,  
I wou'd be still a Slave ? — to Bastard *Philip* too ?

That

That dangerous Foe, who with the Cardinal,  
Threatens with Fire and Sword.—I'll quench those Flames,  
Such an esteem I still preserve for *Spain*.

*Alon.* What means this long Harangue? what does it aim at?

*Abd.* To be Protector of the Crown of *Spain*,  
Till we agree about a lawful Successor.

*Alon.* Oh Devil!

*Qu.* We are betray'd, and round beset with Horrors;  
If we deny him this—the Power being his,  
We're all undone, and Slaves unto his Mercy.—  
Besides —— Oh give me leave to blush when I declare,  
That *Philip* is —— as he has rendred him.—  
But I in love to you, love to my *Spain*,  
Chuse rather to proclaim my Infamy,  
Than an ambitious Bastard should be crown'd.

*Alon.* Here's a fine Plot,  
What Devil reigns in Woman, when she doats? [Aside.

*Rod.* My Lords, I see no remedy but he must be Protector.

*Alon.* Oh Treachery —— have you so soon forgot  
The noble *Philip*, and his glorious Heir,  
The murder'd *Ferdinand*? ——

And Madam, you so soon forgot a Mother's Name,  
That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son?

*Abd.* The Modesty wherewith I'll use that Power,  
Shall let you see, I have no other Interest  
But what's intirely *Spain*'s. —— Restore their Swords,  
And he amongst you all who is dissatisfy'd,  
I set him free this minute.

*Alon.* I take thee at thy word.  
And instantly to *Philip*'s Camp will fly. [Exit.

*Abd.* By all the Gods my Ancestors adord,  
But that I scorn the envying World shou'd think  
I took delight in Blood —— I wou'd not part so with you.

— But you, my Lords, who value *Spain*'s Repose,  
Must for it instantly with me take Arms.  
Prince *Philip*, and the Cardinal, now ride  
Like *Jove* in Thunder; we in Storms must meet them.

To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory.  
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Abdelazer, Osmín bearing his Helmet of Feathers, Zarrack with his Sword and Truncheon.*

*Abd.* Come, *Osmín*, arm me quickly ; for the Day  
Comes on apace, and the fierce Enemy  
Will take advantages by our delay.

*Enter Queen and Elvira.*

*Qu.* Oh my dear Moor !  
The rude, exclaiming, ill-affected Multitude  
(Tempestuous as the Sea) run up and down,  
Some crying, kill the Bastard—some the Moor,  
These for King *Philip*—those for *Abdelazar*.

*Abd.* Your Fears are idle,—blow 'em into Air.  
I rufh'd amongst the thickest of their Crouds,  
And with the awful Splendor of my Eyes,  
Like the imperious Sun, difpers'd the Clouds.  
But I must combat now a fiercer Foe,  
The hot-brain'd *Philip*, and a jealous Cardinal.

*Qu.* And must you go, before I make you mine ?

*Abd.* That's my Misfortune—when I return with  
Victory,  
And lay my Wreaths of Laurel at your Feet,  
You shall exchange them for your glorious Fetters.

*Qu.* How canst thou hope for Victory, when their  
Numbers  
So far exceed thy Powers ?

*Abd.* What's wanting there, we must supply with Con-  
duct.  
I know you will not stop at any thing  
That may advance our Interest, and Enjoyment.

*Qu.* Look back on what I have already done ;  
And after that look forward with Assurance.

*Abd.* You then (with only Women in your Train)  
Must to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent ;—  
Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither :  
Then undermine his Soul——you know the way on't.

And

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And footh him into a Belief, that the best way  
To gain your Heart, is to leave *Philip's* Interest ;  
Urge 'tis the Kingdom's safety, and your own ;  
And use your fiercest Threats, to draw him to a Peace  
with me ;

Not that you love me, but for the Kingdom's good :  
Then in a Tent which I will pitch on purpose,  
Get him to meet me : He being drawn off,  
Thousands of Bigots (who think to cheat the World into  
an Opinion, that fighting for the Cardinal is a pious Work)  
will (when he leaves the Camp) desert it too.

*Qu.* I understand you ; and more than I have time to be  
Instructed in, will I perform ; and possibly  
Before you can begin, I'll end my Conquests.

*Abd.* 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.  
— — I must to Horfe, farewell my generous Mistrefs.  
*Qu.* Farewel ! and may thy Arms as happy prove,  
As shall my Art, when it dissembles Love. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E, *Philip's Tent.*

*Enter Philip, Alonzo, and Guards.*

*Phil.* 'Tis a sad Story thou haft told, *Alonzo* ;  
Yet 'twill not make me shed one single Tear :  
They must be all of Blood that I will offer  
To my dear Brother's Ghost——  
But gallant Friend, this Good his Ills have done,  
To turn thee over to our jufter Interest,  
For thou didst love him once.

*Alon.* Whilst I believ'd him honest, and for my Sister's  
sake ;  
But since, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

*Phil.* Gods ! is it possible the Queen should counte-  
nance  
His horrid Villanies ?

*Alon.* Nay, worse than so, 'tis thought she'll marry  
him.

*Phil.* Marry him ! then here upon my Knees I vow,  
[Kneels.

To shake all Duty from my Soul ;  
And all that Reverence Children owe a Parent,

C 2

Shall

Shall henceforth be converted into Hate. [Rises.  
 — Damnation ! marry him ! Oh I cou'd curse my Birth !  
 This will confirm the World in their Opinion,  
 That she's the wortl of Women ;  
 That I am basely born too, (as she gives it out)  
 That Thought alone does a just Rage inspire,  
 And kindles round my Heart an active Fire.

*Alon.* A Disobedience, Sir, to such a Parent,  
 Heaven must forgive the Sin, if this be one :  
 — Yet do not, Sir, in Words abate that Fire,  
 Which will affust you in a more effectual way.

*Phil.* Death ! I could talk of it an Age ;  
 And, like a Woman, fret my Anger high :  
 Till like my Rage, I have advanc'd my Courage,  
 Able to fight the World against my Mother.

*Alon.* Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,  
 Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward resolute.

*Phil.* Come, noble Youth,  
 Let us join both our several Wrongs in one,  
 And from them make a solemn Resolution,  
 Never to part our Interest, till this Moor,  
 This worse than Devil Moor be sent to Hell.

*Alon.* I do.

*Phil.* Hark—hark—the Charge is founded, let's to  
 Horse,  
 St. Jacques for the Right of Spain and me. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E, A Grove.

*Drums and Trumpets afar off, with noise of fighting  
 at a distance : After a little while, enter Philip in  
 a Rage.*

*Phil.* Oh unjust Powers ! why d'ye protect this Mon-  
 ster?

And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up  
 With the Castilian Troops ? curse on his formal Poli-  
 ticks——

*Enter* Alonzo.

— *Alonzo,* where's the Moor ?

*Alon.*

*Alon.* The Moor—a Devil—never did Fiend of Hell,  
Compell'd by some Magician's Charms,  
Break thro the Prison of the folded Earth  
With more swift Horrour, than this Prince of Fate  
Breaks thro our Troops in spite of Opposition.

*Phil.* Death! 'tis not his single Arm that works the  
Wonders,  
But our Cowardice—Oh this Dog Cardinal!

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Sound a Retreat, or else the Day is lost.

*Phil.* I'll beat that Cur to Death that sounds Retreat.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Sebast.* Sound a Retreat.

*Phil.* Who is't that tempts my Sword?—continue the  
Alarm,  
Fight on Pell-mell—fight—kill—be damn'd—do any  
thing  
But found Retreat ——Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal!

[*Exeunt.*]

*The noise of fighting near; after a little while enter*

*Philip again.*

*Phil.* Not yet, ye Gods! Oh this eternal Coward!

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Sir, bring up your Reserves, or all is lost;  
Ambition plumes the Moor, and makes him act  
Deeds of such Wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.

*Phil.* 'Tis well—I'll raise my Glories to that dazzling  
height,  
Shall darken his, or set in endless Night. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *A Grove.*

*Enter Card. and Queen; the noise of a Battel continuing.*

*Qu.* By all thy Love, by all thy Languishments,  
By all those Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,  
By all thy Vows, thy passionate Letters sent,  
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:  
Command your Troops not to engage with *Philip*,  
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruin.

—*Fernando's* kill'd—the Moor has gain'd the Power,  
 A Power that you nor *Philip* can withstand ;  
 And is't not better he were lost than *Spain*,  
 Since one must be a Sacrifice?  
 Besides—if I durst tell it,  
 There's something I cou'd whisper to thy Soul,  
 Wou'd make thee blush at ev'ry single Good  
 Thou'fst done that insolent Boy ;—But 'tis not now  
 A time for Stories of so strange a Nature,—  
 Which when you know, you will conclude with me,  
 That every Man that arms for *Philip's* Cause,  
 Merits the name of Traitor.—  
 Be wise in time, and leave his shameful Interest,  
 An Interest thou wilt curse thy self for taking ;  
 Be wise, and make Alliance with the Moor.

*Card.* And Madam, should I lay aside my Wrongs,  
 Those publick Injuries I have receiv'd,  
 And make a mean and humble Peace with him ?  
 —No, let *Spain* be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,  
 E'er for its safety I forego mine Honour.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Offi.* Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are lost.

*Card.* Give order—

*Qu.* That they stir not on their Lives ;  
 Is this the Duty that you owe your Country ?  
 Is this your Sanctity——and Love to me ?  
 Is't thus you treat the Glory I have offer'd  
 To raise you to my Bed ?  
 To rule a Kingdom, be a Nation's Safety,  
 To advance in hostile manner to their Walls ;  
 Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,  
 And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,  
 Eternal Love ? And will you court in Arms ?  
 Such rude Addresses wou'd but ill become you.  
 No, from this hour renounce all Claims to me,  
 Or *Philip's* Interest ; for let me tell you, Cardinal,  
 This Love, and that Revenge, are inconsistent.

*Card.* But, Madam—

*Qu.* No more—disband your Rebel Troops,  
 And strait with me to *Abdelazar's* Tent,

Where

Where all his Claims he shall resign to you,  
Both in my self, the Kingdom, and the Crown :  
You being departed, thousands more will leave him,  
And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Sebast.* Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your  
Force,  
Or else the Prince and Victory is lost,  
Which now depends upon his single Valour ;  
Who, like some antient Hero, or some God,  
Thunders amongst the thickest of his Enemies,  
Destroying all before him in such numbers,  
That Piles of Dead obstruct his passage to the living—  
Relieve him strait, my Lord, with our last Cavalry and  
Hopes.

*Card.* I'll follow instantly.—— [Ex. *Sebast.*

*Qu.* Sir, but you shall not, unles it be to Death——  
Shall you preserve the only Man I hate,  
And hate with so much reaſon?—let him fall  
A Victim to an injur'd Mother's Honour.  
——Come, I will be obey'd—indeed I must—

[*Fawns on him.*

*Card.* When you're thus soft, can I retain my Anger ?  
Oh look but ever thus——in spite of Injuries—  
I shall become as tame and peaceable,  
As are your charming Eyes, when dres'd in Love,  
Which melting down my Rage, leave me defencleſs.  
——Ah Madam, have a generous care of me,  
For I have now resign'd my Power to you.

[*Shout within.*

*Qu.* What Shouts are these?

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Sebast.* My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,  
And *Philip's* Arm alone sustains the day :  
Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory. [Exit.

*Qu.* Give order strait, that a Retreat be sounded ;  
And whilst they do so, by me conducted,  
We'll instantly to *Abdelazer's* Tent——  
Haste—haste, my Lord, whilst I attend you here.

[*Ex. severally.*

Cardinal going out, is met by Philip.

*Phil.* Oh damn your lazy Order, where have you been,  
—But 'tis no time for Questions, (Sir ?  
Move forward with your Referves.

*Card.* I will not, Sir.

*Phil.* How, will not !

*Card.* Now to advance would be impolitick;  
Already by your desperate Attempts,  
You've lost the best part of our Hopes.

*Phil.* Death ! you lye.

*Card.* Lye, Sir !

*Phil.* Yes, lye, Sir,—therefore come on,  
Follow the desperate Reer-Guard, which is mine,  
And where I'll die, or conquer—follow my Sword  
The bloody way it leads, or else by Heaven  
I'll give the Moor the Victory in spite,  
And turn my Force on thee—  
Plague of your Cowardice—Come, follow me.

[*Ex. Card.*]

### S C E N E   *The Grove.*

*As Philip is going off, he is overtook by Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian, and other Officers: At the other side some Moors, and other of Abdelazar's Party, enter and fall on Philip and the rest—the Moors are beaten off—one left dead on the Stage.*

*Enter Abdelazar, with Roderigo, and some others.*

*Abd.* Oh, for more Work—more Souls to send to Hell !

—Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither—Sirrah—Slave Moor—who kill'd thee?—how he grins—this Breast, Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine, It never wou'd have been a Mark for Fools.

*Abd. going out: enter Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and Officers, as passing over the Stage.*

*Phil.* I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find The Subject of my Vengeance.

Moor, 'tis for thee I seek, where art thou, Slave ?

*Abd.* Here, *Philip.*

[*Abd. turns.*

*Phil.*]

*Phil.* Fate and Revenge, I thank thee.—

*Abd.* Why——thou art brave, whoe'er begot thee.

*Phil.* Villain, a King begot me.

*Abd.* I know not that,

But I'll be sworn thy Mother was a Queen,  
And I will kill thee handsomely for her sake.

[*Offers to fight, their Parties hinder them.*

*Alon.* Hold——hold, my Prince.

*Osm.* Great Sir, what mean you? [To Abd.

The Victory being yours, to give your Life away  
On one so mad and desperate. [Their Parties draw.

*Phil.* *Alonzo*, hold,

We two will be the Fate of this great Day.

*Abd.* And I'll forego all I've already won,  
And claim no Conquest; the whole heaps of Bodies,  
Which this Right-hand has slain, declare me Victor.

*Phil.* No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my  
And will not leave thee, (view,  
Till thou hast crown'd those Heaps, and made 'em all  
The glorious Trophies of my Victory—Come on, Sir.

*Alon.* You shall not fight thus single;  
If you begin, by Heaven we'll all fall on.

*Phil.* Dost thou suspect my Power?  
Oh, I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,  
The Justice of my Quarrel; when I look  
Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,  
My Mother's Infamy, *Spain's* Misery,  
I am all Fire; and yet I am too cold  
To let out Blood enough for my Revenge:  
—Therefore stir not a Sword on my side.

*Abd.* Nor on mine.

*They fight; both their Parties engage on either side;*  
*the Scene draws off, and discovers both the Armies,*  
*which all fall on and make the main Battel: Philip*  
*prevails, the Moors give ground: Then the*  
*Scene closes to the Grove. Enter some Moors flying*  
*in disorder.*

## SCENE changes to a Tent.

*Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Osmín, Zarrack, and some others of his Party.*

*Rod.* Oh fly, my Lord, fly, for the Day is lost.

*Abd.* There are three hundred and odd Days i'th Year,  
And cannot we lose one?—dismis thy Fears,  
They'll make a Coward of thee.

*Osm.* Sir, all the noble *Spaniards* have forsook you;  
Your Soldiers faint, are round beset with Enemies,  
Nor can you shun your Fate, but by your Flight.

*Abd.* I can—and must—in spite of Fate:  
The Wheel of War shall turn about again,  
And dash the Current of his Victories.—  
This is the Tent I've pitch'd, at distance from the Armies,  
To meet the Queen and Cardinal;  
Charm'd with the Magick of Dissimulation,  
I know by this he's furl'd his Ensigns up,  
And is become a tame and coward *Afs.*

[*A Retreat is sounded.*  
—Hark—hark, 'tis done: oh my enchanting Engine!  
—Dost thou not hear Retreat sounded?

*Rod.* Sure 'tis impossible.

*Abd.* She has prevail'd—a Woman's Tongue and Eyes  
Are Forces stronger than Artilleries.

*Enter Queen, Cardinal, Women, and Soldiers.*

—We are betray'd—

*Qu.* What means this Jealousy? lay by your Weapons,  
And embrace—the fight of these beget Suspicion:

—*Abdelazer*, by my Birth he comes in peace;  
Lord Cardinal, on my Honour so comes he.

*Abd.* Let him withdraw his Troops then.

*Qu.* They're Guards for all our Safeties:  
Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal—thine *Abdelazer*—

[*She brings them together, they embrace.*  
This blest Accord I do behold with Joy.

*Card.* *Abdelazer*,  
I at the Queen's Command have met you here,  
To know what 'tis you will propose to us.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* Peace and eternal Friendship 'twixt us two,  
How much against my Will I took up Arms,  
Be witness Heav'n ; nor was it in revenge to you,  
But to let out th' infected Blood of *Philip*,  
Whose sole aim  
Is to be King—which *Spain* will never suffer ;  
*Spain* gave me Education, tho' not Birth,  
Which has intitled it my native Home,  
To which such Reverence and Esteem I bear,  
I will preserve it from the Tyrant's Rage.  
The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,  
And 'tis your Power alone that buoys him up :  
And when you've lifted him into a Throne,  
'Tis time to shake you off.

*Card.* Whilst I behold him as my native Prince,  
My Honour and my Religion bids me serve him ;  
Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilst I do so,  
I injure *Spain*.

*Abd.* If he were so, the Powers above forbid  
We should not serve, adore, and fight for him ;  
But *Philip* is a Bastard :—nay, 'twill surprize ye,  
But that 'tis Truth, the Queen will satisfy you.

*Qu.* With one bold Word he has undone my Honour.  
[Weeps.]

Too bluntly, *Adelaser*, you repeat  
That which by slow Degrees you shou'd have utter'd.

*Abd.* Pardon my Roughnefs, Madam, I meant well.

*Card.* *Philip* a Bastard !  
If by fuch Arts you wou'd divide me from him,  
I shall suspect you wou'd betray us both.

*Qu.* Sir, he informs you Truth ; and I blush lefs  
To own him fo, than that he is a Traitor.

*Card.* *Philip* a Bastard ! oh it cannot be—  
Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,  
Barter your dearer Honour, and lose both.

*Qu.* I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,  
But better what I owe to *Spain*, and you—  
You are a Prince o' th' Blood, and may put off  
The Cardinal when you please, and be a Monarch.

*Card.* Tho' my Ambition's equal to my Passion,  
Neither

Neither shall make me act against those Principles  
My Honour ever taught me to obey.

—And, Madam—

'Tis lefs a Sin, not to believe you her,  
Than 'tis to doubt your Virtue.

*Qu.* I wish it were untold, if it must forfeit  
The leaſt of your Esteem—but that 'tis Truth,  
Be witness Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, my Tears.

[Weeps.]

*Card.* Why, Madam, was't so long conceal'd from me?

*Qu.* The Circumstances I shall at leisure tell you;  
And for the preſent,  
Let it ſuffice, he cannot rule in *Spain*,  
Nor can you ſide with him, without being made  
As much incapable to reign as he.

*Card.* Tho Love and Honour I have always made  
The Buſineſs of my Life;  
My Soul retains too ſo much of Ambition,  
As puts me ſtill in mind of what I am,  
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain*:  
Nor shall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,  
Make me that glorious Interest resign,  
Since *Philip*'s Claims are not ſo great as mine.  
—Madam, tho I'm convinc'd I've done amifs  
In taking Arms for *Philip*,  
Yet 'twill be difficult to diſengage my ſelf.

*Abd.* Moft easily—

Proclaim it in the head of all your Troops,  
The Justice of your Cause for leaving him;  
And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety  
To follow your Example.  
The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,  
More than by Justice, Reaſon, or Allegiance.

—The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,  
I will lay down upon the empty Throne;  
Marry you the Queen, and fill it—and for me,  
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject. [Bows low.]

*Card.* On theſe Conditions all I am is yours;  
*Philip* we cannot fear, all he can do  
Is to retire for refuge into *Portugal*.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* That wou'd be dangerous—  
Is there no Arts to get him into our Power?  
*Card.* Perhaps by Policy, and seeming Friendship,  
For we have reason yet to fear his Force ;  
And since I'm satisfy'd he's not my lawful Prince,  
I cannot think it an Impiety  
To sacrifice him to the Peace of *Spain*,  
And every Spirit that loves Liberty :  
First we'll our Forces join, and make 'em yours,  
Then give me your Authority to arrest him ;  
If so we can surprize him, we'll spare the hazard  
Of a second Battel.

*Abd.* My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,  
And all things shall be instantly perform'd. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *The Grove.*

*Enter some of Philip's Party running over the Stage,  
pursu'd by Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and  
some few Officers more.*

*Alon.* Do not pursue 'em, Sir, such coward Slaves  
Deserve not Death from that Illustrious Hand.

*Phil.* Eternal Plagues consume 'em in their Flight ;  
Oh this damn'd coward Cardinal has betray'd us !  
When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,  
When with red Sweat that trickled from our Wounds  
We'd dearly earn'd the long disputed Victory,  
Then to lose all, then to found base Retreat,  
It swells my Anger up to perfect Madnes.

*Alon.* Indeed 'twas wondrous strange.

*Sebast.* I'm glad, Sir—

*Phil.* Art glad of it ? art glad we are abandon'd ?  
That I, and thou have lost the hopeful'fl Day—

*Sebast.* Great Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.

*Phil.* Thou hast a lean Face—and a carrion Heart—  
A plague upon the Moor, and thee—Oh *Alonzo*,  
To run away—follow'd by all the Army !  
Oh I cou'd tear my Hair, and curse my Soul to Air !  
—Cardinal—thou Traitor, *Judas*, that would'st sell  
Thy God again, as thou hast done thy Prince.

—But

—But come——we're yet a few,  
And we will fight till there be left but one——  
If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

*Ant.* Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious Care  
It shall be in our Beds.

*Sebast.* We are as bad as one already, Sir; for all our  
Fellows are crawl'd home, some with ne'er a Leg, others  
with ne'er an Arm, some with their Brains beat out, and  
glad they escap'd so.

*Phil.* But my dear Countrymen, you'll stick to me.

*I Sold.* Ay, wou'd I were well off—— [Aside.]

*Phil.* Speak flout *Sceva*, wilt thou not?

*I Sold.* *Sceva*, Sir, who's that?

*Phil.* A gallant *Roman*, that fought by *Cæsar's* fide,  
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,  
Shew'd like a monstrous Porcupine.

*I Sold.* And did he die, Sir?

*Phil.* He wou'd not but have dy'd for *Cæsar's* Empire.

*I Sold.* Hah—why, Sir, I'm none of *Sceva*, but honest *Diego*, yet would as willingly die as he, but that I  
have a Wife and Children; and if I die they beg.

*Phil.* For every drop of Blood which thou shalt lose,  
I'll give thy Wife—a Diadem.

*Sold.* Stark mad, as I am Valiant!

Enter *Card.* *Officers and Soldiers*: *Philip offers to run on  
him, is held by Alonzo.*

*Phil.* Oh Heav'n! is not that the Cardinal?  
Traitor, how dar'st thou tempt my Rage, and Justice?

*Card.* Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love  
To offer happy Peace.

*Phil.* Was that thy Aim when base Retreat was founded?  
Oh thou false Cardinal—let me go, *Alonzo*——  
Death! offer happy Peace! 'ho, offer War,  
Bring Fire and Sword—Hell and Damnation—Peace!  
Oh damn your musty Peace—No, will you fight and cry,  
Down with the Moor! and then I'll die in peace.  
I have a Heart, two Arms, a Soul, a Head,  
I'll hazard thefe—I can but hazard all——  
Come—I will kneel to thee—and be thy Slave—[Kneels.  
I'll let thee tread on me, do any thing,  
So this damn'd Moor may fall.

*Card.*

*Card.* Yes, Sir, he shall—

*Phil.* Gods ! shall he—thy noble Hand upon't,  
And for this Promise, take my grateful Heart. [*Embraces him.*]

—Shall *Abdelazer* fall ?

*Card.* Yes, upon thee—

Like the tall Ruins of a falling Tower,  
To crush thee into Dust—

[*As they embrace, the Guards seize him and the rest.*]  
Traitor and Bastard, I arreft thee of High-Treafon.

*Phil.* Hah !—Traitor !—and Bastard !—and from thee !

[*They hold Philip's Hands.*]

*Card.* Guards, to your Hands the Prisoner is committed.  
There's your Warrant—*Alonzo*, you are free. [*Ex. Card.*]

*Phil.* Prithee lend me one Hand—to wipe my Eyes,  
And see who 'tis dares authorize this Warrant :

—The Devil and his Dam !—the Moor and Queen !  
Their Warrant !—Gods ! *Alonzo*, must we obey it ?  
Villains ! you cannot be my Jailors ; there's no Prison,  
No Dungeon deep enough ; no Gate so strong,  
To keep a Man confin'd—so mad with Wrong.

—Oh dost thou weep, *Alonzo* ?

*Alon.* I wou'd fain shed a Tear,  
But from my Tears so many Show'r's are gone,  
They are too poor to pay your Sorrows Tribute ;  
There is no Remedy, we must to Prison.

*Phil.* Yes, and from thence to Death—

I thought I should have had a Tomb hung round  
With tatter'd Ensigns, broken Spears and Javelins ;  
And that my Body, with a thousand Wounds,  
Shou'd have been born on some triumphant Chariot,  
With solemn Mourning, Drums, and Trumpets sounding ;  
Whilst all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,  
Had wish'd my glorious Destiny their own ;  
But now, *Alonzo*—like a Beast I fall,  
And hardly Pity waits my Funeral.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E I. *A Presence-Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy.*

Enter Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Roderigo, and other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the Table on a Cushion; the Queen, Leonora, and Ladies. They all seat themselves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty. Abdelazer rises and bows, Roderigo kneeling presents him with the Crown.

*Abd.* **G** Randees of *Spain*, if in this royal Presence  
There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold  
So fast on such a Jewel, and dares wear it,  
In the Contempt of Envy, as I dare;  
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods  
Beflow their Blessings) wou'd give such Wealth away;  
Let such a Man stand forth—all ye are fix'd?  
No wonder, since a King's a Deity.  
And who'd not be a God?  
This glorious Prospect, when I first saw the Light,  
Met with my Infant Hopes; nor have thofe Fetters  
(Which e'er they grew towards Men, *Spain* taught me how to  
wear)  
Made me forget what's due to that illustrious Birth;  
—Yet thus—I cast aside the Rays of Majesty—

[Kneels, and lays the Crown on the Table.  
And on my Knee do humbly offer up  
This splendid powerful thing, and ease your Fears  
Of Usurpation and of Tyranny.

*Alon.* What new Device is this? [Afide.  
*Card.* This is an Action generous and just—  
Let us proceed to new Election.

*Abd.* Stay, Peers of *Spain*,  
If young Prince *Philip* be King *Philip's* Son,  
Then is he Heir to *Philip*, and his Crown;  
But if a Bastard, then he is a Rebel,  
And as a Traitor to the Crown shou'd bleed:  
That dangerous popular Spirit must be laid,  
Or *Spain* must languish under civil Swords;  
And *Portugal* taking advantage of those Disorders,  
Assisted by the Male-contents within, If

If *Philip* live will bring Confusion home.

—Our Remedy for this is first to prove,  
And then proclaim him Bastard.

*Alon.* That Project would be worth your Politicks [*Aside.*]

—How shou'd we prove him Bastard?

*Abd.* Her Majesty being lately urg'd by Conscience,  
And much above her Honour prizing *Spain*,  
Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man ;  
If he be noble and a *Spaniard* born,  
He shall repair her Fame by marrying her.

*Card.* No ; *Spaniard*, or Moor, the daring Slave shall die.

*Qu.* Would I were cover'd with a Veil of Night, [*Weeps.*]  
That I might hide the Blushes on my Cheeks !  
But when your Safety comes into Dispute,  
My Honour, nor my Life must come in competition.  
—I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and blushing own,  
That *Philip's* Father is i'th Prefence now.

*Alon.* I'th' Prefence ! name him.

*Qu.* The Cardinal — [*All rise in Amazement.*]

*Card.* How's this, Madam !

*Abd.* How ! the Cardinal !

*Card.* I *Philip's* Father, Madam !

*Qu.* Dull Lover—is not this all done for thee ?  
Dost thou not fee a Kingdom and my self,  
By this Confession, thrown into thy Arms ?

*Card.* On Terms so infamous I must despise it.

*Qu.* Have I thrown by all my Sense of Modesty,  
To render you the Master of my Bed,  
To be refus'd—was there any other way ?—

*Card.* I cannot yield ; this Cruelty transcends  
All you have ever done me—Heavens ! what a Contest  
Of Love and Honour swells my rising Heart !

*Qu.* By all my Love, if you refuse me now,  
Now when I have remov'd all Difficulties,  
I'll be reveng'd a thousand killing ways.

*Card.* Madam, I cannot own so false a thing,  
My Conscience and Religion will not suffer me.

*Qu.* Away with all this Canting ; Conscience, and Reli-

No, take advice from nothing but from Love. (gion !

*Card.* 'Tis certain I'm bewitch'd—she has a Spell  
Hid in those charming Lips.

*Alon.*

*Alon.* Prince Cardinal, what say you to this?

*Card.* I cannot bring it forth——

*Qu.* Do't, or thou'rt lost for ever.

*Card.* Death! What's a Woman's Power?

And yet I can resist it.

*Qu.* And dare you disobey me?

*Card.* Is't not enough I've given you up my Power,  
Nay, and resign'd my Life into your Hands,  
But you wou'd damn me too—I will not yield——  
Oh now I find a very Hell within me:

How am I misguided by my Passion?

*Alon.* Sir, we attend your Anfwer.

*Qu.* 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,  
And 'tis the Custom here to marry young,  
King *Philip* made a War in *Barbary*,  
Won *Tunis*, conquer'd *Fez*, and hand to hand  
Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fez*, and Father  
To this Barbarian Prince.

*Abd.* I was but young, and yet I well remember  
My Father's Wound—poor *Barbary*—but no more.

*Qu.* In absence of my King, I liv'd retir'd,  
Shut up in my Apartment with my Women,  
Suffering no Visits, but the Cardinal's,  
To whom the King had left me as his Charge;  
But he, unworthy of that Trust repos'd,  
Soon turn'd his Businefs into Love.

*Card.* Heavens! how will this Story end? [A fide.

*Qu.* A Tale, alas! unpleasent to my Ear,  
And for the which I banish'd him my Prefence.  
But oh the Power of Gold! he bribes my Women,  
That they should tell me (as a Secret too)  
The King (whose Wars were finisht'd) would return  
Without acquainting any with the time;  
He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,  
Meant to surprize me in the dead of Night:

This paf'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.

*Card.* Gods! is there any Hell but Woman's Falshood?

[A fide.

*Qu.* The following Night I hasted to my Bed,  
To wait my expected Blifs——nor was it long  
Before his gentle Steps approach'd my Ears.

Undrefs'd

Undres'd he came, and with a vigorous haste  
Flew to my yielding Arms : I call'd him King,  
My dear lov'd Lord ; and in return he breath'd  
Into my Bosom, in soft gentle Whispers,  
My Queen ! my Angel ! my lov'd *Isabella* !  
And at that Word—I need not tell the rest.

*Alon.* What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal ?

*Qu.* Ah, Sir, the Night too short for his Carefes,  
Made room for Day, Day that betray'd my Shame ;  
For in my guilty Arms I found the Cardinal.

*Alon.* Madam, why did not you complain of this ?

*Qu.* Alas, I was but young, and full of Fears ;  
Bashful, and doubtful of a just Belief,  
Knowing King *Philip's* rath and jealous Temper ;  
But from your Justice I expect Revenge.

*Rod.* His Crime, my Lords, is Death, by all our Laws.

*Card.* Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith ?  
Oh shameles Creature, am I disarm'd for this ?  
Had I but so much Ease to be inrag'd,  
Sure I shou'd kill thee for this Treachery :  
But I'm all Shame, and Grief——By all that's Holy,  
My Lords, I never did commit this Crime.

*Abd.* 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny it.

*Qu.* Do not believe him, Lords :—  
Revenge——let Sentence pass upon the Traitor.  
*Card.* I own that Name with Horror, which you drew me  
When I betray'd the best of Men, and Princes ; (to,  
And 'tis but just you fit me for Defpairs,  
That may instruct me how to follow him in Death :  
Yet as I'm Prince o'th Blood, and Cardinal too,  
You cannot be my Judges.

*Abd.* You shall be try'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.  
*O'min,* we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.

*Card.* Heaven ! shou'd I live to that ! No,  
I have within me a private Shame,  
That shall fecure me from the publick one.

*Alon.* A pretty turn of State !—we shall all follow, Sir.

*Card.* The Powers above are just :  
Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice first made,  
And now my self am on the Altar laid. [*Ex. Card. guarded.*]

*Abd.* Madam, retire, you've acted so divinely,

You've

You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Passion :  
I'll wait on you in your Apartment instantly,  
And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.

*Qu.* Make haste, my dearest Moor, whilst I retire,  
And fit my Soul to meet thy kind Desire.

*Ex. Queen and her Train ; Leon. advancing to follow, is staid by Abd.*

*Abd.* Stay, beauteous Maid, stay, and receive that Crown,  
[Leads her back.

Which as your due, Heav'n and all *Spain* presents you with.

*Alon.* But granting *Philip* is—that thing you call him,  
If we must grant him so, who then shall reign ?  
Not that we do not know who ought to reign,  
But ask who 'tis you will permit to do so. [To Abd.

*Abd.* Who but bright *Leonora* ! the Royal Off-spring  
Of noble *Philip*, whose Innocence and Beauty,  
Without th' advantage of her glorious Birth,  
Merits all Adoration.

*All.* With Joy we do salute her Queen.

*Abd.* Live *Leonora* ! beauteous Queen of *Spain* ! [Shout.

*Alon.* From *Abdelazar* this ! it cannot be,  
At least not real. [wilde.

*Abd.* My Lords,  
Be it now your Care magnificently to provide  
Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage  
Of the fair Queen ;  
Let nothing be omitted that may shew,  
How we can pay, where we so vastly owe. [Bows.

*Alon.* I am much bound to *Spain*, and you, my Lords,  
For this great Condescension.

*Leo.* My Lords, I thank ye all,  
And most the gallant Moor—I am not well—

[Turns to Alon.  
Something furrounds my Heart so full of Death,  
I must retire to give my Sorrow Breath.

[Ex. *Leo. follow'd by all but Abd. and Rod. who looks on Abd.*

*Rod.* Sir,—what have you done ?

*Abd.* What every Man that loves like me shou'd do :  
Undone my self for ever, to beget

One

One Moment's thought in her, that I adore her ;  
That she may know, none ever lov'd like me,  
I've thrown away the Diadem of *Spain*—  
—'Tis gone ! and there's no more to set but this—  
(My Heart) at all, and at this one last Cast,  
Sweep up my former Losses, or be undone.

*Rod.* You court at a vast Rate, Sir.

*Abd.* Oh, she's a Goddefs ! a Creature made by Heaven  
To make my prosperous Toils all sweet and charming !  
She must be Queen, I and the Gods decree it.

*Rod.* Sir, is she not design'd *Alonso*'s Bride ?

*Abd.* Yes, so her self and he have ill agreed ;  
But Heav'n and I am of another Mind,  
And must be first obey'd.

*Rod.* *Alonso* will not yield his Interest easily.

*Abd.* Wou'd that were all my stop to Happiness ;  
But, *Roderigo*, this fond amorous Queen  
Sits heavy on my Heart.

*Rod.* She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.

*Abd.* True, *Roderigo*, and thou hast dealt in Murders,  
And knowst the safest way to—

*Rod.* How, Sir !—

*Abd.* Thou dar'st not sure pretend to any Virtue ;  
Had Hell inspir'd thee with less Excellency  
Than Arts of killing Kings, thou'dst ne'er been rais'd  
To that exalted Height, t'have known my Secrets.

*Rod.* But, Sir—

*Abd.* Slave, look back upon the Wretchednes I took thee  
What Merits hadst thou to deserve my Bounty, (from ;  
But Vice, brave prosperous Vice ?  
Thou'ret neither wise, nor valiant.

*Rod.* I own my self that Creature rais'd by you,  
And live but to repay you, name the way.

*Abd.* My busines is—to have the Queen remov'd ;  
She does expect my coming this very Hour ;  
And when she does so, 'tis her Custom to be retir'd,  
Dismisifing all Attendants, but *Elvira*.

*Rod.* The rest I need not be instructed in. [Ex. *Rod.*

*Enter* *Osmin*.

*Osm.* The Cardinal, Sir, is cloſe confin'd with *Philip*.

*Abd.*

*Abd.* 'Tis well.

*Osm.* And do you think it fit, Sir, they shou'd live?

*Abd.* No, this day they both must die, some sort of Death,  
That may be thought was given them by themselves :  
I'm sure I give them cause—*Osm.* view well this Ring ;  
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,  
Without considering Sex, or Quality,  
Let 'em be kill'd.

*Osm.* Your Will shall be obey'd in every thing.

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E, *A fine Chamber. A Table and Chair.*

*Enter Queen and Elvira.*

*Qu.* *Elvira,* hast thou dress'd my Lodgings up,  
Fit to receive my Moor ?  
Are they all gay, as Altars, when some Monarch  
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices ?  
Hast thou strew'd all the Floor his Feet must press,  
With the soft new-born Beauties of the Spring ?

*Elv.* Madam, I've done as you commanded me.

*Qu.* Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights :  
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,  
That does insinuate Love into the Soul,  
And makes the bashful Lover more assur'd.

*Elv.* Madam,  
You speak as if this were your first Enjoyment.

*Qu.* My first ! Oh *Elvira*, his Powers, like his Charms,  
His Wit, or Bravery, every hour renew ;  
Love gathers Sweets like Flow'r's, which grow more fragrant.  
The nearer they approach Maturity. [*Knock.*  
—Hark ! 'tis my Moor,—give him admittance strait.  
The Thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,  
Raising my Blood into a thousand Curls.

*Elv.* Madam, it is a Priest—

*Qu.* A Priest ! Oh send him quickly hence ;  
I wou'd not have so cold and dull an Object,  
Meet with my nobler Sense, 'tis mortifying.

*Elv.* Perhaps 'tis some Petition from the Cardinal.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Why, what have I to do with Priest or Cardinal ?  
Let him not enter—  
[Elv. goes out, and returns with Rod. *dress like a Fryar.*  
*Elv.* From *Abdelazar*, Madam.  
*Qu.* H'as nam'd a Word will make all Places free.  
*Rod.* Madam, be pleas'd to send your Woman hence,  
I've something to deliver from the Moor,  
Which you alone must be acquainted with.

*Qu.* Well, your Formality shall be allow'd—retire—  
[To Elv.  
What have you to deliver to me now ?  
*Rod.* This— [Shews a Dagger, and takes her by  
the Hands.

*Qu.* Hah !—  
*Rod.* You must not call for help, unles to Heaven.  
*Qu.* What daring thing art thou ?  
*Rod.* One that has now no time to answ'r thee.  
[Stabs her, she struggles, her Arm bleeds.  
*Qu.* O hold thy killing Hand ! I am thy Queen.  
*Rod.* Thou may'st be Devil too, for ought I know ;  
I'll try thy Substance thus— [Stabs again.  
*Qu.* Oh *Abdelazar* !  
Thou hast well reveng'd me—on my Sins of Love ;—  
[He seats her in the Chair.  
But shall I die thus tamely unreveng'd ?—  
—Help—murder—help— [He offers to stab again.  
Enter Elvira, and the Women.

*Elv.* Oh Heavens ! the Queen is murder'd—help the  
Queen ! [Rod. offers to stab Elv.

Enter *Abdelazar*.

*Abd.* Hah ! the Queen ! what sacrilegious Hand,  
Or Heart so brutal—  
Dares thus profane the Shrine ador'd by me ?  
Guard well the Paffages.—

*Qu.* Thou art that sacrilegious—brutal thing !—  
And falfe as are the Deities thou worship'st.  
*Abd.* Gods ! let me not understand that killing Language !  
—Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,  
Left looking on that sacred Stream of Blood,  
I die e'er I've reveng'd you on your Murderer.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* Haste then, and kill thy self ; thou art my Murder—Nor had his Hand, if not by thee instructed, (rer, Aim'd at a Sin so dangerous.—

*Abd.* Surely she'll live—*[Aside.]*—This !—Can Mischief dwell beneath this reverend Shape ? Confess who taught thee so much Cruelty. Confess, or I will kill thee.

*Rod.* The Cardinal.

*Qu.* The Cardinal !

*Abd.* Oh impious Traitor !

How came I mention'd then ?

*Rod.* To get Admittance.

*Adb.* But why do I delay thy Punishment ? Die,—and be damn'd together *[Aside.]* [Stabs him.

But oh my Queen !—*Elvira,* call for help. Hav I remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, [Kneels.

To have it thus blown out, thus in a Minute ?

When I, all full of youthful Fire, all Love, Had rais'd my Soul with Hopes of near Delights,

To meet thee cold, and pale ; to find those Eyes,

Those charming Eyes thus dying—Oh ye Powers !

Take all the Prospect of my future Joys,

And turn it to Despair, since thou art gone. (Soul,

*Qu.* Cease, cease your kind Complaints—my struggling 'Twixt Death—and Love—holds an uneasy Contest ;

This will not let it stay,—nor that depart ;

And whilst I hear thy Voice thus breathing Love,

It hovers still about the grateful Sound.

My Eyes have took—an everlasting Leave

Of all that blest their Sight ; and now a gloomy Darknes

Benights the wishing Sense, that vainly strives

To take another View ;—but 'tis too late,—

And Life—and Love—must yield—to Death—and Fate.

*[Dies.]*

*Abd.* Farewel my greatest Plague, *[He rises with Joy.]* Thou wert a most impolitick loving thing ; And having done my Bus'nes which thou wert born for, 'Twas time thou shouldst retire,

And leave me free to love, and reign alone.

*Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonio, and other Men and Women.*

Come

Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here, .  
Since all the World has Interest in this Lofs.

*Alon.* The Moor in Tears ! nay then the Sin was his,

*Leon.* The Queen my Mother dead !  
How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,  
E'er it will break in pieces.

*Alon.* I know the Source of all this Villany,  
And need not ask you how the Queen came murder'd.

*Elv.* My Lord, that Fryer, from the Cardinal, did it.

*Alon.* The Cardinal !  
'Tis possible,— for the Injuries she did him  
Coul'd be repair'd with nothing les than Death. *[Aside.]*  
My Fair, your Griefs have been so just of late,  
I dare not beg that you would weep no more ;  
Tho every Tear thofe lovely Eyes let fall,  
Give me a killing Wound—— Remove the Body.

*[Guards remove the Body, Ex. all but Alon. and Leon.]*  
Such Objects suit not Souls so soft as thine.

*Leon.* With Horrors I am grown of late familiar ;  
I saw my Father die, and live the while ;  
I saw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Sister,  
*Florella*, whilst her Breast was bleeding fresh ;  
Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds,  
The best and kindest Brother that ever Maid was blest with ;  
Poor *Philip* bound, and led like Victims for a Sacrifice ;  
All this I saw and liv'd——

And canst thou hope for Pity from that Heart,  
Whose harden'd Senfe is Proof 'gainst all thefe Miferies ?  
This Moor, *Alonzo*, is a subtle Villain,

Yet of such Power we scarce dare think him such.

*Alon.* 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,  
As ill and powerful too ; yet he has a Heart  
That may be reach'd with this—but 'tis not time,

*[Points to the Sword.]*  
We must dissemble yet, which is an Art  
Too foul for Souls so innocent as thine.

*Enter Abdelazer.*

*The Moor !*  
Hell ! will he not allow us forrowing time ?

*Abd.* Madam, I come to pay my humblest Duty,  
V O L. II. D And

And know what Service you command your Slave.

*Leon.* Alas, I have no Commands ; or if I had,  
I am too wretched now to be obey'd.

*Abd.* Can one so fair, and great, ask any thing  
Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with Joy ?

*Leon.* Heav'ns Will I'm not permitted to dispute,  
And may implore in vain ! but 'tis in you  
To grant me what may yet preferve my Life.

*Abd.* In me ! in me ! the humblest of your Creatures !  
By yon bright Sun, or your more splendid Eyes,  
I wou'd divest my self of every Hope,  
To gratify one single Wish of yours.

—Name but the way.

*Leon.* I am so unhappy, that the only thing  
I have to ask, is what you must deny ;

—The Liberty of *Philip*—

*Abd.* How ! *Philip's* Liberty—and must I grant it ?  
I (in whose Hands Fortune had put the Crown)  
Had I not lov'd the Good and Peace of *Spain*,  
Might have dispos'd it to my own Advantage ;  
And shall that Peace,  
Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,  
Be lost again in him, in him a Bastard ?

*Alon.* That he's a Bastard, is not, Sir, believ'd ;  
And she that cou'd love you, might after that  
Do any other Sin, and 'twas the least  
Of all the Number to declare him Bastard.

*Abd.* How, Sir ! that cou'd love me ! what is there here,  
Or in my Soul, or Person, may not be belov'd ?

*Alon.* I spoke without Reflection on your Person,  
But of dishonest Love, which was too plain,  
From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd ;  
And now being warm in Mischiefs,  
Thou dost pursue the Game, till all be thine.

*Abd.* Mine !

*Alon.* Yes, thine—

The little humble Mask which you put on  
Upon the Face of Falshood, and Ambition,  
Is easily seen thro ; you gave a Crown,  
But you'll command the Kingly Power still,

Arm,

Arm, and disband, destroy or save at Pleasure,

*Abd.* Vain Boy, (whose highest Fame,  
Is that thou art the great *Alvaro's* Son)  
Where learnt you so much daring, to upbraid  
My generous Power thus fallly—do you know me?

*Alon.* Yes, Prince, and 'tis that Knowledge makes me  
dare;

I know thy Fame in Arms ; I know in Battels  
Thou hast perform'd Deeds much above thy Years :  
My Infant Courage too  
(By the same Master taught) grew up to thine,  
When thou in Rage out-didst me, not in Bravery.

—I know thou'st greater Power too—thank thy Treachery !

*Abd.* Dost thou not fear Power ?

*Alon.* By Heaven not I,  
Whilst I can this command,

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

*Abd.* I too command a Sword.

[*Abd. lays his Hand on his, and comes close up to him.*  
But not to draw on thee, *Alonzo* ;  
Since I can prove thy Accusation false  
By ways more grateful—take this Ring, *Alonzo* ;  
The sight of it will break down Prison-Gates,  
And set all free, as was the first-born Man.

*Alon.* What means this turn ?

*Abd.* To enlarge *Philip*; but on such Conditions,  
As you think fit to make for my Security :  
And as thou'st brave, deal with me as I merit.

*Alon.* Art thou in earnest ?

*Abd.* I am, by all that's sacred.

*Leon.* Oh let me fall before you, and ne'er rise,  
Till I have made you know what Gratitude  
Is fit for such a Bounty !—  
Haste, my *Alonzo*—haste—and treat with *Philip* ;  
Nor do I wish his Freedom, but on such Terms  
As may be advantageous to the Moor.

*Alon.* Nor I, by Heaven ! I know the Prince's Soul,  
Tho' it be fierce, has Gratitude and Honour ;  
And for a Deed like this, will make returns,  
Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger. [Exit. *Alon.*

*Abd.*

*Abd.* Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come. [Aside.]

—What will become of *Abdelazer* now,

Who with his Power has thrown away his Liberty?

*Leon.* Your Liberty! Oh Heaven forbid that you, Should be depriv'd of it!

It must not be whilst *Leonora* lives.

*Abd.* 'Tis she that takes it from me.

*Leon.* I! Alas, I wou'd not for the World

Give you one minute's Pain.

*Abd.* You cannot help it, 'tis against your Will;

Your Eyes insensibly do wound and kill.

*Leon.* What can you mean? and yet I fear to know.

*Abd.* Most charming of your Sex! had Nature made This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love, It might have spar'd that Language which you dread; Whose rough harsh sound, unfit for tender Ears, Will ill express the Busineſſ of my Life.

*Leon.* Forbear it if that Busineſſ, Sir, be Love.

*Abd.* Gods!

Because I want the art to tell my Story  
In that soft way, which those can do whose Busineſſ  
Is to be ſtill ſo idly employ'd,  
I muſt be ſilent and indure my Pain,  
Which Heav'n ne'er gave me ſo much tameneſſ for.  
Love in my Soul is not that gentle thing  
It is in other Breasts; inſtead of Calms,  
It ruffles mine into uneasy Storms.

—I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam;

But ſince 'tis not to be refiſted here—

You muſt permit it to approach your Ear.

*Leon.* Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.

*Abd.* With Honour!

Nay, I can talk in the Defence of that:  
By all that's ſacred, 'tis a Flame as virtuous,  
As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,  
And it ſhall learn to be as gentle too;

—For I muſt merit you—

*Leon.* I will not hear this Language; merit me!

*Abd.*

*Abd.* Yes—why not?  
You're but the Daughter of the King of *Spain*,  
And I am Heir to great *Abdela*, Madam ;  
I can command this Kingdom you posseſſs,  
(Of which my Paſſion only made you Queen)  
And re-assume that which your Father took  
From mine—a Crown as bright as that of *Spain*.

*Leon.* You faid you wou'd be gentle—

*Abd.* I will ; this fullen Heart ſhall learn to bow,  
And keep it ſelf within the Bounds of Love ;  
Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,  
Soft as the Whiſpers of a yielding Virgin.  
I cou'd transform my Soul into any Shape ;  
Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art  
To change their natural Fiercenefs into Smiles ;

—What is't I wou'd not do to gain that Heart ?

*Leon.* Which never can be yours ! that and my Vows,  
Are to *Alonzo* given ; which he lays claim to  
By the moft ſacred Ties, Love and Obedience ;  
All *Spain* eſteems him worthy of that Love.

*Abd.* More worthy than I ! it was a Woman,  
A nice, vain, peevish Creature that pronounc'd it ;  
Had it been Man, 't had been his laſt Transgrefſion.

—His Birth ! his glorious Actions ! are they like mine ?

*Leon.* Perhaps his Birth wants thoſe Advantages,  
Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Perfon.

*Abd.* Ay ! there's your Cauſe of Hate ! Curſt be my  
And curſt be Nature that has dy'd my Skin (Birth,  
With this ungrateful Colour ! cou'd the Gods  
Have given me equal Beauty with *Alonzo* !  
—Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,  
And Beauties great as thine have languiſh'd for me.  
The Lights put out, thou in thy naked Arms  
Will find me ſoft and ſmooth as poliſh'd Ebony ;  
And all my Kiffes on thy balmy Lips as ſweet,  
As are the Breezes, breath'd amidſt the Groves  
Of ripening Spices in the height of Day :  
As vigorous too,  
As if each Night were the firſt happy Moment  
I laid thy panting Body to my Bofom.

Oh that transporting Thought—  
 See—I can bend as low, and sigh as often,  
 And sue for Blessings only you can grant ;  
 As any fair and soft *Alonzo* can—  
 If you could pity me as well—  
 But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read

[*Rises with Anger.*]

A Scorn which animates my Love and Anger ;  
 Nor know I which I should dismiss or cherish.

*Leon.* The last is much more welcome than the first ;  
 Your Anger can but kill ; but, Sir, your Love—  
 Will make me ever wretched, since 'tis impossible  
 I ever can return it.

*Abd.* Why kill me then ! you must do one or 't other,  
 [Kneels.]

For thus—I cannot live—why dost thou weep ?  
 Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul !  
 How tame Love renders every feeble Sense ! [Rises.  
 —Gods ! I shall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me.  
 The Transformation's near—Death ! I'll not endure it,  
 I'll fly before she's quite undone my Soul— [Offers to go.  
 But 'tis not in my Power—she holds it fast—  
 And I can now command no single part— [Returns.  
 Tell me bright Maid, if I were amiable,  
 And you were uningag'd, cou'd you then love me ?

*Leon.* No ! I cou'd die first.

*Abd.* Hah !—awake, my Soul, from out this drowsy Fit,  
 And with thy wonted Bravery scorn thy Fetter.  
 By Heav'n 'tis gone ! and I am now my self.  
 Be gone, my dull Submission ! my lazy Flame  
 Grows sensible, and knows for what 'twas kindled.  
 Coy Mistres, you must yield, and quickly too :  
 Were you devout as Vestals, pure as their Fire,  
 Yet I wou'd wanton in the rifled Spoils  
 Of all that sacred Innocence and Beauty.  
 —Oh my Desire's grown high !  
 Raging as midnight Flames let loose in Cities,  
 And, like that too, will ruin where it lights.

Come

Come, this Apartment was designed for Pleasure,  
And made thus silent, and thus gay for me ;  
There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think  
I was not meant for Love.

*Leon.* Am I betray'd ? are all my Women gone ?  
And have I nought but Heaven for my Defence ?

*Abd.* None else, and that's too distant to befriend you.

*Leon.* Oh take my Life, and spare my dearer Honour !  
—Help, help, ye Powers that favour Innocence.

[Enter Women.

*Just as the Moor is going to force in Leonora, enters  
to him Ofmin in haste.*

*Ofm.* My Lord, *Alonso*—

*Abd.* What of him, you Slave—is he not secur'd ?  
Speak, dull Intruder, that know'st not times and seafons,  
Or get thee hence.

*Ofm.* Not till I've done the Busines which I came for.

*Abd.* Slave !—that thou cam'st for.

[Stabs him in the Arm.

*Ofm.* No, 'twas to tell you, that *Alonso*,  
Finding himself betray'd, made brave resistance ;  
Some of your Slaves he's kill'd, and some he's wounded.

*Abd.* 'Tis time he were secur'd ;  
I must assist my Guards, or all is lost.

[Exit.

*Leon.* Sure, *Ofmin*, from the Gods thou cam'st,  
To hinder my undoing ; and if thou dy'st,  
Heaven will almost forgive thy other Sins  
For this one pious Deed.

But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.

*Ofm.* 'Tis only in my Arm—and, Madam, for this pity,  
I'll live to do you Service.

*Leon.* What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,  
Train'd up in Blood and Mischiefs, render me ?

*Ofm.* Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,  
Who will all die, when e'er I give the Word.  
Madam, 'twas I caus'd *Philip* and the Cardinal  
To fly to th' Camp,  
And gave 'em warning of approaching Death.

*Leon.* Heaven blefs thee for thy Goodnes.

*Ofm.* I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,

D 4

And

And bearing Blows too : the rest I cou'd have suffer'd.  
Madam, I'll free the Prince.

But see, the Moor returns.

*Leo.* That Monster's Prefence I must fly, as from a killing Plague. [Ex. with her Women.]

*Enter* Abdelazar, with Zarrack, and a Train of Moors.

*Abd.* It is prodigious, that a single Man Should, with such Bravery defend his Life

Amongst so many Swords ;—But he is safe.

*Osmín,* I am not us'd to sue for Pardon,

And when I do, you ought to grant it me.

*Osm.* I did not merit, Sir, so harsh a Usage.

*Abd.* No more ; I'm ashame'd to be upbraided, And will repair the Injury I did thee.

*Osm.* Acknowledgment from you is pay sufficient.

*Abd.* Yet *Osmín*,—I shou'd chide your Negligence, Since by it *Philip* lives still, and the Cardinal.

*Osm.* I had design'd it, Sir, this Evening's Sacrifice.

*Abd.* *Zarrack* shall now perform it—and instantly : *Alonzo* too must bear 'em company.

*Zar.* I'll shew my Duty in my haste, my Lord.

[Ex. Zar.]

*Osm.* Death ! I'm undone ;—I'll after him, and kill him. [Offers to go.]

*Abd.* *Osmín* I have business with you.

[Osm. comes back bowing.]

*As they are going off, enter Leonora, Ordonio, and other Lords, and Women.*

*Leon.* Oh Prince ! for Pity hear and grant my Suit.

[Kneels.]

*Abd.* When so much Beauty's prostrate at my Feet, What is't I can deny ?——rise, thou brightest Virgin That ever Nature made ;

Rise, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour.

*Leon.* No, let me hang for ever on your Knees, Unles you'll grant *Alonzo* Liberty.

*Abd.* Rise, I will grant it ; tho *Alonzo*, Madam, Betray'd that Trust I had repos'd in him.

*Leon.* I know there's some Mistake ; let me negotiate Between my Brother and the Gallant Moor.

I cannot force your Guards,  
There is no Danger in a Woman's Arm.

*Abd.* In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt  
'em more  
Than all the Treasures of the Eastern Kings.  
Yet, Madam, here I do resign my Power ;  
Act as you please, difmis Alonso's Chains.  
And since you are so generous, to despise  
This Crown, which I have given you,  
Philip shall owe his Greatnes to your Bounty,  
And whilst he makes me safe, shall rule in *Spain*.

— *Osmín* — [Whispers.]  
*Ord.* And will you trust him, Madam ?  
*Leon.* If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far  
To die with them, than live where he inhabits.  
*Osm.* It shall be done.

*Abd.* Go, *Osmín*, wait upon the Queen ;  
And when she is confin'd, I'll visit her,  
Where if she yield, she reigns ; if not, she dies. [Aside.  
[Ex. *Abd. one way*, *Leon. Osm. and the rest another.*

S C E N E, *A Prison.*

*Discovers Philip chain'd to a Post, and over against  
him the Cardinal and Alonso in Chains.*

*Phil.* Oh all ye cruel Powers ! is't not enough  
I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour ?  
Have my bright Name stol'n from me, with my Crown !  
Divested of all Power ! all Liberty !  
And here am chain'd like the sad *Andromeda*,  
To wait Destruction from the dreadful Monster !  
Is not all this enough, without being damn'd,  
To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view ?  
If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd  
On the officious and accursed Lights,  
For guiding so much torment to my Soul.

*Card.* My much wrong'd Prince ! you need not wish  
to kill  
By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me  
With my too credulous, shameful past misdeeds.

*Phil.* If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue  
With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery ;—  
Nay, and it shou'd forget all other Language,  
But Traitor ! Cardinal ! which I wou'd repeat,  
Till I had made my self as raging mad,  
As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up ;  
And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.

*Card.* Wou'd I cou'd take the killing Object from your  
*Phil.* Oh Alonso, to add to my Distraction, (Eyes.  
Must I find thee a sharer in my Fate ?

*Alon.* It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you.—  
But, Sir, my Princefs

Has here— a more than equal claim to Grief ;  
And Fear for her dear Safety will deprive me  
Of this poor Life, that shou'd have been your Sacrifice.

*Enter Zarrack with a Dagger ; gazes on Philip.*

*Phil.* Kind Murderer, welcome ! quickly free my Soul,  
And I will kis the footy Hand that wounds me.

*Zar.* Oh, I fee you can be humble.

*Phil.* Humble ! I'll be as gentle as a Love-sick Youth,  
When his dear Conqu'rs sighs a Hope into him,  
If thou wilt kill me, pity me and kill me.

*Zar.* I hope to see your own Hand do that Office.

*Phil.* Oh thou wert brave indeed,  
If thou wou'dst lend me but the use of one.

*Zar.* You'll want a Dagger then.

*Phil.* By Heaven no, I'd run it down my Throat,  
Or strike my pointed Fingers thro my Breast.

*Zar.* Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand.

*Enter Ofmin.*

*Phil.* Ofmin ! sure thou wilt be so kind to kill me !  
Thou hadst a Soul was humane.

*Ofm.* Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King.

[*Unbinds him.*

*Phil.* What mean'st thou ?

*Ofm.* To set you free, my Prince.

*Phil.* Thou art some Angel sure, in that dark Cloud.

*Zar.* What mean'st thou, Traitor ?

*Ofm.* Wait till your Eyes inform you.

*Card.* Good Gods ! what mean'st thou ?

*Ofm.*

*Osm.* Sir, arm your Hand with this.

[*Gives Phil. a Sword, goes to undo Alonzo.*

*Zar.* Thou art half-damn'd for this !

I'll to my Prince —

*Phil.* I'll stop you on your way — lie there — your Tongue [Kills him.] Shall tell no Tales to day — Now Cardinal — but hold, I scorn to strike thee whilst thou art unarm'd, Yet so thou didst to me ;

For which I have not leisure now to kill thee.

— Here, take thy Liberty ; — nay, do not thank me ; By Heaven, I do not mean it as a Grace.

*Osm.* My Lord, take this — [To Alon. and the Card. And this — to arm your Highness.

*Alon.* Thou dost amaze me !

*Osm.* Keep in your Wonder with your Doubts, my Lord.

*Phil.* We cannot doubt, whilst we're thus fortify'd —

[*Looks on his Sword.*

Come *Osmín*, let us fall upon the Guards.

*Osm.* There are no Guards, great Sir, but what are yours ; And see — your Friends I've brought to serve ye too.

[*Opens a back Door.*

*Enter Leonora and Women, Ordonio, Sebastian,*

*Antonio, &c.*

*Phil.* My dearest Sister safe !

*Leon.* Whilst in your Prefence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.

*Osm.* The Moor approaches — now be ready all.

*Phil.* That Name I never heard with Joy till now ; Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers, Thus singly I defy him.

[*Draws.*

*Enter Abdelazer.*

[*Osmín secures the Doors.*

*Abd.* Hah ! betray'd ! and by my Slaves ! by *Osmín* too !

*Phil.* Now thou damn'd Villain ! true-born Soul of Hell ! Not one of thy infernal Kin shall save thee.

*Abd.* Base Coward Prince !

Whom the admiring World mistakes for Brave ;

When all thy boasted Valour, fierce and hot

As

As was thy Mother in her height of Lust,  
Can with the aid of all these—treacherous Swords,  
Take but a single Life; but such a Life,  
As amongst all their Store the envying Gods  
Have not another such to breathe in Man.

*Phil.* Vaunt on thou monstrous Instrument of Hell !  
For I'm so pleas'd to have thee in my Power,  
That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,  
And yet be calm, whilst thou art near Damnation.

*Abd.* Thou ly'lt, thou canst not keep thy Temper in ;  
For hadst thou so much Bravery of Mind,  
Thou'dst fight me singly ; which thou dar'st not do.

*Phil.* Not dare !  
By Heaven, if thou wert twenty Villains more,  
And I had all thy Weight of Sins about me,  
I durst thus venture on ;—forbear, *Alonzo*.

*Alon.* I will not, Sir,  
*Phil.* I was indeed too rash ; 'tis such a Villain,  
As shou'd receive his Death from nought but Slaves.

*Abd.* Thou'lt Reason, Prince ! nor can they wound my  
More than I've done thy Fame ; for my first step (Body  
To my Revenge, I whord the Queen thy Mother.

*Phil.* Death ! tho this I knew before, yet the hard Word  
Runs harshly thro my Heart ;—  
If thou hadst murder'd fifty Royal *Ferdinands*,  
And with inglorious Chains as many Years  
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable  
Than this eternal Stain upon thy Name :  
—Oh thou hast breath'd thy worst of Venom now.

*Abd.* My next advance was poisoning of thy Father.  
*Phil.* My Father poison'd ! and by thee, thou Dog !

Oh that thou hadst a thousand Lives to lose,  
Or that the World depended on thy single one,  
That I might make a Victim  
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghost.—  
But stay, there's something of thy Count of Sins untold,  
That I must know ; not that I doubt by Heaven,  
That I am *Philip's* Son.—

*Abd.* Not for thy Ease, but to declare my Malice,  
Know Prince, I made thy amorous Mother

Proclaim

Proclaim thee Baſtard, when I mis'd of killing thee.

*Phil.* Gods ! let me contain my Rage !

*Abd.* I made her too betray the credulous Cardinal,  
And having then no farther uſe of her,  
Satiated with her Lust,

I ſet *Roderigo* on to murder her.

Thy Death had next ſucceeded ; and thy Crown  
I wou'd have laid at *Leonora's* Feet.

*Alon.* How ! durſt you love the Princeſs ?

*Abd.* Fool, durſt ! had I been born a Slave,  
I durſt with this fame Soul do any thing ;  
Yes, and the laſt Sense that will remain about me,  
Will be my Paſſion for the charming Maid,  
Whom I'd enjoy'd e'er now, but for thy Treachery.

[*To Osmin.*

*Phil.* Deflour'd my Sister ! Heaven puniſh me eternally,  
If thou out-liv'st the Minute thouſt declar'd it.

*Abd.* I will, in ſpite of all that thou canſt do.  
—Stand off, fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dſt be ſafe,  
And do not draw thy certain Ruin on,

Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.

*Phil.* Poor angry Slave, how I contemn thee now !  
*Abd.* As humble Huntmen do the generous Lion ;

Now thou darſt ſee me laſh my Sides, and roar,  
And bite my Snare in vain : who with one Look  
(Had I been free) hadſt shrunk into the Earth,  
For shelter from my Rage :

And like that noble Beast, tho thus betray'd,  
I've yet an awful Fiercenes in my Looks,  
Which makes thee fear t'approach ; and 'tis at diſtance  
That thou darſt kill me ; for come but in my reach,

And with one Grasp I wou'd confound thy Hopes.

*Phil.* I'll let thee ſee how vain thy Boaſlings are,  
And unauſtisled, by one ſingle Rage.

Thus—make an eaſy Paſſage to thy Heart.

[Runs on him, all the reſt do the like in the ſame Minute.

*Abd.* aims at the Prince, and kills Osmin,  
and falls dead himſelf.

—Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten—

[*Shouts within.*

*Alon.*

*Alon.* Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you  
Your People rude with Joy, do fill each Street, (now;  
And long to see their King.—whom Heaven preserve.

[Kneels.]

*All.* Long live *Philip*, King of *Spain*—

*Phil.* I thank ye all;—and now my dear *Alonzo*,  
Receive the Recompence of all thy Sufferings,  
Whilst I create thee Duke of *Salamanca*.

*Alon.* Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands.

[Kneels.]

*Leo.* Rife, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.

*Card.* And shall this joyful Day, that has restor'd you  
To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,  
That has restor'd all *Spain* the greatest Treasure  
That ever happy Monarchy posses'd,  
Leave only me unhappy, when, Sir, my Crime  
Was only too much Faith!—Thus low I fall,  
And from that Store of Mercy Heaven has given you,  
Implore you wou'd dispense a little here.

*Phil.* Rife, (tho with much ado) I will forgive you.

*Leon.* Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious busines,  
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haste,  
For here methinks we are in danger still.

*Phil.* So after Storms, the joyful Mariner  
Beholds the distant wish'd-for Shore afar,  
And longs to bring the rich-fraight Vessel in,  
Fearing to trust the faithless Seas again.

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## E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by little Mrs. Ariell.

With late Success being blest, I'm come again ;  
 You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen, }  
 Which when once shewn, our Sex cannot refrain.  
 Yet spite of such a Censure I'll proceed,  
 And for our Poetess will intercede : }  
 Before, a Poet's wheedling Words prevail'd,  
 Whose melting Speech my tender Heart affai'd,  
 And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cause maintain'd ;  
 So by my means the Fop Applauses gain'd.  
 'Twas wisely done to chuse m' his Advocate,  
 Since I have prou'd to be his better Fate ; }  
 For what I lik'd, I thought you cou'd not hate.  
 Respect for you, Gallants, made me comply,  
 Tho' I confess he did my Passion try, }  
 And I am too good-natur'd to deny.  
 But now not Pity, but my Sex's Cause,  
 Whose Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws, }  
 Should now command, being join'd with Wit, Applause.  
 Yet since our Beauty's Power's not absolute,  
 She'll not the Privilege of your Sex dispute,  
 But does by me submit.—Yet since you've been  
 For my sake kind, repeat it once agen.  
 Your Kindness, Gallants, I shall soon repay,  
 If you'll but favour my Design to Day :  
 Your last Applauses, like refreshing Showers,  
 Made me spring up and bud like early Flow'rs ;  
 Since then I'm grown at leaft an Inch in height,  
 And shall e'er long be full-blown for Delight.

Written by a Friend.

T H E



THE  
YOUNG KING:  
OR,  
The Mistake.

PROLOGUE.

**B**EAUTY, like Wit, can only charm when new ;  
Is there no Merit then in being true ?  
Wit rather shou'd an Estimation hold  
With Wine, which is still best for being old.  
Judgment in both, with vast Expence and Thought,  
You from their native Soil, from Paris brought :  
The Drops that from that sacred Sodom fall,  
You like industrious Spiders suck up all.  
Well might the French a Conquest here design,  
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.  
Their Education yet is worse than both ;  
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.

We

*We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monsters too ;  
And will, because we judge of them by you.  
You'll say this once was so, but now you're grown  
So wise l'invent new Follies of your own :  
Their slavish Imitations you disdain ;  
A Pox of Fops that purchase Fame with Pain :  
You're no such Fools as first to mount a Wall,  
Or for your King and Country venture all.  
With such like grinning Honour 'twas perchance,  
Your dull Forefathers first did conquer France.  
Whilst they have sent us, in Revenge for these,  
Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Disease.  
Yet for Religion, it's not much will down,  
In this ungirt, unblest, and mutinous Town,  
Nay, I dare swear, not one of you in seven,  
Ever had the Impudence to hope for Heaven.  
In this you're modest—  
But as to Wit, most aim before their time,  
And he that cannot spell, sets up for Rhyme :  
They're Sparks who are of Noise and Nonsense full,  
At fifteen witty, and at twenty dull ;  
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard Words,  
And briskly draw Bamboo instead of Swords :  
But never yet Rencounter cou'd compare  
To our late vigorous Tartarian War :  
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field ;  
Fierce was the Hero, and too brave to yield.  
But stoutest Hearts must bow ; and being well can'd,  
He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.  
All laughing call—  
Turn out the Rascal, the eternal Blockhead ;  
—Zounds, crys Tartarian, I am out of Pocket :  
Half Crown my Play, Sixpence my Orange cost ;  
Equip me that, do you the Conquest boast.  
For which to be at ease, a Gathering's made,  
And out they turn the Brother of the Blade.  
—This is the Fruit of Idleness and Ease :  
Heaven bles's the King that keeps the Land in Peace,      }  
Or he'll be sweetly serv'd by such as these.*

Dramatis

## Dramatis Personæ.

### DACIANS.

*Queen of Dacia.*

*Orfames*, her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Castle on a Lake, ignorant of his Quality, and of all the World besides; never having seen any human thing save only his old Tutor.

*Cleomena*, his Sister, bred up in War, and design'd to reign instead of *Orfames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties should be committed during his short Reign, if ever suffered to wear the Crown.

*Honorius*, General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orfames* and *Cleomena*.

*Olympia*, his Daughter, young and beautiful.

*Ismenes* and *Artabazes*, Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena*.

*Pimante*, a Fop Courtier.

*Arates*, a Courtier.

*Semeris*, Woman to *Cleomena*.

*Vallentio*, a Colonel of the Army.

Pages and Attendants.

### SCYTHIANS.

King of *Scythia*.

*Thersander*, his Son, under the Name of *Clementhis*, when on the *Dacian* side.

*Amintas*, a young Nobleman, belov'd by *Thersander*, and Lover of *Urania*.

*Lyfander*, Page to *Thersander*.

*Urania*, in love with *Amintas*.

*Lyces*, a Shepherdess.

Soldiers, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and a Rabble of the Mobile.

S C E N E, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies just before the Town.

A C T

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Grove near the Camp.*

ONE ! Well, I have never the Luck, I  
thank my Stars, to meet with any of these  
mighty Men of Valour.

*Valentio!* Noble Colonel.*Enter Valentio.*

*Val.* Pimante ! Why what the Devil brought thee to  
the Camp.

*Pim.* Affairs, Affairs—

*Val.* They must be wondrous preffing that made thee  
venture ; but the Fighting's past, and all the Noife over ;  
every Man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Me-  
rit ; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great  
Plague, no stirring—But what's thy Busines here ?

*Pim.* Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that  
same mighty Man of Prowefs——what d'ye call him ?

*Val.* The brave *Clementhis*.

*Val.* The fame.—But Colonel, is he indeed so very  
terrible a thing as Fame gives out ?—But she was ever a  
notable Wag at History.

*Val.* How dare thy Coward-thoughts venture upon any  
thing so terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant Man ?  
Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears ? Does it not  
make thee shrink into thy self ?

*Pim.* Lord, Colonel, why so hot ? 'Tis the cursed't  
thing in the World to be thus continually us'd to fighting ;  
why how uncivil it renders a Man ! I spake by way of  
Question.

*Val.* Oh ! how soft and wanton I could grow in the  
Description I could make of him——

He

He merits all in Peace as well as War ;  
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,  
As those of 's Valour overcome the Men.

*Pim.* Well said, i'faith, Colonel ; but if he be so fine a Man, why did you not keep him here amongst you to do Execution on the *Scythians* ? for I think e'er long you'll give 'em Battel.

*Val.* The General, whose noble Life he sav'd,  
Us'd all his Interest with him, but in vain :  
He neither could oblige his stay i'th' Camp,  
Nor get him to the Court. Oh ! were his Quality  
But like his Actions great, he were a Man  
To merit *Cleomena*,  
Whose Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,  
I reverence.  
But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women ;  
It foretels the Downfal of the noblest Trade, War.  
Give me a Man to lead me on to Dangers,  
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orfames* might have been.

*Pim.* Colonel, 'tis Treafon but to name *Orfames*,  
and much more to wish he were as King.

*Val.* Not wish he were ! by all those Gods I will,  
Who did conspire against him in their Oracles.  
Not wish him King ! yes, and may live to see it.

*Pim.* What should we do with such a King ? The Gods foretel he shall be fierce and bloody, a Ravisher, a Tyrant o'er his People ; his Reign but short, and so unfit for Reign.

*Val.* The Gods ! I'll not trust 'em for a Day's Pay——  
let them but give one a taste of his Reign, tho' but an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

*Pim.* Besides, he is very ill bred for a King ; he knows nothing of the World, cannot dres himself, nor sing, nor dance, or play on any Musick ; ne'er saw a Woman, nor knows how to make use of one if he had her. There's an old fusty Philosopher that instructs him ; but 'tis in nothing ever that shall make a fine Gentleman of him : He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods ; and tells him that his natural Reason's Sin——  
But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that  
Philoso-

Philosophy, but grows as fullen as if you had the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

*Val.* Thou tell'st me heavenly News ; a King, a King again ! Oh for a mutinous Rabble, that would break the Prison-Walls, and set *Orsomes* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

*Pim.* There is a Discourse at Court, that the Queen designs to bring him out, and try how he would behave himself : But I'm none of that Counsel, she's like to make a fine Court on't ; we have enough in the Virago her Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would swear were no Woman, she's so given to Noife and Fighting.

*Val.* I never saw her since she was a Child, and then she naturally hated *Scythia*.

*Pim.* Nay, she's in that mind still ; and the superstitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*—

*Val.* Yes, that was the Promise of the Oracle too.

*Pim.* Breeds her more like a General than a Woman. Ah how she loves fine Arms ! a Bow, a Quiver ! and tho' she be no natural *Amazon*, she's capable of all their martial Fopperies—But hark, what Noife is that ?

[*Song within.*

*Val.* 'Tis what we do not use to hear — Stand by.

## SONG.

(1.)

DAEMON, I cannot blame your Will,  
'Twas Chance, and not Design, did kill ;  
For whil'st you did prepare your Arms  
On purpose Celia to subdue,  
I met the Arrows as they flew,  
And sav'd her from their Harms.

(2.)

Alas, she could not make returns,  
Who for a Swain already burns,

A

*A Shepherd, who does her careſſ  
With all the ſoftleſt Marks of Love ;  
And 'tis in vain thou ſeekſh to move  
The cruel Shepherdeſſ.*

(3.)

*Content thee with this Victory,  
I'm Young and Beautiful as ſhe ;  
I'll make thee Garlands all the Day,  
And in the Shades we'll ſit and ſing ;  
I'll crown thee with the Pride o' th' Spring,  
When thou art Lord o' th' May.*

*Enter Urania dress'd gay, Lycē a Shepherdeſſ.*

*Ly.* Still as I ſing you ſigh.

*Uran.* I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns  
The Echoes of theſe shady Groves repeat,  
But I muſt find ſome Softneſſ at my Heart.  
—Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,

But this too happy one where thou wert born ! [Sighs.]

*Ly.* You ſigh again : ſuch things become none but unhappy Maids that are forfaken ; your Beauty is too great touffer that.

*Ura.* No Beauty's proof againſt false perjur'd Man.

*Ly.* Is't poſſible you can have loſt you Love ?

*Ura.* Yes, pretty Maid, canſt tell me any tidings of him ?

*Ly.* I cannot tell, by what marks do you know him ?

*Ura.* Why by theſe—a tempting Face and Shape,  
A Tongue bewitching soft, and Breath as sweet,  
As is the welcome Breeze that does reſtore  
Life to a Man half kill'd with heat before :  
But has a Heart as falſe as Seas in Calms,  
Smiles firſt to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

*Ly.* Oh fair *Urania* ! there are many more  
So like your Love, if ſuch a one he be :  
That you wou'd take each Shepherd to be he :  
'Tis grown the fashion now to be forſworn ;  
Oaths are like Garlands made of fineſt Flowers,  
Wither as ſoon as finiſh'd ;  
They change their Loves as often as their ſcrips,  
And lay their Miſtresses aside like Ribbons,  
Which they themſelves have fullied.

*Pim.*

*Pim.* Gad i'll venture in——

*Val.* Fair Women, and so near the Camp !  
What are ye, and from whence ?

*Pim.* Ha ! 'tis no matter for that ; ask no Questions,  
but fall to. [Goes to Lycos.]

*Ura.* I'm not ashame'd to tell the one or t'other ;  
I am a Maid, and one of genteel Birth,  
A Scythian born, an Enemy to thee,  
Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia*.

*Val.* What Sin have I committed, that so fair a Creature  
should become my Enemy ? but since you are so,  
you must be my Prisoner, unles your Eyes prevent me,  
and make me yours.

*Pim.* How, take a Woman Prisoner ! I hope you are  
a finer Gentleman than so.

*Val.* But Madam, do not fear, for I will use you  
As well as such a Man as I can do.

*Ura.* Tho thou be'st rough, thou hast a noble look,  
And I believe my Treatment will be gentle.

*Val.* Fair Maid, this Confidence is brave in thee ;  
And tho I am not us'd to make returns,  
Unles in Thunder on my Enemies,  
Yet name the way, and I will strive to serve you.

*Urn.* Then, Sir, I beg that you would set me free,  
Nor yet retain me here a Prisoner ; (Lake,  
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Castle on the  
Where young *Amintas* lies, the Spoil of War.

*Val.* *Amintas*, Madam, is a gallant Youth,  
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains ;  
But I could wish (since I have vow'd to serve you)  
You would command me somethong  
Worthy your Beauty, and of that Resoluton.

*Ura.* There is no other way to do me service.

*Val.* Then most willingly I will obey you.

*Ura.* But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,  
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.

*Val.* All your Commands shall strictly be obey'd.

*Pim.* Pox on her, she's coy, and let her go. Well  
Colonel, I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.

*Ura.*

*Ura.* Here—take this Jewel as a part of payment.  
 For all thy goodness to an unknown Maid. [To Lyces.  
 And if by chance I ever see thee more,  
 Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the score.  
 [Ex. *Lyces weeping.*  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Grove of Trees.*

*Within the Scene lies Thesander sleeping, his Cap and Feather at a distance from him.*

*Enter Cleomena* *creft like an Amazon, with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her Back, with Semiris attired like her.*

*Cleo.* I'm almost tir'd with holding out the Chase.

*Sem.* That's strange! methought your Highnes fol-  
 lowed not

So fast to Day as I have seen you heretofore.

*Cleo.* I do not use to leave the Game unvanquish'd,  
 Yet now by what strange inclination led

I know not,

The Sport growing dull, I wish to meet a place  
 Far from the noife and busines of the Day :

Haft thou ty'd fast my Horses?

*Sem.* Madam, I have.

*Cleo.* What place is this, *Semiris*?

*Sem.* I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleafant.

*Cleo.* How much more charming are the Works of  
 Nature

Than the Productions of laborious Art!

Securely here the wearied Shepherd sleeps,

Guiltless of any fear, but the disdain

His cruel Fair procures him.

How many Tales the Echoes of these Woods

Cou'd tell of Lovers, if they would betray,

That steal delightful hours beneath their Shades!

*Sem.* You'd rather hear 'em echo back the found  
 Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noise of War.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* You charge me with the faults of Education,  
That cozening Form that veils the Face of Nature,  
But does not see what's hid within, *Semiris* :  
I have a Heart all soft as thine, all Woman,  
Apt to melt down at every tender Object.

—*Oh Semiris!* there's a strange change within me.

*Sem.* How, Madam !

*Cleo.* I would thou knew'st it ;  
Till now I durst do any thing—but fear,  
Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee  
What none but thou must know—I am in love.

*Sem.* Why do you blush, my Princefs ? 'tis no sin ;  
But, Madam, who's the happy glorious Object ?

*Cleo.* Why, canst thou not guesf then ?

*Sem.* How is it possible I should ?

*Cleo.* Oh Gods ! not guesf the Man !  
Or, rather think some God ! Dull stupid Maid,  
Haft thou not heard of someting more than mortal !  
'Twixt Human and Divine ! our Country's Genius,  
Our young God of War ! not heard of him !

*Sem.* 'Tis not Prince *Artabazes*, or *Ismenes* ?

*Cleo.* Away, thou anger'st me.

*Sem.* Pardon me, Madam,  
It can be none at Court, if none of these ;  
And all besides are much below that Glory.

*Cleo.* What call'st thou much below, mistaken thing ?  
Can a gay Name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty ?  
Can it gain Conquest, or in Fields or Courts ?  
No, nor defend its own fantastick Owner.

—Come guesf again.  
*Sem.* I can guesf no further than a Man, and that I'm  
sure he is.

*Cleo.* I know not ——  
For yet I never saw him, but in's Character,  
Unlefs sometimes in Dreams.

*Sem.* Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,  
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes ?  
Perhaps his Perfon may not be agreeable ;  
The best in Camps are not the best in Courts.

*Cleo.* So brave a Mind must have as brave an Outside.  
My Uncle's Letters from the Camp contain  
Nothing but Wonders of his Worth and Valour,  
And 'tis impossible but such a Man  
Must merit Love as well as Admiration.

*Sem.* Does he not come to Court?

*Cleo.* The Queen has made him many Invitations ;  
But he for some unknown and cruel Cause,  
Humbly implores her Pardon for refusing :  
Nor can the General learn his Quality ;  
But like his Deeds, believes it must be great.

*Sem.* 'Tis most likely ; but I should never fall in love  
with Fame alone.

*Cleo.* I hope it is not Love—but strange Curiosity  
To see this brave Unknown—and yet I fear——  
I've hid this new Impatience of my Soul,  
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate ;  
And strove by all my lov'd Divertisements,  
To chase it from my Bosom, but in vain :  
'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer ;  
The Mulick of the Dogs displeas'd to day,  
And I was willing to retire with thee,  
To let thee know my Story :  
And this lone Shade, as if design'd for Love,  
Is fittest to be conscious of my Crime.  
—Therefore go seek a Bank where we may sit ;  
And I will sing whilst thou shalt pity me.

*[Stands with her Arms across.*

*Sem.* See, Madam, what I've found.

*[Sem. looks about, and finds the Cap and Feathers.*

*Cleo.* 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,  
And must belong to no uncommon Man :  
—And look, *Semiris*, where its Owner lies——  
—Ha ! he sleeps, tread softly lest you wake him :  
—Oh Gods ! who's this with so divine a Shape ?

*Sem.* His Shape is very well.

*Cleo.* Gently remove the Hair from off his Face.

*[Sem. puts back his Hair.*  
And see if that will answser to the rest :  
—All lovely ! all surprizing ! Oh my Heart,

How

How thou betray'st the weaknes of our Sex !

—Look on that Face, where Love and Beauty dwells—  
And tho his Eyes be shut, tell me, *Semiris*,  
Has he not wondrous Charms ?

*Sem.* Yes, Madam, and I wou'd excuse you, if you shou'd now fall in Love, here's Substance ; but that same Passion for Fame alone, I do not like.

*Cleo.* Ah, do not call my Blushes to my Face,  
But pardon all my weaknes :

May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while ?  
Since after this there's not another Object

Can merit their Attention—

—But I'll no longer view that pleasing Form—  
[Turns from him.

—And yet I've lost all power of removing—  
[Turns and gazes.

Even now I was in love with mere Report,  
With Words, with empty Noife ;  
And now that Flame, like to the Breath that blew it,  
Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room  
An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of,  
Informs my Soul ; how easily 'tis conquer'd !  
How angry am I with my Destiny !  
Till now, with much disdain I have beheld  
The rest of all his Sex ; and shall I here  
Reign a Heart to one I must not love ?  
Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia* ?  
For I must lay no claim to any other :  
Grant, Oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,  
That him for whom ye have design'd your Slave,  
May look like this Unknown,  
And I'll be ever grateful for the Bounty.

—But these are vain imaginary Joys.

[Therfander wakes, rises, and gazes.

*Ther.* Am I awake, or do my Dreams present me  
Ideas much more bright and conquering,  
Than e'er approach'd my waking Senfe by far ?

—Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,  
That Beauty and that Drefs confirm me 'tis. [Kneels.

—Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky Stranger,

The Errors he commits 'gainst your Divinity,  
Who, had he known this Grove had sacred been,  
He wou'd not have profan'd it by his Presence.

*Cleo.* Rife, Sir, I am no Deity;  
Or if I were, I cou'd not be offended [Rises.  
To meet so brave a Man—Gods, how he looks !

*Ther.* Can you be mortal ?  
What happy Land contains you ? or what Men  
Are worthy to adore you ?

*Cleo.* I find you are a Stranger to this place,  
You else had known me to be *Cleomena*.

*Ther.* The Princefs *Cleomena* ! my mortal Enemy ! [Aside.

*Cleo.* You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my  
Name ;  
But give me leave to tell you, yours on me  
Wou'd have another Senfe.

*Ther.* The knowledge of your Name has not displeas'd  
me ; [Kneels.

But, Madam, I had sooner took you for  
The Sovereign of the World than that of *Dacia* ;  
Nor ought you to expect leſs Adoration  
From all that World, than thofe who're born your Slaves.  
—And amongst thofe devout ones number him,  
Whom happy Fate conducted to your Feet,  
And who'll esteem himſelf more fortunate,  
If by that little ſervice he had rendred you,  
*Clementhis*' Name have ever reach'd your Ear.

*Cleo.* *Clementhis* ! what cou'd the Gods do more, [Aside.

To make me ever bleſs'd !—Rife noble Youth— [Raises him.  
Cou'dſt thou falute me Miftres of the World,  
Or bring me news of Conqueſt over *Scythia*,  
It would not reach ſo kindly to my Soul,  
As that admir'd illuſtrious Name of thine.  
This Crown's in debt to your all-conqueſting Sword ;  
And I'm the moſt oblig'd to make Returns,  
Which if you knew me, ſure you wou'd not doubt,  
If ſo thofe Favours you've already done us,

You'll

You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.

*Ther.* To th' Court ! to th' utmost Bounds of all the Universe.

At your Command, thro' Dangers worse than Death,  
I'd fly with halcy Joy——

Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.

*Sew. Madam,* the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius*.

*Ther.* The General here so soon !

*Enter Honorius, Himeres, Woman, and Huntmen.*

*Cleo.* Welcome, victorious Uncle.

[Hon. *kisses Cleo's Hand.*

*Hon. Madam,* I heard the Noise of Horns and Dogs, And thought your Highness was abroad to Day ; Following the Cry, it brought me to this Company, Who were in search for you, and 'twas my Duty to attend them.

—My gallant Friend *Clementis* here !

This was above my hopes ; let me embrace thee,—— And tell thee with what Joy I find thee in the presence Of my fair Niece, who must prevail upon you To wait on her to Court ; what I cou'd not intreat, let her command.

*Ther.* Where Duty and my Inclination leads me, There needs no Invitation.

*Cleo.* Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.

*J/m.* Sir, is this the Man to whom all *Dacia* is so much oblig'd ?

*Hon.* This is that gallant Man, whose single Valour Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades*, Who kill'd their King, and scatter'd all their Forces ; And when my feeble Strength (which Age and Wars Had made unfit for mighty Toils) grew faint, He, like *Aeneas*, bore my aged Limbs Thro' all the fiery Dangers of the Battel.

*Ther.* Too much you've said to my Advantage, Sir, Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their Glory.

*J/m.* Rank me amongst your Captives ; for I find, Whether you fight or not, you must be Victor.

[*Embraces Therf.*

*Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante ; Vall. kneels, and delivers Urania to the Princess.*

*Cleo.* What new Encounter's this ?

*Val.* I need not ask where I shall pay my Duty :  
My Wonder will direct me to your Feet.

*Cleo.* Who knows the Man that makes me such a  
Present ?

*Hon.* Madam, he is an Officer of mine,  
A worthy gallant Fellow ;  
But that hardly knows what Cities are,  
But as he's av'd 'em thro their batter'd Walls,  
And after join'd 'em to your Territories.

*Cleo.* Rise high in her Esteem that loves a Soldier.

*[He rises.]*

*Val.* I need say nothing for my Prisoner, Madam,  
Whose Looks will recommend her : only this,  
It was against my Will I made her so,  
Who ne'er refus'd till then to take your Enemies.

*Ther.* It is *Urania*, she'll know me, and betray me.

*[Aside.]*

*Cleo.* Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence  
thou art ?

*Ura.* A Scythian, Madam, and till now your Foe.

*Pim.* Ay, Madam, we took her, we took her.

*Cleo.* So fair an one must merit my Esteem :  
I hope there are not many such fine Creatures  
Brought into the Camp against us ; if there be,  
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.

— Thy Name and Busineſs here ?

*Ura.* *Urania*, Madam —

My Story were too tedious for your Ear,

Nor were it fit I should relate it here.

— But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,

'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my Doom ;

Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,

But 'tis a willing Captive I am made :

Your Pity, not your Anger I shall move,

When I confes my Fault is only Love,

Love to a Youth, who never knew till now,

How to submit, nor cou'd to ought but you.

— His

—His Liberty for Ransom you deny ;  
I dare not say that this is Cruelty,  
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave  
To die with him, with whom I must not live.

*Ther.* Excellent Maid ! what Generosity her Love has  
taught her ! [Aside.]

*Cleo.* That you esteem me cruel, is unkind,  
But Faults of Lovers must Forgiveness find :  
*Amintas'* Chains had far more easy been,  
Had he been less a Favorite to his King.

—But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem  
That Captive which I would not render them.

*Ura.* Madam, this Bounty wou'd exceed Belief,  
But you too generous are to mock my Grief :  
And when you shall m' unhappy Story learn,  
'Twill justify my Tears, and your Concern.

*Cleo.* I need no Arguments for what I do,  
But that I will, and then it must be so.

*Ura.* The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia* !  
If I could be mistaken in that form,  
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me ;  
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [Aside.]

*Cleo.* Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects  
us :

—You my fair Prisoner must along with me : [Takes her Hand.]

—Thy Hand, *Clementhis*, too—Now tell me, Uncle, [Takes him with the other Hand.]

—What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,  
Would not repine at my Felicity,  
Having so brave a Friend, so fair an Enemy ? [Exeunt.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Castle or Prison on the Sea.*

*After a little playing on the Lute, enter Orfames with his Arms close, looking melancholy, follow'd by Geron with a Lute in his Hand.*

*Orf.* **I** Do not like this Musick ;  
It pleases me at firſt,  
But every Touch thou giv'st that is ſoft and low  
Makes ſuch Imprefſions here,  
As puzzles me beyond Philofophy  
To find the meaning of ;  
Begets ſtrange Notions of I know not what,  
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,  
That does diſturb my Quietneſs within.

*Ger.* You were not wont to think ſo.

*Orf.* 'Tis true—

But ſince with time grown ripe and vigorous  
I will be active, tho but ill employ'd.

—*Geron,* thou'ſt often told me,  
That this fame admirabla Frame of Nature,  
This Order and this Harmony of things,  
Was worthy admiration.

—And yet thou ſay'st all Men are like to us,  
Poor, iſignificant Philofophers.  
I to my ſelf could an Idea frame  
Of Man, in much more excelleneſs.  
Had I been Nature, I had varied ſtill,  
And made ſuch diſtinet Characters of Men,  
They ſhould have bow'd and made a God of me,  
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great Creation.

—Now, tell me, who's indebted to her Bounties,  
Whose needless Bleſſings we depife, not praife ?

*Ger.* Why, what wou'd you have done, had you been  
Nature ?

*Orf.*

*Orf.* Some Men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,  
With Thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man ;  
I wou'd have made 'em—as thou paint'st the Gods.

*Ger.* What to have done ?

*Orf.* To have had Dominion o'er the lesser World,  
A sort of Men with low submissive Souls,  
That barely shou'd content themselves with Life,  
And should have had the Infirmities of Men,  
As Fear, and Awe, as thou haft of the Gods ;  
And those I wou'd have made as numberless  
As Curls upon the Face of yonder Sea,  
Of which each Blast drives Millions to the Shore,  
Which vanishing, make room for Millions more.

*Ger.* But what if these, so numerous, tho so humble,  
Refuse Obedience to the mighty few ?

*Orf.* I would destroy them, and create anew.

—Hast not observ'd the Sea,  
Where every Wave that hastens to the Bank,  
Tho in its angry Course it overtake a thousand petty ones,  
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their Ruin,  
And make an easy Passage to the Shore ?—

*Ger.* Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiss,  
And then 'twill break to nothing.

*Orf.* Why, thou and I, the tame and peaceable,  
Are mortal, and must unregarded fall.

—Oh that thought ! that damn'd resolute thought !  
Methinks it hastens Fate before its time,  
And makes me wifh for what I fain wou'd shun.

*Ger.*Appease your self with thoughts of future Blis.

*Orf.* Future Blis ! the Dreams of lazy Fools ;  
Why did my Soul take Habitation here,  
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth !  
Why did it not take Wing in its Creation,  
And soar above the hated Bounds of this ?  
What does it lingring here ?

*Ger.* To make it self fit for that glorious End  
'Twas first design'd for,—  
By patient suffering here.

*Orf.* But *Gerion*, still to live ! still thus to live  
In expectation of that future Blis,

(Tho I believ'd it) is a sort of Virtue  
I find the Gods have not inspir'd me with.

*Ger.* Philosophy will teach you, Sir,—

*Orf.* Not to be wife, or happy,—

I'll hear no more of your Philosophy.

—Leave me—for I of late desire to be without thee.

*Ger.* This Disobedience, Sir, offends the Gods—

*Orf.* Let 'em do their worst,

For I am weary of the Life they gave.

*Ger.* He grows too wise to be impos'd upon,  
And I unable to withstand his Reasons— [Ger. goes out.

[Orf. lies on the Ground.

*Enter* *Urania*, and *Keeper*.

*Keep.* This Ring is sufficient Warrant, and your Path  
on the right Hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas*—  
but have a care you advance no further that way.—

[Exit *Keeper*.]

*Ura.* What strange Disorder does possess my Soul !  
And how my Blood runs shivering thro my Veins,  
As if, alas, 't had need of all its Aid,  
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas*.

*Orf.* Ha ! what Noise is that ? [He rouses.

*Ura.* I heard a Voice that way—or else it was the  
fear

This gloomy Place possesses all that enter it :

—Stay, I was forbad that Walk.

(ken,

—Heavens ! I have forgot which 'twas I should have ta-  
I'll call my Love to guide me—*Amintas, Amintas*—

*Orf.* What Voice is that ?

Methought it had more sweetnes in't than *Gerons*—

[Rises, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.

—Ha—what charming thing art thou ?

*Ura.* 'Tis not *Amintas*—yet I should not fear,  
He looks above the common rate of Men.

—Sir, can you direct my way

To find a Prisoner out they call *Amintas* !

*Orf.* —Oh Gods ! it speaks, and smiles, and acts  
like me ;  
It is a Man, a wondrous lovely Man !

Whom Nature made to please me.

—Fair

—Fair thing, pray speak again :  
Thy Voice has Musick in't that does exceed  
All *Geron's* Lutes, pray blefs my Ears again.

*Ura.* Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,  
Instruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas*.

*Orf.* Bright Creature ! sure thou wert born i'th' upper  
World,

Thy Language is not what we practise here ;  
Speak on, thou Harmony to every Sense,  
Ravish my Ear as well as Sight and Touch.

*Ura.* Surely he's mad—nay, Sir, you must not touch  
me.

*Orf.* Perhaps thou art some God descended hither,  
[Retires and bows.  
And cam'st to punish, not to blefs thy Creatures ;  
Instruct me how to adore you so,  
As to retain you here my Household God,  
And I and *Geron* still will kneel and pray to you.

*Ura.* Alas, I am a Woman.

*Orf.* A Woman ! what's that ?  
Something more powerful than a Deity ;  
For sure that Word awes me no les than t'other.

*Ura.* What can he mean ?—oh, I shall die with fear—  
[Aside.

—Sir, I must leave you.

*Orf.* Leave me ! oh no, not for my future Being !  
You needs must live with me, and I will love you ;  
I've many things that will invite you to't,  
I have a Garden compafs'd round with Sea,  
Which every day shail send fresh Beauties forth,  
To make the Wreaths to crown thy foster Temples.  
*Geron* shall deck his Altar up no more ;  
The gaudy Flowers shall make a Bed for thee,  
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day—  
What things are these, that rise and fall so often,

[Touches her Breasts.  
Like Waves, blown gently up by swelling Winds ?  
Sure thou hast other Wonders yet unseen,  
Which these gay things maliciously do hide.

*Ura.* Alas, I am undone, what shall I do ?—

*Orf.*

*Orf.* Nature, thy Conduct's wife ! nor could thy Favours  
 Be giv'n to one more apprehensive of 'em !  
 ——Say, lovely Woman ! for I am all on fire,  
 Impatient of delay,  
 Can you instruct me what I am to do ?      [Sighs.]  
 Undrefs, and let me lead thee to my Bed.

*Ura.* Alas, Sir, what to do ? defend me Heaven !

*[Aside.]*

*Orf.* Why, I will hold thee——thus, between my Arms,  
 ——I'll see thee sleep, and wonder at thy Form,  
 ——Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,  
 ——And something more—but yet I know not what.

*Ura.* His whole Discourse amazes me,  
 And has more Ignorance than Madnes in't :  
 ——But how shall I get free ?

*Orf.* Thou grow'st impatient too, come, let us in—

[*Goes to take her in, she strives to get free, he struggles with her.*]

*Ura.* Hold off, you are too rude.

*Orf.* This is the prettiest play I e'er was at,  
 But I shall gain the better. —

[*Takes her in his Arms to carry her off.*]

*Ura.* Help, help !

*Enter Amintas in Fetters.*

*Amin.* A Woman's Voice !—Villain, unhand the Lady.

*Orf.* Ha ! what new thing art thou ?

*Amin.* One sent from Heaven to punish Ravishers.—

[*Snatches Ura. while Orf. is gazing on him.*]

*Orf.* Thou'lt call'd up an unwonted Passion in me,  
 And these be the effects on't.

[*Orf. strikes him ; they struggle and fall.*]

*Enter Geron.*

*Ger.* Hah ! what's the matter here ? a Woman too !

We are undone—Madam, I pray retire—

[*Ura. goes into Amintas's Apartments.*]

For here's no safety for your Sex.

*Ura.* I gladly take your Counsel.

*Orf.* What art thou ?

*Amin.*

*Amin.* That which I seem to be.

*Orf.* Then thou'rt a God ; for till I saw a Woman,  
I never saw a thing so fine as thou ?  
And 'tis but just thou shouldest be more than Mortal,  
That durst command that Creature from my Arms.

*Amin.* It is the King — I know it by his Innocence,  
And Ignorance — — — — — [Aside.]

— Rife, I befeech you, Sir, and pardon me.

*Orf.* So I could live a Year with looking on thee ;

— But where's the Creature call'd it self a Woman ?

*Ger.* What Woman, Sir ?

*Orf.* Ha ! *Geron*, where's the Woman ?

*Ger.* What do you mean, Sir ?

*Orf.* The Heavenly Woman, that was here but now.

*Ger.* I saw none such, nor know I what you mean.

*Orf.* Not what I mean ? thou couldst not be so dull :  
What is't that I have strove for all this while ?

*Amin.* I'll leave him too, my Presence may be hurtful,  
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment.

*Orf.* Go fetch the Woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee  
into the Sea.

*Ger.* I muft delude him.

*Orf.* Fly, why stay'st thou dully here ? go bring the  
Woman.

*Ger.* Sure you are frantick.

*Orf.* I am so, and thou shalt feel the effect on't,  
Unles thou render back that lovely Creature.

*Ger.* Oh ! this is perfect Madnes, Sir, you're lost ;  
Call back your noble Temper, and be calm.

*Orf.* No, there's a furious Tempest in my Soul,  
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

*Ger.* Hear Reafon yet — no human Being can get en-  
trance here ;

Look round this Castle, and no other Object  
Will meet your Eyes, but a watry Wildernes,  
And distant and uninhabitable Lands.

— What airy Vifion has posfes'd your Fancy ?  
For such the Gods fometimes afflict Men with.

*Orf.*

110 *The YOUNG KING;*

*Orf.* Ha! an airy Vision!—Oh but it cannot be;  
By all that's good, 'twas real Fleh and Blood.

*Ger.* And are you sure you are awake?

*Orf.* As thou art now.

*Ger.* Then 'twas an Apparition.

*Orf.* Away—thou'lt often told me of such Fooleries,  
And I as often did reprove thee for't.

*Ger.* From whence, or how should any living thing get  
hither?

*Orf.* It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how, I know  
not;

But here it was, a solid living thing;  
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.

*Ger.* I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,  
And found you struggling on the ground alone;  
But what you meant I know not.

*Orf.* 'Tis so—I grant you that it was a Vision—  
—How strong is Fancy!—yet—it is impossible—  
Have I not yet the Musick of its Words?  
Like anfwering Echoes lefs'ning by degrees,  
Inviting all the yielding Sense to follow.  
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in)—  
Undreft from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand)  
The sweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,  
Besides the unerring Witnes of my Eyes?  
And can all these deceive? tell me, can they?

*Ger.* Most certainly they have.

*Orf.* Then let the Gods take back what they so vainly  
gave.

*Ger.* Cease to offend, and they will cease to punish.

*Orf.* But why a Woman? cou'd they secure my Faith  
By nothing more afflicting?

*Ger.* Shapes Divine are most perplexing.  
To Souls, like yours, whom Terrors cannot fright,  
It leaves desires of what it cannot gain,  
And still to wish for that—  
Is much the greatest torment of the Mind.

*Orf.* Well said—but *Gerou*, thou'lt undone thy Aim,  
And us'd the only Argument cou'd invite me  
T' offend again, that thus I might be punish'd:

The

The Gods themselves invite me to the Sin !  
Not seeing a Woman, I had never bin. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Amintas in Fetters with Urania.*

*Amin.* My gallant Maid ! this Generosity,  
Above thy Sex, and much above my Merit,  
I never can repay : my dear *Urania*,  
Thou didst outdo thy Sex before in Beauty,  
In all the Charms that make 'em so ador'd :  
But this last Act, this noble Mark of Love,  
Begets a reverend Wonder in my Soul,  
And I behold thee as some sacred thing,  
That—this way should be worship'd—

[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.

*Ura.* I'm glad you have so kind a Sense of that  
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me would do ;  
What cou'd you less expect ?—Ah, my *Amintas*,  
That fatal Night before our Wedding-day,  
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,  
And you were sent to try your Force with theirs,  
My Heart foretold your Fate ; and that same Night,  
Whose darkness veil'd my Blushes all alone,  
Drest like a Youth I hasten'd from the Court,  
And being well mounted, soon o'ertook the Army,  
When all unknown, I got so near your Person,  
That in the Fight I had the Glory twice  
To serve you, when your Horses being kill'd,  
I still presented you with fresh, whose Riders  
Thy Valour had dismounted.

*Amin.* Oh Gods ! wert thou that Boy,  
Whom oft I said, I thought was sent from Heaven,  
And beg'd t' encounter when the Fight was ended ?

*Ura.* The fame, 'twas all you'd time to say ; for after that,  
Venturing too far, they took you Prisoner.

*Anim.* Oh with what Shame I look upon your Bounty,  
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge ;

What

What follow'd then, my dearest fair *Urania*?  
*Ura.* I gladly wou'd have been a Prisoner too,  
 But I appear'd a poor dejected Boy,  
 That was not worth their Fetters.  
 —Then I resolv'd upon this last Adventure,  
 To make my Application to the Princefs,  
 Knowing her noble Nature,  
 To try (since mighty Ransoms were refus'd)  
 What simple Love would do ; and in my way  
 I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's Youth  
 Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,  
 And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks ;  
 To him I told my Story, who encourag'd me in my re-  
 folv'd design,  
 And I so luckily have made an Interest  
 In *Cleomena's* Heart,  
 Thefe Chains she's given me Freedom to dismiss,  
 And you must only wear Love's Fetters now :

[*She takes off his Chains.*

—Come, hafte, *Amintas*, from this horrid Place,  
 And be thy self again, appear in Arms.  
 The *Scythians* are encamp't within thy View,  
 And e'er three Births of Day the Armies meet ;  
 Th' Event of which, I at the *Druid's* Cell  
 Will wait ; fending continual Vows to Heaven  
 For thy dear Safety : there when the Fight is done,  
 I wifh to meet thee ;  
 —But now your Country and your King expect you,  
 And I love Glory equal to *Amintas*.

*Amin.* But yet the generous Bounty of the Princefs  
 Obliges here, no lefs than Duty there ;  
 I know not how the Gods of War to move  
 To grant me Victor, or the vanquifh'd prove ;  
 My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,  
 Since——vanquifh'd I am loft, conquering unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Grove.**Enter Thersander, Lysander.*

*Thers.* Urge it no more, *Lysander*, 'tis in vain,  
My Liberty past all retrieve is lost ;  
But they're such glorious Fetters that confine me,  
I wou'd not quit them to preserve that Life  
Thou juffly say'st I hazard by my Love.

*Lys.* The *Scythian* Gods defend it !

*Thers.* The Gods inspire it, 'tis their Work alone ;  
— I know she is my Enemy, hates *Thersander*,  
Has sent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,  
That hither *Artabases* and *Ismenes*  
Have brought their Powers t' afflit against my Crown.  
But what of this ? She loves me as *Clementhis*,  
Which will surmount her Hatred to the *Scythians*.  
Oh, my *Lysander* ! didst thou know her Charms,  
Thou'dst also know 'tis not a mortal Force  
That can secure the Heart : She's all divine !  
All Beauty, Wit, and Softness ! and she loves !  
Already I have found the grateful Secret ;  
She scorns the little Customs of her Sex,  
And her belief of being so much above me,  
Permits her to encourage my Design ;  
She gives a Boldness to my bafhul Flame,  
And entertains me with much Liberty.

*Lys.* Were all this true, you're equally unhappy ;  
She must be only his that conquers you,  
That wins your Crown, and lays it at her Feet.

*Thers.* Love ne'er considers the Event of things,  
The Path before me's fair, and I'll pursue it ;  
Fearing no other Forces than her Eyes,  
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

*Lys.* And will you let her know you are in love ?

*Thers.* If all my Sighs, if Eyes still fix'd on hers  
With Languishment and Passion, will inform her,  
I'll let her know my Flame, or perish in th' Attempt.

*Lys.* Dare you declare it as you now appear ?  
And can you hope, that under the Degree

Of what indeed you are, she will permit it? And your Discovery is your certain ruin.

*Thersf.* Thy Counsel, dear *Lysander*, comes too late, She's in the Grove, where now I must attend her, And fee where she approaches—

*Enter Cleomena, Semiris.*

*Cleo.* The Stranger, say you, grown of late so pensive! —I must enquire the Cause—what if it shou'd be Love? And that too not for me! hah my *Semiris*! That Thought has given me Pains I never felt; —Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now, —Say, didst thou bid him wait me in the Grove?

*Sem.* Madam, I spoke to him my self—

*Cleo.* And told him I wou'd speak with him?

*Sem.* As you commanded me, I said.

*Cleo.* It seems he values my Commands but little, Who is so slow in his Obedience: —Where found you him?

*Sem.* I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.

*Cleo.* Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly, —I have no Picture there.

*Sem.* Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia*, your fair Cousin, But for the Excellency of the Work, not Beauty.

*Cleo.* Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, say you? —Oh thou hast touch'd a tender part, *Semiris*: —But yonder's he that can allay my Rage,

[*Sees Thersander.*

And calm me in that Love by every Look.

—*Clementhis*, you absent your self too much From those to whom your Prefence is agreeable; I hear that you are grown retir'd of late, And visit shady Groves, walk thus— and sigh, Like melancholy Lovers. Has the Court (Who for your Entertainment has put on More Gaiety than in an Age before) Nothing that can divert you? Cease your Ceremony;

[*He bows low.*

I'm your Friend, and if ought harbour there Within that fullen Breast, impart it here—

And

And I'll contribute any thing to ease you.

—Come—boldly tell thy Griefs;

I have an Interest in thy noble Life.

—Perhaps, since you're arriv'd at Court, you've seen

Some Beauty that has made a Conquest o'er your Heart;

—Whoe'er she be, you cannot fear Succes.

*Ther.* The Honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,  
Have been sufficient

To have encourag'd any bold Attempt;

And here are Beauties would transform a God,

Much more a Soldier, into an amorous Shape.

—But, I confess, with shame, I brought no Hear.

Along with me to Court, and after that

What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer?

This makes me shun the Pleasures of your Court,

And seek Retirements silent as my Griefs.

*Cleo.* It seems you were a Lover e'er I saw you,

And Absence from your Mistress makes you languish.

*Ther.* Ah, Madam, do not ask me many Questions,

Left I offend where I should merit Pity;

The Boldness may arrive unto her Knowledge,

And then you'll lose the humbleness of your Creatures,

Whilst as I am, I may among the Crowd

Of daily Worshippers, pay my Devotions.

*Cleo.* Give me your Hand, we'll walk a little.

[They go and sit down on a Bank.

—How do you like this Grove?

*Ther.* As I do every place you're pleased to bid.

Heaven were not Heaven, were Gods not present there;

And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.

*Cleo.* Look *Clementhis*—at yonder tuft of Trees,

Near which there is a little sparkling Spring,

From whence a Rivulet does take its rise,

And branches forth in Charsels thro' the Garden;

—Twas near a place like that — where first I saw

*Clementhis*.

*Ther.* Madam, be pleased to add 'twas also there

*Clementhis* left his Liberty at the Fee

Of Divine *Cleomenes*:

And charg'd himself with twelve too glorious Chains,

Never

Never to be dismift but with his Life.

[*She rising in anger, he kneels.*

*Cleo.* How, *Clementhis!*

*Ther.* Ah ! Madam, if I too presumptuous grow,  
From your Commands, and all your Bounties to me,  
You should forgive the Pride you do create,  
And all its strange Effects ;  
Which if I have mistaken, let me die.  
Only this Mercy grant me, to believe,  
That if our Adorations please the Gods,  
Mine cannot be offensive to my Princefs,  
Since they are equally Religious.

*Cleo.* Stranger—before I punish thy Presumption,  
Inform me who it is that has offended ?  
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,  
Than what his sword has done—dares rafe his Eyes  
to me ?

*Ther.* Madam, what you demand is just,  
And I had rather die than difobey you ;  
But I am constrain'd by a Necelity  
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon)  
For some time to conceal my Birth and Name.

*Cleo.* Till then you should have kept your Flame con-  
ceal'd,  
T had been less disobliging from a criminal one,  
Whose Quality had jufify'd his Boldnes.

*Ther.* Ah ! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd  
find no other Difficulty than want of Quality to merit you !

*Cleo.* I muſt confefs, *Clementhis*, with a Blush,  
That nothing of the reſt displeases me.

*Ther.* Ah, Madam, how you bleſs me !  
And now with Confidence I dare affure you,  
That which ſhould render me more worthy of you,  
Shall be in me found more to your Advantage,  
Than in thoſe Princes who have taken on 'em  
The Glory of your Service.

*Cleo.* As I am very reaſonable, and do act  
With more Sincerity than Artifice  
I'll now defire no more.  
But have a care you uſe my Bounty well ;  
For I am now grown kind enough to think  
That all you ſay is true.

*Ther.*

*Ther.* Madam, banish me your Presence, as the Man  
Of all the World unworthy to adore you,  
If I present not to you in *Clementhis*  
A Man enough considerable to hope.

*Cleo.* But oh ! *Clementhis*, I forgot my Fate,  
My Destiny depends upon my People ;  
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a Resolution  
To give me to that Prince who does most powerfully  
Advance the Ruin of the King of *Scythia*.

*Ther.* Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions  
That are impos'd on those who pretend to you ;  
I will not only serve you in this War  
With more Success than any,  
But set the Crown of *Scythia* on your Head.

*Cleo.* That's bravely said.

*Ther.* Perhaps it seems extravagantly spoken,  
In the Condition you behold me now ;  
But here I vow—I never will demand [Kneels.  
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her—  
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia*.  
—Till then—give me but hope—enough, I live—

[Rises.]

*Cleo.* That's to your Person due ; and when I know  
Who 'tis I favour—I will more allow.

*Sem.* Madam, the Queen is here.

*Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabazes, Ifmenes, Guards,  
Attendants, &c.*

*Queen.* I'm glad to see you all in Readiness ;  
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,  
—And *Cleomena* is your General ;  
Since 'tis her Cause we fight, it is but just  
She share the Danger of it with the Glory.

*Arta.* We all approve it, Madam, and are proud  
Fair *Cleomena* shall a Witness be  
Of what we do to serve her,  
And see the easy Conquest we shall make  
Upon the Persons of her Enemies.

*Hon.* I know not, Sir, what may you do,  
But we have found it not so easy.

*Arta.* Oh there's no doubt, but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,

And

And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,  
Loaden with Irons, to adorn your Triumphs.

*Ther.* Madam, I must confess your Force is great,  
And the Assistance of these Men considerable ;  
Yet I advise your Majesty to prepare  
For the Defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,  
As to a Busines much more difficult  
Than they present it to you : for I know  
The Forces of that Nation are not les.

[*Looks with scorn on them.*]

—Consider too, that King was never conquer'd,  
Tho these believe to do't with so much ease.  
I oft have seen *Thersander*, that young Prince,  
Upon whose Sword Fortune her self depends,  
—And I can tell—he's not so easily chain'd,  
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.

*Arta.* What, do you think to fright us with the Praies  
You give our Enemies ?  
—I have heard of that King, and of *Thersander* too ;  
But never heard of so much Terror in 'em,  
Should make us apprehend an ill Succes ;  
—And, you, *Clementhis*, do not know us well,  
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*.  
Tho many such as you should take his part.

*Ther.* How many such I ! [Comes up to his Breast.  
Gods ! with your selves no other Enemies  
To join with that young Prince ;  
To conquer him and many such as I,  
Requires a Number of such Kings as you.

*Ifm.* It is too much, *Clementhis* ; were you well  
Affected to the Service of the Queen,  
You would not thus command her Enemies.

*Ther.* Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon,  
I have fail'd in the Respect I owe you,  
By what I've said in favour of your Enemies,  
Whom, whilst you think so easily o'ercome,  
You will neglect that Power should make you Victor.

*Queen.* 'Tis Virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,  
Tho to the Advantage of those Men you hate—

—I must not have you take ought ill from him.

[*To the King.*]

But as you've all unanimously join'd  
To assist us in this War, so all embrace,

[*Therl. salutes 'em coldly.*]

Be one and ever Friends.

Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army

[*To Hon.*]

To your unquestion'd Care ; and if you can,  
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever in our Service.

*Cleo.* Uncle, I'll to the Camp with you ;

And you, *Clementhis*, must be near me still.

[*Therl. bows.* *All go out but Ther. Hon. Lysan.*]

*Hon. Clementhis*, you are troubled.

*Ther.* I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.

*Hon.* You shou'd not blame them, Sir, for envying you,  
A Man so young, and such a Name in War.

*Ther.* That, Sir, is only your Esteem of it.

*Hon.* No, dear *Clementhis*, that I may declare  
To all the World and thee, how much I prize it,  
Without confuting of your Quality,

I'll make you absolute Master of my Fortune.

*Ther.* Heav'ns ! whence this Generosity ?

[*Aside.*]

*Hon.* I have a Daughter, Sir, an only Child,  
Whom all the World esteems a virtuous one,  
And for whose Love Princes have su'd in vain,  
I now with Joy will render you in Marriage.

*Ther.* I am undone !

[*Aside.*]

It is a Princess, Sir, I must admire,  
But never durst behold her with Eyes of Love,  
A Maid so much above me.

*Hon.* I am a Man, whose martial Disposition  
Renders me too unartful in my Language ;  
I cannot study Fineness in my Words,  
But with Sincerity declare my Heart,  
And do propose this Marriage with *Olympia*,  
For your Advantage and the publick Interest,  
Besides my own Content.

*Ther.* Have you consider'd, Sir, I am below her ?

*Hon.* No more of that : go visit my *Olympia*,

*She-*

She is prepar'd to give you Entertainment. [Ex. Hon.

*Ther.* Marry *Olympia*!

No cou'd he with *Olympia* give the World,  
I could not love, nor marry her.

—Oh my *Lyfander*! what evasion now?

—Didst hear the noble Offer of the General?

*Lyf.* I did, great Sir, and what will you return?

*Ther.* If I refuse, I must offend the Man  
To whom of all the World I am most-obligr'd,  
And one who knowing me but by my Services,  
Offers me what *Therfander* might accept.

*Lyf.* It's fit you should consult the Princefs, Sir,  
What 'tis you ought to do.

*Ther.* I'll take thy Counsel—and wait upon *Olympia*:

—Yes, I will go vifit her, tho but to prove  
No Torment can be like diſembled Love.

#### SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

*Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.*

*Queen.* Is't poſſible, my Brother, you can have  
So great a Paſſion for the publick good,  
As willingly to ſacrifice your Child to its Repofe,  
And make her Arms the ſoft and eaſy Chains  
To link this gallant Stranger to our Interēt?

*Hon.* His Virtue I prefer above a Crown.

*Cleo.* You ſhou'd love Virtue as you ought to love it;  
Not give it over-meafure—But are you ſure he will accept  
it?

*Hon.* I am not certain, being not come ſo far;  
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik'd it.

*Cleo.* This cannot be his Malice; for he was ever noble,  
[Hon. talks to the Queen.  
But false or feign'd, I can endure no more on't:  
—By Heaven this Stranger's false! falfe as his Name!  
—Semiris found him gazing on her Picture;  
—'Tis fo—he loves *Olympia*!  
And when I ask the Name of her he lov'd,  
I urg'd it with ſuch softneſs in my Eyes,  
That he in Pity of me ſwore 'twas I:  
—Now can I find how much my Soul's poſſeſt

With

With Love, since 'tis with Jealousy opprest. [Goes out.

*Queen.* How do you like the Trial of *Orfamets*,  
Which I intend to make?

*Hon.* You'll oblige your People, and do a Mother's Duty.

*Queen.* You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my Nature,  
That from his Infancy has kept him ignorant  
Of what he was—but the Decrees of Heaven.

*Hon.* Madam, 'tis true ; and if the Gods be just,  
He must be King too, tho' his Reign be short :  
You cannot alter those Decrees of Heaven.

*Queen.* The Gods are Witness how these eighteen Years  
I have with much Regret conceal'd his Birth.

*Hon.* You know the last Defeat the *Scythians* gave us,  
Th' impatient People broke the Castle-gates,  
And against all your Powers were ready to have crown'd  
him ;

And shou'd we now be conquer'd, nothing less  
Will still the mutinous Army : try him, Madam,  
He may be fit for great Impressions,  
Had he but good Examples to dispose him.

*Queen.* I'll have it done to night  
Heaven, if it be thy Will, inspire my Son  
With Virtue fit to wear his Father's Crown. [Exeunt.

*Scene draws off, discovers Thersander seemingly courting Olympia. Enter Cleomena ; sees them, starts, gases on them, then goes out unseen. The Scene changes to her Apartment.—She enters in a Rage—*

*Cle. Perfidious Man ! am I abandon'd then ?  
Abandon'd for *Olympia* ! my Slave—  
—And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven—*

[Soft.

And shall he quit me thus ?  
Without being punish'd for this Infidelity ?  
—No, let me be a shame to all my Sex then—  
—Oh, *Clementis* ! to whom I fondly gave my Liberty,  
When first I saw thee sleeping in the Wood.  
—But I grow soft, a Passion too unfit  
For so much Anger as my Soul's posses'd with ;

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'Twas

'Twas but even now he lov'd me with such Ardor,  
 And he who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,  
 Dar'st thou become unjust, ungrateful Stranger !  
 Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,  
 Would sacrifice her to another Mistress ?  
 ——This Heart, which ought not to've been given away,  
 But by the Services and Blood of Kings,  
 How hast thou lost it on a false Unknown,  
 Without being paid for it one single Sigh ! ——

*Enter Therlander ; She draws a Dagger ; offers to kill him, but cannot.*  
 Traitor—hast thou the impudence to appear before me,  
 Or, dost thou come to meet thy just Reward ?

*[Offers to stab him.]*

—There's something in his Looks that does preserve him,  
 Or I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him.  
 —Go treacherous Unknown, whom I've prefer'd  
 Before so many Princes, who in vain  
 Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'st betray'd.

*Ther.* Ah ! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,  
 And not inform me how I have offended ?

*Cleo.* Be gone, I say, if thou would'st save a Life,  
 Which those that dare do evil fear to lose.

*Ther.* Those Eyes thus order'd are far worse than Death.  
 End what you have so well begun,  
 And kill me ;

Yet from another's Hand  
 The Blow would be less cruel.

*Cleo.* Oh Impudence !  
 Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love ;  
 But Monster, tho thou art below my Hand,  
 I'm yet a Princefs, and I can command.

By Heaven I'll try how much Rage can invent.

*Semiris, call Olympia to me strait ;*  
 She shall in Triumph with me stand and smile,  
 To see thee by some Vassal bleed.

*Ther.* There needs no other witness of my Death,  
 But her I have offended ;  
 To you alone I offer up my Life : for dying,  
 I've something to relate may justify your Rage,

*Tho*

Tho not deserve your Pity.

*Cleo.* Hell !

Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that she should see

Him die, lest it should cost her but a Tear ;

—Why should I want the Strength ?—

—But Oh, I cannot. [Offers to present the Dagger.

But canst thou live false Man, and see me frown ?

*Ther.* No, Madam, I can die—thus—

[Offers to fall on his Sword.

*Cleo.* Stay—

Thou shalt not so much Glory gain :

No, live, and prove wretched enough to know

How very poorly thou hast lost my Heart. [Ex. raving.

[Ther. gazes after her.

*Ther.* Must I then live ?—I will obey—farewel,

The fairest and unkindest of thy Sex ;

If e'er it be thy chance to meet with one

That loves more than *Thersander*, if thou canst

Treat him worse than thou hast done me—

For oh ! how miserable is the Wretch, whose Prayer

Repuls'd, like me, lives only to despair. [Exit.

### A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Curtain is let down—being drawn up, discovers*  
Orfanes seated on a Throne asleep, drest in Royal  
Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table.  
On either side of the Stage Courtiers ready drest, and  
multitude of Lights. Above is discovered the Queen,  
Olympia, and Women, Pimante, Artabazes, Ismenes ;  
Soft Musick plays ; whilst he wakes by degrees, and  
gazes round about him, and on himself with Wonder.

*Orf.*—**G** Ods ! what am I ?

*G*—Or, is there any other here but I ?

*Ger.* Yes, my great Lord ;

But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.

F 2

*Orf.*

*Orf.* I understand thee, 'tis some God thou mean'st.

*Ger.* On Earth it is: your Power too is as great;  
Your Frowns destroy, and when you smile you blesse;  
At every Nod the whole Creation bows,  
And lay their grateful Tributes at your Feet;  
Their Lives are yours, and when you deign to take 'em,  
There's not a Mortal dares defend himself;  
But that you may the more resemble Heaven,  
You should be merciful and bountiful.

*Orf.* I do believe I am the King thou speak'st of.

*Ger.* Behold this Crown—this sacred Thing is yours.

[Kneels, and gives him the Scepter and Crown;  
he puts it on, and walks about.

*Orf.* It is a glorious Object—  
And fit for none but me—

*Olymp.* Madam, methinks the King is the finest Man  
That e'er I saw—shall he not still be King?

*Qu.* I hope he will deserve it.

*Orf.* So, now methinks I move like Heaven it self,  
All circled round with Stars,  
—Hah! what's this that kneels? [The Queen kneels, he  
Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir.— snatches her up.  
Orf. By my great self it is another Woman,  
Which I have burnt with a desire of seeing.  
—Be gone, and leave us here alone together;  
I've something to impart to this fair Thing,  
Muft not be understood by you.

*Qu.* Why, Sir, what is it you can impart to me,  
Which those about you must not understand?

*Orf.* A new Philosophy inspir'd by Nature,  
And much above whatever *Geron* taught.  
—Come and augment my Knowledge.

*Qu.* Why me, Sir, more than any one about you?

*Orf.* Thou art all soft and sweet like springing Flowers,  
And gentle as the undisturbed Air.

*Qu.* But I am your Mother.

*Orf.* No matter; thou'rt a Woman, art thou not?  
And being so, the Mother cannot awe me.

*Ger.* Sir, 'tis the Person gave you Life and Being.

*Orf.* That gave me Life! oh how I love thee for't!

Come

Come—and I'll pay thee back such kind Returns—

*Ger.* Most Royal Sir, this Woman was  
Not made by Heaven—for you.

*Orf.* Away with your Philosophy; but now you said—  
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,  
And by that Power I may do any thing.

*Ger.* But Kings are just as well as powerful, Sir.

*Orf.* I am so to my self, do not oppose me.

*Ger.* Sir, this is one not meant, not form'd for you.

*Orf.* Am I a God, and can be disobey'd?

Remove that Contradiction from my sight,  
And let him live no longer: ha, more Women!

*Enter Olympia and other Women.*

Oh Nature, how thou'lt furnish'd me with Store!  
And finer far than this— [Gazes on Olympia.]  
—But what is that whose Eyes give Laws to all,  
And like the Sun, eclipse the lesser Lights?

*Oly.* Speak to him, *Olympia*.

*Orf.* Who tells me what she is?

*Olim.* Oh how I tremble!—Sir, I am a Maid.

*Orf.* A Maid! and may you be approacht with Knees  
and Prayers? [Kneels.]

*Olym.* I am your Slave, you must not kneel to me—

[Takes him up.]

*Orf.* How soon my Glory's vanisht!  
Till now I did believe I was some God,  
And had my Power and my Divinity  
Within my Will; but by this awful Fear,  
I find thou art the greater Deity:

—Pray tell me fairest, are you not a Woman?

*Olym.* I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.

*Orf.* I did believe that thou wert somethong more,  
For I have seen a Woman, and ne'er knew  
So much Disorder in my Soul before:

—For every Look of thine gives me a Pain,  
And draws my Heart out of its wonted Seat.

*Olym.* Alas, Sir, have I hurt you?

*Orf.* Extremely hurt me, thou hast a secret Power,  
And canst at distance wound,  
Which none but Heaven and you cou'd ever do.

—But 'twas my Fault ; had I not gaz'd on thee,  
I had been still a King, and full of Health.

—Here—receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,  
Since thou hast greater Power—whilst it fits here—

[*He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.*  
It looks like Stars fall'n from their proper Sphere :

—So, now they're fixt again.

*Qu. Pimante*, speak to him to take it back.

*Pim.* He kills me with his Looks.

—Sir, when you part with this, you'll be despis'd ;  
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vanish.

*Orf.* I yet have something that shall make thee fear,  
I'm still a King, tho I must bow to her ;

Take him away to Death immediately—

*Pim.* Any where to be out of your Sight—

A King, quotha ?

*Orf.* Come, my fair Virgin, this shall be my Altar,  
And I will place thee here, my Deity.

*Qu.* Great Sir, that Throne is only fit for you.

*Orf.* I say again, I'll have it fit for two :  
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that :

—Ascend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it ;  
Ascend, and be immortal as my self.

*Art.* That Throne she was not born to.

*Orf.* Into the Sea with that bold Counsellor,  
And let him there dispute with Winds and Waves. [Art. ex.

*Being seated on a Throne, enter several in Masquerades,  
and dance.*

—Cou'd I be sensible of any Pleasure,  
But what I take in thee, this had surpriz'd me.

*Olym.* A Banquet, Sir, attends you.

*Orf.* Dispose me as you please, my lovely Virgin ;  
For I've resign'd my Being to your Will,  
And have no more of what I call my own,  
Than Sense of Joys and Pains, which you create.

[*They rise, and sit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.*

*Olym.* Will you not please to eat ?

*Orf.* It is too gross a Pleasure for a King,  
Sure, if they eat, 'tis some celestial Food,  
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes—

Ah

Ah lovely Maid——

*Olym.* Why do you sigh, Sir?

*Orf.* For something which I want ; yet having thee,  
What more can Heaven bestow to gratify  
My Soul and Senfe withal ?

*Olym.* Sir, taste this Wine ;  
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd Opinion,  
And let you know the Error of your Passion ;  
'Twill cause at least some Alteration in you.

*Orf.* Why shouldest thou ask so poor a Proof of me ?  
But yet, I will obey, — give me the Wine.

[They put something into the Bowl.

*Olym.* How do you like it, Sir ?

*Orf.* Why — well ; but I am still the same.  
Come, give it me again — 'tis very pleasant —

Will you not taste it too ? —  
Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous ;  
What I have drank, has deify'd thee more,  
Heightens the Pleasure which I take to gaze on thee,  
And sends a thousand strange uneasy Joys,  
That play about my Heart, and more transport me —  
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy Eyes  
May find some Charms in me to make thee thus.

*Olym.* Alas, they've found already but too many. [Aside.

*Orf.* I thought I must have gaz'd on thee for ever ;  
— But oh ! my Eyes grow heavy in the Play,  
As if some strange Divinity about me  
Told me my Safety lay in their Declension.

— It is not Sleep ! — sure Kings do never sleep ;  
That were a low submision to a Power  
A Monarch shou'd despise — but yet 'tis so :  
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then ?  
Or do you ever sleep ? I find ye do !  
But I must — and lofe this lovely Object :  
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,  
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,  
And keep it still in this harmonious Order —  
— And gently blow the Flame 't has kindled there.

[Falls asleep.

*Enter Geron, Pimante, and Erates.*

F 4

*Pim*

*Pim.* Are you sure he's asleep ?

*Ger.* How do you like him, Madam ?

*Qu.* I fear he is a Tyrant in his Nature.

*Ger.* But since he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,  
You shoud not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.

*Qu.* Remove him now into his own Apartment,  
And still continue to impose upon him,  
Till you receive new Orders.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Cleom. with a Truncheon in her Hand, a Sword  
and a Quiver of Arrows by her side, with Semiris.*

*Sem.* Madam, you are sad,

As if you doubted your Success to day.

*Cleo.* There are some Moments wherein I do repent me  
The too rash Banishment of poor *Clementhis*.

How did he take the Letter that I sent ?

*Sem.* As Persons innocent and full of Health  
Receive unlookt for Sentences of Death ;  
He figh'd, and said he wou'd obey your Will :  
And, Madam, had you seen his silent Grief,  
You wou'd have thought him innocent.

*Cleo.* Innocent ! banish that foolish Pity from your Heart,  
That wou'd perfuade thee he is innocent.  
Did I not see him courting of *Olympia* ?  
And can my Eyes deceive me ?

*Sem.* *Olympia*, Madam ! Gods, what do I hear !  
Till now I did not know his Fault of Banishment.

*Cleo.* And was't not cause enough ?

*Sem.* Ah, Madam, what Injustice have you done ?  
Before *Clementhis* came into your Cabinet,  
He entertain'd me for a pretty while  
With the Intentions of your generous Uncle ;  
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia*,  
And that he durst not seem to disesteem it,  
Being your Uncle, and a Man to whom  
He ow'd so much ; but most to hide his Passion :  
And then was coming to consult with you,  
How he should manage this Affair with him.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* And is this Truth thou tell'st me, dear *Semiris* ?

*Sem.* Madam, I do not use t'abuse your Credit.

*Cleo.* Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverse his Doom.

*Sem.* Would I knew whither, Madam.

*Cleo.* Why, is he no longer then in the Camp ?

*Sem.* Ah, Madam, is he no longer in the World ?  
For 'tis impossible to be imagin'd  
He parted hence with any Thought of Life.

*Cleo.* Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

And he that finds him first, is made for ever.

Oh Jealousy, thou Passion most ingrate !

Thy Ills procure more Mischief than thy Hate.

'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,

'Tis pity thou'rt consistent with Love's Flame.

I'll not my Weaknes nor Resentment shew ;

A Heart like mine, should sooner break than bow,

—Come my *Semiris*, we too long have stay'd ;

That Call, till now, was never disobey'd.

[*Trumpet sounds.* Ex.

### SCENE III. Scythian Tents.

*Enter Amintas, drest fine, with Urania.*

*Ura.* Within this Shade till the black Day be past,  
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.

*Amin.* The King has taken Horse, the Fight's begun,  
And I must leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.

*Ura.* Why was I made a Woman ? or being so,  
Why had I not a masculine Courage given me ?  
That side by side I might have shar'd thy Glory,  
Or have expir'd together ?

*Amin.* Thou wilt undo me with this Tenderness,  
Come send me kindly from thee,  
With Joys about my Heart that may preserve it ;  
Here rest till my Return : farewell, my Fair.

*Ura.* And if I never see thee more, farewell—

[*Amin. exit.*]

Here I will lay me down, and never rise,  
Till thou return'lt with Laurel, or with Cypres. [*Sits down.*]

Now I cou'd curse the Fortune of my Prince,  
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,  
To satisfy a Flame will ruin him. [A noise of Fighting.  
—The Fight increases ; Oh ye Gods of Battel,  
In midst of all your Rage preferve my Love.

*Enter Artabazes over the Stage, and goes out.*

*Art.* My Nephew kill'd ! and I dismounted too ! oh  
curst Fate !

*Ura.* This Noife has comfort in't, it sounds like Victory,  
[A hollowing within amongl the noise of Fighting.

*Enter Amintas.*

—Oh Gods ! *Amintas* ! what has Fortune done ?

*Amin.* The undaunted *Scythians* never lost the Field ;

Yet now at first 'twas doubtful  
To which side Fortune would incline her self.  
*Ismenes* kill'd where'er he turn'd his Sword,  
And quite defeated our *Agrippian* Forces ;  
Yet was not satisfy'd, knowing the King  
To be the Price of *Cleomenda*'s Heart,  
But fought him out on all sides,  
Whom 'twas not hard to find ;  
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,  
Distributing a Death to all Oppofers.  
But young *Ismenes* having pierc'd the Squadrons,  
And knowing our great King by feveral Marks,  
Boldly cry'd out,—Defend the Life I claim.  
The King made no Reply, but at that Word  
Prepar'd himself to fight.

*Ura.* Thou kill'ft me, till thou bring'ft him off again.

*Amin.* Disorder'd thus—the *Dacian* took Advantage,  
And charg'd with so much Vigour—we gave Ground ;  
When on that side the single Combat was,  
There appear'd a Body of two thoufand Horſe,  
Led by a Man, whose Looks brought Victory,  
And made the conquering Foe retire again ;  
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,  
With unrefiſh'd Fury he made up,  
And rushing in between them,  
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,  
That struck him from his Horſe.

After

After this Victory *Thersander's* Name  
Did fly from Mouth to Mouth,  
Inspiring every *Scythian* with new Valour :  
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazus*  
To seek his Safety by his Horse's Flight ;

—But here's the King—retire into this Wood. [Ura. Ex.

*Enter King, Thersander, Officers and Soldiers.*

*King.* Let me once more embrace my dear *Thersander*.

*Amin.* The Prince is wounded, Sir,

*King.* He is—but they look lovely on him.

*Ther.* They're too flight Marks to give you of my Duty ;  
Your Majesty has greater need of Care.

*King.* Thou art my best Physician, and thy fight  
Heals all the Wounds I have: come in with me,  
And let me lay thee to my panting Bosome,  
Thou great Preserver of my Crown and Life.

*Ther.* I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exeunt all but Therf. and Amin.*

Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend ;  
For thou art half my self, my dear *Amintas* :  
I have strange News to tell thee since we parted,  
And need thy Counsel in an Affair of Love—  
—Thou know'st my busines to the *Dacian* Court  
Was to have set thee free ; but oh my Friend !

In lieu of that, I've made my self a Captive.

*Amin.* Your Story, Sir, I know, but heard withal,  
The Princefs did repay your grateful Flame.

*Ther.* I thought she did, for so a while she seem'd ;  
And when I thought my self the most secure,  
Being fortify'd with all her new-made Promises,  
My blooming Hopes were blasted e'er full-blown,  
And I receiv'd her Orders for my Banishment,  
Which I as soon obey'd : but by the way,  
I did conceive a thousand Revolutions,  
Sometimes to serve my Princefs—then my Father ;  
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,  
And then again 'twas Love : in this Dispute  
I met the Levies of the *Ijadons*,  
Who were the last of all our Calvary,  
To whom I made me known, and came so luckily,

As

As gain'd the yet-disputed Victory.

*Amin.* 'Twas in an happy Moment.

*Ther.* Thus I comply'd with what I ow'd my Duty.  
But thefe of Love are ffull unfatisfy'd :  
Dare I, why could offend to that degree,  
As to deserve a Banishment from her,  
Approach her uninvited ?

*Amin.* 'Twas dangerous, Sir.

*Ther.* Then 'twere the fitter for my Enterprize :  
—But her Displeasure——oh my *Cleomena* !  
If, for the Punishment of my Disobedience,  
You'd only take away that Life you threaten,  
How willingly I wou'd resign it up,  
Rather than undergo this Separation !

*Amin.* You'll certainly expoze your Life by going :  
What other Reason could she have to banish you,  
But from her Knowledge that you were *Therfander* ?  
And, Sir, you fee her Paffion for *Clementhis*  
Cou'd not o'ercome her Hatred for her Enemy.

*Ther.* No, when I call to mind her cruel Words ;  
If chusing me before fo many Kings,  
I find 'twas to the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,  
She killingly addreſt 'em ; therefore I'll venture on in my  
Defign :  
—Give order that our Horses be made ready,  
Whilſt I excuse our Absence to the King ; our stay will  
not be long :  
Mean time it may be thought we're gone to view the Camp ;  
Interest and Love but rarely do agree,  
Yet I must reconcile 'em both to me.

#### S C E N E IV. *The Dacian Tents.*

*Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Ifm. Women, Attendants.*

*Cleo.* 'Twas strangely lost, and yet I dare affirm,  
The Victory had been ours but for *Therfander*,  
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,  
Made Breaches, and o'erflow'd all that lay near it.

*Ifm.* I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,  
Had his Arrival not prevented me.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* He is brave, without dispute.

*Ther.* And 'tis as certain that he did surprize me. Without permitting time for my Defence, He had not elife so soon dismounted me. But, Madam, I design (if you approve it) To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

*Art.* That Justice I may hope as well as you : He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*, For which I'll be reveng'd.

*Qu.* I cannot but commend that noble Ardor That carries you to those Designs of Glory ; What thinks my Brother of it ?

*Hon.* I like it, if the Victor will accept it.

*Cleo.* And so do I ; And that we may do equal Justice to you all, We'll write *Thersander's* Name, And he who draws that Name shall fight the Combat.

*Hon.* But are you sure he will accept the Offer ?

*Ther.* I dare engage he will.

*Cleo.* I am of your Opinion ; The only brave are never proud of Conquest, I'll write his Name my self.

*Enter Page.*

*Hon.* What Shouts are these ! [A Shout within.]

*Page.* Madam, *Clementis* is arriv'd.

*Qu.* The News is welcome.

*Enter Thers.* kneels, kisses the Queen's Hand ; the same to Cleomena—salutes all.

*Ther.* Madam, the great Necessity which made me leave When I believ'd my self unprofitable, (you, Could not detain me, when I was affur'd My Sword could do you Service.

*Qu.* This Visit recompenses all our Loss, You've made it in a time you may redeem The Opinion your Absence almost forfeited.

*Hon.* Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your Sight Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.

*Ther.* I ought to suffer, Sir, in your Opinion, Till my Excuses may redeem my Credit.

*Cleo.* How great at once, and innocent he seems,

And

And how his Eyes his past Offence redeems !  
Whilst all my Cruelties they seem t' upbraid,  
They pardon too the Faults themselves have made.

*Qu.* I'm satisfy'd, and you are fitly come  
To share a Danger we are now disputing.

*Ther.* 'Tis not the Danger, Madam, can divert me  
From enterprizing ought that is to serve you.

*Art.* Madam, consider who we are,  
And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.

*Ther.* Your Honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice ;  
Would we could find in this Dispute, whate'er it be,  
That were the greatest Difficulty :

— Madam, name your Commands.

*Qu.* We are drawing a Lot  
To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

*Ther.* Hah—*Thersander*, Madam, is a Conqueror.  
*Ifm.* Since you're so nice, we will excuse you, Sir.

*Ther.* What an unlucky accident was this !  
One Moment's longer stay had made me happy, *[Aside.]*  
And render'd up these Rivals to my Power.

*Hon.* Come, Sir, the Lots are ready.

*[They draw Lots. It falls to Therf.]*

*Ther.* My Fears are all compleated— *[Aside.]*  
The Lot is mine.

*Cleo. Clemanthis,* I'm so sensible of the Danger

*[Aside to him.]*

Whereto you must expose your self for me,  
I cannot think with Pleasure on the Victory  
You possibly may gain.

*Therf.* Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conquest ;  
*[Bows to her, and speaks low.]*  
But, Madam, if *Thersander* be as nice *[Turns to the Queen.]*  
As these two Princes are, it will be hard  
To get him to accept a Challenge from me.

*Cleo. Clemanthis'* Deeds has rais'd his Fame too high  
To be esteem'd unworthy of that Justice ;  
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe  
More equal to his Youth and Valour too.

*Ther.* If Fortune bles me with Success to Day,  
I'll owe it to your Causē and not my Sword.

*Qu.*

*Qu.* May'st thou ever be Victor. [They lead him out.  
*Manet* Arta. Ifm.

*Art.* My Art shall fail me then.

*Ifm.* You are displeas'd, Sir.

*Art.* Is that a Wonder?

Who can be tamè, and see an unknown Youth,  
Who brings no Forces but his single Arm,  
Ravish the Hope and Spoil of Victory from us,  
And rival us in Love as well as Glory,  
Whilst both our Claims to *Cleomenda's* Heart  
Must be neglected since we want Succes?

*Ifm.* We could pretend to her no other way.

*Art.* Have you, or I, less Virtue than *Clementhis*?

*Ifm.* Yes, if we envy at his Merits.

*Art.* Pursue your virtuous Road, and in the end  
See whether you or I reach first the Goal.

I'll take Revenge.

[*Art. exit.*]

*Ifm.* I Honour will pursue,

A Path which never led me to Repentance.

— *Clementhis*, if thy Life I basely fought,  
Like him, I'd save the Hazard of my own;  
But as thou'rt brave, so thou shalt bravely fall  
Before *Thersander* rob me of thy Life,  
Or thou the Fortune hast to vanquish him—

And if in this Encounter I expire,

I do but fall a Victim to an hopeless Fire.

[*Exit.*]

[*Scene changes to the Wood, discovers Therf. and Amin.*  
*among the Trees, changing Clothes; after which they*  
*come forth.*

*Ther.* So, now thou dost appear so like *Clementhis*,  
That not a *Dacian* but will be mistaken in thee.

*Amin.* My Lord, I know not how I may appear,  
But I am ignorant how I am to act.

*Ther.* Remain within the Covert of this Wood,  
Until the Sign be given for the Combat,  
And then appear upon the Place appointed,  
Where I will meet and fight with thee;  
But so I'll order all the Blows I give,  
They shall not wound nor hurt thee,  
For still remember I must be the Victor.

*Amin.*

*Amin.* I will endeavour to perform it so,      [Noise.  
That none shall know the Fallacy.

*Ther.* Be gone, I hear a Noise; farewell, dear *Amintas*,  
Remember that you act *Clementhis* well.      [Ex. Ther.

*Enter some Fellows in Clokes.*

1 *Fel.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him  
by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fel.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of one  
single Man; and here's a Place as fit as we could wish;  
shall we set upon him altogether?

1 *Fel.* Ay, ay, Neatnes in this Affair is not requir'd:  
kill him, and *Artabazes* desires no more.

[*The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight, Amintas falls.*

*Enter Ifmene.*

*Ism.* Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my Busines.  
Here we unfeen may end the Difference— [Noise within.  
—Hark—what Noise of fighting's that?  
Perhaps my Aid's requir'd.

*Scene draws open, discovers Amintas lying as dead all  
bloody, Pimante peeping;* *Ism. re-enters.*

*Ism.* It is *Clementhis*, and this barbarous Deed  
Is done by *Artabazes*.      [Exit.

*Enter Pimante.*

*Pim.* Had ever Cavalier such damn'd Luck? I have  
heard it disputed, that this same Danger was to be courted  
by the brave and bold; but I, who took the best Care I  
could whilst the Fight lasted to secure my self by this Re-  
treat, find my self even here surrounded with it; and poor  
*Clementhis*, who, I'll warrant, came too with my Delign,  
has met here what he endeavour'd to shun: Yonder's *If-  
menes* too—well, we are all but Men.

*Ism.* Here's yet some Breath remaining; oh *Pimante*,  
lend thy Assistance.

—*Clementhis*, if thou yet hast so much Sense,  
Inform us how thou cam'st thus wounded?

*Amin.* Know Sir, *Thersander*—Prince of *Scythia*—

[*Faints.*

*Pim.* Alas, he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

*Ism.* The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

*Pim.* Ay, ay, this mighty Prince, fearing to encounter

a

a single Man, has set a dozen to kill him ; Mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody Fight : but, Sir, what shall we do with the Body ?

(lence,

*Im.* If I could command thee any thing if should be Si-Till I have met *Thersander* in his Room. [Ifm. *exit.*

*Pim.* You should command me, tho' I was never good at Secrets.

*Enter Cleomena, Semiris.*

*Cleo.* Let the Coach wait at the Entrance of the Wood ; I find I am a perfect Woman now, And have my Fears, and fits of Cowardice.

*Sem.* Madam, will you not see the Combat then ?

*Cleo.* I dare not, somthing here affiures me *Clementhis* will be conquer'd.

*Pim.* Ha ! the Princes here ? on my Conscience there was never Mischief but a Woman was at one end on't.

*Sem.* How now, *Pimante*, why do you look so scurvily ?

*Pim.* Ah Madam, such a Sight so dismal and bloody !

*Cleo.* What fays he ?

*Pim.* *Clementhis*, Madam——

*Cleo.* *Clementhis* ! Oh what of him !

Why, my prophetick Heart, dost thou betray me ?

*Sem.* For Heaven's sake, Madam, reaffume your Courage.

*Cleo.* Yes—I will hear—the fatal Story—out.

*Pim.* Truth is, Madam, to retire from the Noife and Fury of the Battle, I came into this Wood ; and when I thought all Danger past, I heard even here the Noife of Swords and Fighting ; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almost into the Danger of them.

*Sem.* Leave out the History of your own Fears, and come to the Businefs.

*Pim.* But ah, Madam, unfeen I faw : who did I fee—Ah, who should I fee but *Clementhis*, Madam, Fixt with his Back againſt yon Cyprefs-tree, Defending himself againſt a dozen Murderers. I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker fide, And therefore came not forth to his Affiſtance. Prince *Ifmenes* would have taken his Part, but came too late too ; But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,

And

And he could answer nothing but—*Therfander.*

*Cleo.* Remove me to the Body of my Love—

[They lead her to Amin, who lies wounded; she gashes on him awhile, his Face being all bloody.

—I will not now deplore as Women use,

But call up all my Vengeance to my Aid.

Expect not so much Imbecillity—

From her whose Love nor Courage was made known

Sufficiently to thee. Oh my *Clementhis*!

I wou'd not now survive thee,

Were it not weak and cowardly to die.

And leave thee unreveng'd.

—Be calm my Eyes, and let my Soul supply ye;

A silent broken Heart must be his Sacrifice:

Ev'ry indifferent Sorrow claims our Tears,

Mine do require Blood, and 'tis with that

These must be washt away— [Rises, wipes her Eyes.

Whatever I design to execute,

*Pimante*, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,

Go not about to hinder, but be silent,

Or I will send my Dagger to this Heart.

Remove this Body further into the Wood,

And strip it of those glittering Ornaments,

And let me perfonate this dear dear Prince.

Obey, and dress me strait without reply.

There is not far from hence a *Druid's* Cell,

A Man for Piety and Knowledge famous;

Thither convey the breathles sacred Corps,

Laid gently in my Chariot,

There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.

*Sem.* Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do?

*Cleo.* What shou'd I do but die—ah! do not weep,

But haste to do as I command ye:

Haste, haste, the Time and my Revenge require it.

*Sem.* For Heaven's sake, Madam, for your royal self,

Do not pursue this cruel fatal Enterprize;

Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.

*Cleo.* Away thou feeble thing, that never knew'ſt the

real Joys of Love,

Or ever heard of any Grief like mine;

If

If thou would'st give me Proofs of thy Esteem,  
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge.  
Let me not see so much of Woman in thee  
To shed one Tear, but dres thy Eyes with fiercenes,  
And send me forth to meet my Love, as gay,  
As if intended for my nuptial Day.  
That Soul that sighs in pity of my Fate,  
Shall meet returns of my extremest Hate :  
Pity with my Revenge must find no room ;  
I'll bury all but Rage within thy Tomb.      [Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Flat Wood.*

Enter Cleomena *drest in Clemanthis's Clothes, Semiris bearing the Cap and Feather, Pimante the Sword.*

*Cleo.* COME, my Semiris, you must assist a little,  
—And you Pimante, buckle on my Sword.  
*Pim.* I never parted with a Sword so unwillingly in  
my Life.

*Cleo.* So—How dost thou like me now ?  
Might I not pass, thus habited, for Clemanthis ?  
*Pim.* Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting part.  
*Cleo.* Now go, and do as I have ordered you.  
*Sem.* Ah, Madam, tho I must not wait on you to  
fight,  
I will in Death, 'tis my first Act, and last of Disobedience.

[Weeps.

*Cleo.* Do not disturb me with thy Grief, Semiris :  
Go leave me to my self, and Thoughts of Vengeance :  
And thou, base Traitor-Prince, shalt buy thy Life  
At such a Rate shall ruin thee for ever ;  
And if I fall—as I believe I shall—  
The very Shame to know I am a Woman,  
Shall make thee curse thy Fortune and thy Arms,

If

If thou hast any Sense of Manhood left,  
 After the barbarous Murder thou hast done :  
 But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,  
 This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,  
 Then I shall die with real Satisfaction.  
 The time draws on when I should try my Fate ;  
 Assist me, mighty Love, in my Design,  
 That I may prove no Passion equals mine.

*Sem.* Madam, consider whom you must encounter.

*Cleo.* Consider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis* !

[*Weeps.*]

Oh 'tis a Shame to weep, being thus attir'd ;  
 Let me once more survey my self——  
 And yet I need not borrow Resolution :  
*Clemanthis*, thou art murder'd, that's the Word,  
 'Tis that creates me Man, and valiant too,  
 And all incensed Love can prompt me to.  
 Hark—hark—the joyful Summons to my Death.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Go, leave me to approach it solemnly——  
 Come, my dear Sword, from thee I must expect  
 That Service which my Arm may fail to affect ;  
 And if thou ever didst thy Master love,  
 Be sure each Stroke thou mak'st may mortal prove.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## S C E N E II.

*After a Noise of Trumpets at some distance and fighting, the Scene draws, and discovers Cleomena and Thersander fighting: Lysander. On one side stands the King of Scythia with his Party: On the other, the Queen of Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, and her Party.*

*Ther.* What mak'st thou fight as if indeed thou wert *Clemanthis* ?

But since thou art not him thou represent'st,  
 Whoe'er thou be'st, 'twas indiscreetly done,  
 To draw me from an order might have sav'd thee ;  
 —Who is't that dares assume *Clemanthis*' shape ?

[*They fight.*]

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* Unworthy *Scythian*, whose reported Valour,  
Unjustly was admir'd, cou'dst thou believe the covert of  
the Wood [Cleo falls: he stoops to look on her.  
Cou'd hide thy Treafon—Treas'ron which thou durst own  
too? [A cry of Joy on the Scythian's side.

*Ther.* Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you?  
What have I done that could so far transport you?  
*Cleamanthis*' Boldnes has incur'd your Hate,  
But he has been severely punisht for't;  
And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,  
Receive *Thersander* with his equal Passions,  
But not his equal Crimes.

*Cleo.* Oh Villain, since thou'lt punish'd *Cleamanthis*,  
Punish the unhappy *Cleomena* too,  
And take her Life who came to have taken thine.

*Qu.* 'Tis not *Cleamanthis*, but my *Cleomena*—  
With whom *Thersander* fights—ah cruel Child; [They carry her off.

*Ther.* Oh, whither, whither do you bear my Goddess?  
Return, and here resign your sacred Load,  
That whilst 't has Life it may behold the Sacrifice  
That I will make of this wild wretched Man  
That has so much offended—Disobey'd!  
—My Arms, my Arms, *Lysander* mount me strait,  
And let me force the disobedient Troops;  
Those Coward-Slaves that could behold her bleed,  
And not revenge her on the Murderer:  
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and scatter all;  
Whilst 'midst the Ruins of the World I fall.

[The Scythian Guards carry him off by force.  
*Enter Ismenes with his Sword. They all descend.*  
*Ism.* Still thus defeated and outstript by Fate,  
Revolv'd betimes, but fallied out too late;  
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:  
—Who can resist those mighty Powers combin'd?  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Prison.**Enter Orfames, Geron.*

*Ger.* May I not know what 'tis afflicts you so ?  
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.

*Orf.* Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee ;  
Oh *Geron*, thou hast hitherto so frightened me  
With thoughts of Death, by Stories which thou tell'st  
Of future Punishment i'th' other World,  
That now I find thou'st brought me to endure  
Those Ills from Heaven thou say'st our Sins procure.  
There's not a little God of all the Number  
That does not exercife his Arts on me,  
And practife Power, which by my suffering  
He grows more mighty in—I'll not endure it.

*Ger.* Why not, as well as I ? (Difference  
*Orf.* Thou may'st do what thou wilt ; but there's a  
(As vast as 'twixt the Sun and lesser Lights)  
Between thy Soul and mine ;  
Thou canst contented sit whole Days together,  
And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,  
Till duller Sleep does silence it and thee :  
But I, whose active Soul despise that drowsy God,  
Can ever dare him in his height of Power :  
Then when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,  
Where thou'st so far from Sense, thou'st lost thy Soul ;  
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy  
Possessest me, beyond thy waking Thought——  
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream ;  
I wak'd, and found my self a thing like thee.

*Ger.* What was your Dream ?

*Orf.* Why I will try to tell it thee——  
—Methought I saw the Firmament divide,  
And all the Clouds, like Curtains, draw aside ;  
The Sun in all his Glories, ne'er put on  
So bright a Ray, nor Heaven with more Lustre shon !  
The Face of Heaven too bright for mortal Eye  
Appear'd, and none durst gaze upon't but I ;  
In *Jove's* illustrious Throne I only sat,  
Whilst all the lesser Gods did round me wait ;

My

My Habit, such as cannot be exprest ;  
*Iris* in all her various Colours drest,  
The Morning-Sun, nor Sun-declining Sky,  
Was half so beautiful, so gay, as I.  
The brightest Stars in all Heaven's Canopy  
Were chosen out to make a Crown for me ;  
With which methought they glorify'd my Brow,  
And in my Hand they plac'd the Thunder too ;  
The World was mine, and thoufands such as thou,  
Still as I mov'd, low to the Earth did bow ;  
Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,  
They strove, and were as numerous as they :  
Thither I soon descended in a Cloud ;  
Almighty Woman at my Feet did bow,  
Adorn'd with Beauties more than Heaven can shew :  
But one among the rest (for there were store)  
Whilst all did me, I did that one adore ;  
She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes  
Did all my Power and Thunder too despise ;  
Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law ;  
And when the frown'd, she kept my Soul in awe.  
Oh, *Geron*, while I strive to tell the rest,  
I feel so strange a Passion in my Breast,  
That tho I only do relate a Dream,  
My Torments here would make it real seem.

*Ger.* 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream. [Aside.]  
—Pray do not form Ideas in your Fancy,  
And suffer them to discompose your Thoughts.

*Orf.* In spite of your Philosophy, they make  
A strange Impression on me.

*Ger.* That's perfect Madness, Sir.

*Orf.* *Geron*, I will no longer be impos'd upon,  
But follow all the Dictates of my Reason.  
—Come tell me, for thou hast not done so yet,  
How Nature made us ; by what strange Devices.  
Tell me where it was you lighted on me first ;  
And how I came into thy dull Possession.  
Thou say'st we are not born immortal,

And

And I remember thou wert still as now,  
 When I could hardly call upon thy Name,  
 But as thou wouldest instruct my liping Tongue ;  
 And when I ask'd thee who instructed thee,  
 Thoud'st figh, and say a Man out-worn by Age,  
 And now laid in the Earth—but tell me, *Geron*,  
 When time has wasted thee, for thou'rt decaying,  
 Where shall I find some new-made Work of Nature,  
 To teach those Precepts to, I've learnt of thee ?  
 —Why art thou silent now ?

*Ger.* You ought not, Sir, to pry into the hidden Secrets  
 of the Gods.

*Orf.* Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods—  
 What is't thou studiest for, more new Devices ?  
 Out with 'em—this Sullenness betrays thee ;  
 And I have been too long impos'd upon.  
 I find my self enlightned on a sudden,  
 And ev'ry thing I see instructs my Reason ;  
 'T has been enslav'd by thee—come, out without it.

*Ger.* I dare not, Sir.

*Orf.* Who is't thou fear'st ?

*Ger.* The Anger of the Gods,  
 Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,  
 Till they themselves unfold 'em in their Oracles.

*Orf.* What are those Oracles ?

*Ger.* Heavenly Voices, Sir, that expound what's writ  
 In the Eternal Book of Destiny.

*Orf.* I'll know what's written in that eternal Book,  
 Or let thee know what contains of thee.

*Ger.* What will you do ?

*Orf.* Throw thee into the Sea ; by *Jupiter*, I will.

[*Offers to take him up.*]

*Ger.* Stay, *Orfames*—

—'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomena*,  
 But yet the Time is hardly ripe for the Design. [Aside.]

*Orf.* Begin your Story—or by Heaven—

*Ger.* I shall—When you consider who I am,  
 With how much Care and Toil I've brought you up ;  
 How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,  
 And in my Bosom lull'd you to your rest ;

How

How when you wept, my Tears kept time with yours,  
And how your Smiles would dry again those Showers ;  
You will believe 'tis my Concern for you,  
And not your Threats, makes me declare a Truth.

*Orf.* Forward, my dearest *Ceron*,  
Whilst I as silent as a healthy Sleep,  
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,  
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breath'ft.

*Ger.* Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,  
And there I'll tell you Wonders to enue ;  
But first, great Sir, your Pardon for the past. [Kneels.]

*Orf.* I give it thee—Gods, this is fine indeed !  
Thy Language and thy Mein are altered.  
Oh how my Soul's inlarg'd already ! go, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E I V. *The Scythian Tents.*

*Enter* Therfander, Lyfander.

*Ther.* Leave me, I will be calm,  
For this same change of *Cleomend's* Habit  
Has but increas'd my Love—and all my softnes—  
'Twas in that Habit that I left *Amintas*.  
Gods ! has he betray'd me then ?  
No, I must not have so mean a Thought of him ;  
'Tis certain that she knows I am *Thersander*—  
But if the bold *Clementhis* be *Thersander*,  
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena* ;  
Yet still it is that *Clementhis* that ador'd her,  
And whom she once made happy with her Love.  
But I have wounded her, and here remain.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

The Marks of my Dishonour in her Blood.  
Oh cruel Instrument of my shameful Crime !  
Must the first Service thou hast render'd me,  
Prove to my Soul so fatal ? That Sword I left *Amintas*,  
Wou'd have deny'd Obedience to this Hand,  
This sacrilegious Hand drew it against her.

*Enter King.*

*King.* How now *Therfander*, what still melancholy?  
Upon the first Appearance of your Sadness,  
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman ;  
But now I fear that could not be the Cause,  
Unles 'twere fortify'd by stronger Passions——  
'Tis not impossible, but when you saw  
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combat,  
They might disarm your Rage, and teach you Love.  
If this be all, I'll offer Peace in such a time  
As they're not able to make War against us,  
And with it Propositions of a Marriage.

*Ther.* Happy Mistake ! Great Sir,  
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*  
Have given me Wounds which nothing else can cure ;  
And in that Moment when I would have kill'd her,  
They staid my guilty Hand, and overcame  
The shameful Conqueror——  
I'll say no more, nor give Laws to your Bounty ;  
But if your Majesty approve my Flame,  
I shall receive her as the greatest Blessing  
Heaven can bestow upon me.

*King.* I'm glad to find my Son of my Opinion ;  
For I have already propos'd it to 'em,  
Which I believe they will with Joy embrace.

*Ther.* All but the lovely Princefs, whose Aversion  
Is still so great against our Family,  
That I despair she ever will be drawn to't.

*King.* They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces  
To make fresh War upon us ; they're at our Mercy now,  
And as an Honour will embrace the Alliance.

*Ther.* Pray Heaven they may.

*King.* If they refuse, I will recall my Mercy,  
And make them dearly buy their Scorn ;  
Come, we expect our Herald from their Tents. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Queen, Cleomena in a Night-Gown, Semiris. A Table with Pen and Ink.*

*Cleo.* Madam, I confess my self unworthy of your Tenderness.

*Queen.* Ah, Cleomena! you value my Repose at too cheap a Rate,  
When you expose a Life so dear to me  
To so much Danger, as to fight *Thersander*.

*Cleo.* I am not the first Person of my Sex  
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy;  
Do you not say he is my Father's Murderer?  
And does he not deprive me of that Crown,  
You say the Gods have destin'd me to wear?

*Queen.* 'Tis true, he's Son to him that kill'd thy Father;  
But bating that, he has committed nothing  
But what wou'd rather cause esteem than hate.

*Cleo.* Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to say  
My Sentiments cannot correspond with yours.

*Queen.* What think you of a Husband in this Prince?

*Cleo.* How, Madam, marry *Thersander*!

*Queen.* The King has generously offer'd it;  
My Council do approve it, and the Army  
Cannot contain their Joy for the blest News.

*Cleo.* Gods! let the Council and the Army perish,  
E'er I lose one single Moment of my Satisfaction;  
Is this the Hate which with my Milk you made me suck  
For all that Race? is this th' Effect of my fierce Education?

*Queen.* All things must be prefer'd to th' Publick Good,  
When join'd with my Commands.

*Cleo.* What you Command, I dare not disobey:  
But, Madam, I beseech you do not claim  
That cruel Duty here.

*Queen.* You'll find it fit to change that peevish Humour,  
And I will leave you to consider of it. [Exit.

*Cleo.* Gods! marry me, marry me to *Thersander*!  
No, not whilst this—remains in my Possession;

—I must confess it is a generous Offer; [Pulls out a Dagger.  
G 2 How

How came it in their Souls?

*Sem.* Madam, perhaps Love has inspir'd it.

*Cleo.* Hah, Love—that Miracle may be;  
When I reflect upon the Prince's words,  
When he had vanquish'd me—I do not doubt it;  
Then he confess'd he had a Passion for me;

I wonder at the sudden Birth of it—

*Sem.* Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.

*Cleo.* Oh my dear Eyes, how shall I love ye now,  
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do?  
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye Charms,  
Only to help the weaknes of my Arms:  
And when my Woman's Courage feeble grew,  
My Heart did kindly fend its Aids to you.  
And thou, *Therander*, surely canst not blame  
My Cruelty, who do allow thy Flame:  
Love on, love on; and if thou dost despise  
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.

*She sits down, and writes. Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Madam, there is without an Officer  
Who bad me tell your Highnes that he waits.

*Cleo.* Admit him—and Page, give you this Letter to  
the Queen.

*Sem.* Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

*Enter Vallentio.*

*Cleo.* *Vallentio*, I believe thee brave and honest.

*Val.* Madam, the last I dare affirm.

*Cleo.* Tell me, *Vallentio*, didst thou ever love?

*Val.* Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave  
Enemy.

*Cleo.* But didst thou never feel a foster Passion?

*Val.* Madam, I own, tho with a Blush I do so,  
I've felt the Power of two fair Eyes;  
And I have Wounds that yet would bleed afresh,  
Should but the cruel Murderefs appear.

*Cleo.* Then thou art fit to hear a Secret from me;

—But first, *Vallentio*, tell me who I am.

*Vall.* My Princefs, Madam, and my General;  
And one, who from your Power of Beauty holds  
No lefs Dominion o'er th' adoring World,  
Than from the Greatnes you were born to.

+

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* And you're contented I should be your Queen?

*Val.* Madam, I am—*Pimaris* has been prating.

*[Aside.]*

*Cleo.* The Army too are of your mind.

*Val.* I cannot answer for the Army, Madam.

*Cleo.* But—what think you of *Ursames*?

*Val.* Madam, I think he merits to be King  
In any other World but where you reign.

*Cleo.* And what if I would have him King of this?

*Val.* Why then he shall be King, if you would have  
it so.

*Cleo.* Yes, I would have it, by my self I would ;  
This is the time to let the Monarch know

The Glories he was born to ;

Nor can I die in Peace till he be crown'd. *[Aside.]*

I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince,  
A Prince they long in silence have bemoan'd,  
Which every slight occasion breaks out loud,  
And soon will raise them up to a Rebellion,  
The common People's God on Holy-days.

—And this, *Vallentio*, I have often observ'd ;  
And 'tis an Act too humble for my Soul,  
To court my self into security.

*Sem.* Madam, the Gods do disapprove his Reign,  
Which they not only say shall be but short,  
But Bloody and Tyrannick.

*Cleo.* I will expound that Oracle,  
Which Priests unriddling make more intricate :  
They said that he should reign, and so he did,  
Which lasted not above a pair of Hours.  
But I my self will be his Oracle now,  
And speak his kinder Fate,  
And I will have no other Priest but thee, *[To Vallentio.]*  
Who shall unfold the Mystery in plain terms.

*Val.* Madam, the City and the Army are, by this Defeat,  
Enough inclin'd to hear that Reason.

*Cleo.* *Geron* already has Instructions what to do,  
And you need none, wanting no Resolution.

*Val.* If I miscarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd,  
Never to look my Foe i'th' Face again.

*Cleo.* Haste, and be prosperous—

G 3

*[Exit. Val.*

*Semiris,*

*Semiris*, are those Garments ready I spoke for ?

*Sem.* Madam, they're here—but now what will you do?

*Cleo.* Now, I will die—and now thou know'st my Will.

*Sem.* Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know,  
Denying me t' attend you where you go,  
With such a Guide I cannot err.

*Cleo.* Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far  
In passing ; tho I mis the Aids of Day,  
Yet my *Clemantis* lights me on my way.

Why dost thou weep ? indeed thou art unkind.

*Sem.* I weep because you'd leave me here behind ;  
Doubting my Love, I beg you wou'd permit  
That I might give you the last proof of it.  
I in your last adventure was too slow,

And will not be deny'd my Duty now.

*Cleo.* Thou shou'st a Soul so generous and free,  
That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me ;  
Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need ;  
To ease our Griefs, we must not weep but bleed. [Exeunt.

Enter Vallentio *passing over the Stage* is met by a

*Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Well, Colonel, have you delivered our Grievances to the Queen ?

*Val.* Yes, I have.

1 *Cit.* Well, and what Success ? shall we have a King ?

*Val.* And why a King ? why should you be thus earnest for a King ? what good will a King do you ? he's but a single Man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead Members, no, nor levy new ones.

1 *Cit.* That's all one Colonel, we will have a King : for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one. Hah Neighbours ! a substantial Reason.

*All.* Ay, ay, a King, a King.

*Val.* I like your Resolution, but not your Reason ; and must have a better than that.

1 *Cit.* 'Sha, Sir, we can give you many, that's sufficient ; as look you, Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King

King

King—a thing—a thing—we have not been acquainted with in our Age: besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some body, and must vent it somewhere. You know, Colonel, we have busy Heads, working Brains, which must be executed; therefore what say you, are we to have leave to shut up Shop, and go to work with long Staff and Bilbo, or are we to be very mutinous, and do it in spite of you?

*Val.* You shall not need: go, shut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Citadel; but be sure you are well arm'd, lest the Queen's Guards prevent you.

*Cit.* I warrant you for honest true Hearts enough at any mischief, tho' not to go against the *Scythians*; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars.

*Val.* Make haste, and then I'll shew you my Orders for the King's deliverance.

*Cit.* Oh incomparable Colonel! we will raise thy Statue in Bras in the Market-place, and worship it when we have done—but harkye, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

*Val.* None to those that oppose you.

*All.* No, no, none, none.

*Cit.* Oh how this will please ye all, my Mates—

[*Citizens go out.*

*Enter Pimante.*

*Pim.* Oh Colonel, the Princefs, Colonel.

*Val.* Well, Sir.

*Pim.* She's fled away, and none knows whither.

*Val.* I left her in her Tent just now.

*Pim.* Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, she's gone just as she shou'd have been married too—there's the Devil on't! Oh the Days we shou'd have seen! the dancing, loving Days!

*Val.* Gone alone?

*Pim.* No, no, that dissembling thing *Semiris* is with her; she only left a Letter for the Queen, which she has sent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Mufick.

[*Goes out crying.*

*Val.* This is strange—if she be gone, 'tis time the King were free—I'll haste to meet the Rabble, that it may not

look like an act of my own.

[Exit.

**S C E N E,** Therfander's Tent : *He enters with a Letter in his Hand open—with Attendants.*

*Ther.* Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again, And here imprest thy Cruelty, and see what that will do To set me free.

*Ther.* reads the Letter—

*Finding it impossible to obey your unkind Commands,*  
*I am fled, and do resolve never to marry that*  
*Barbarian, whose Crimes are only known to me; no,*  
*nor any other that cannot bring me his Head; where-*  
*to I follicite Artabazes, and Ifmenes, if they will*  
*obey*

*Cleomena.*

If I consult my Reason, and my Courage,  
 They say I should not love this cruel Maid.  
 But oh my Reason, you're too weak to counsel ;  
 I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,  
 Since 'tis my Life she asks, and here demands it.  
 But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,  
 For I my self can more devoutly serve you.  
 'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,  
 Whose Flames are found so criminal.—

*Enter Lysander.*

*Lys.* Sir, there's without a Youth that desires admittance.

*Ther.* From whom comes he?

*Lys.* He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,  
 Which he'll deliver only to your Highness.

*Ther.* Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas*.

*Enter Cleomena* *drest like a Country-Shepherd, comes bow-*  
*ing to him, gives him a Note.*

*Ther.* reads to himself—

*Guard thee well, Therfander; for thou shalt die by*  
*the Hand that brings thee this.*

*[She stabs him; he falls into Lysander's Arms.*

*Cleo.* Here's to thee, dear *Clementhis*—

*Lys.* Help, Treason, help—

*Ther.*

*Ther.* Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee so much cruelty?  
And why that Language with that angry Blow?  
*Cleo.* Behold this Face, and then inform thy self.  
[*Discovers her self.*  
*Ther.* 'Tis Cleomena! oh ye Gods, I thank ye!  
It is her Hand that wounds me,  
And I'll receive my Death with perfect Joy,  
If I may be permitted but to kiss  
That blessed Hand that sent it.

*Enter King and Guards.*

*King.* *Thersander* murder'd! oh inhumane Deed!  
Drag the Traitor to a Dungeon, till we have  
Invented unheard of Tortures to destroy him by—  
[*The Guards seize Cleo, and Sem, who were just entering.*  
My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Thersander*;  
Oh fatal Day, wherein one fatal Stroke  
Has laid the Hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb!  
[*The Guards go to carry Cleo, and Sem.*

*Ther. calls 'em back.*

*Ther.* Oh stay, and do not bear so rudely off  
Treasures you cannot value.  
—Sir,—do not treat her as my Murderer,  
But as my Sovereign Deity—  
Instead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;  
And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,  
With all the Triumphs of a Conqueror.  
For me, no other Glory I desire,  
Than at her Feet thus willingly to expire.

[*Goes to throw himself at her Feet, they prevent it, and go off.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Council-Table: the King of Scythia seated on a Throne, Officers, Attendants, and Guards.*

*King.* Bring the fair Prisoner forth, and let's examine  
What Reasons could inspire her with this Cru-  
elty;

—How beautiful she is! [Gazes on her.]  
*Enter Cleomena in Fetters, Lysander, with Guards.*

*Cleo.* Thy Silence seems to license me to speak,  
And tell thee, King, that now our Faults are equal;  
My Father thou haft kill'd, and I thy Son;  
This will suffice to tell thee who I am.

—Now take my Life, since I have taken his,  
And thou shalt see I neither will implore  
Thy needless Clemency by any Word or Sign:  
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,  
Suffer me not to languish any longer

Under these shameful Irons. [With scorn.]

*King.* Cruel as Fair, 'tis with too much injustice  
Thou lay'st our Crimes are equal:  
For thou haft kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;  
And I depriv'd thy Father of his Life,  
When he assaulted mine in open Field,  
And so, as cannot leave a stain on thee,  
Or give thee Cause to say I've done thee wrong.  
But if I had, wherefore (oh cruel Maid)  
Didst thou not spare that Heart that dy'd for thee,  
And bend thy Rage against thy Father's Foe?  
But thou well know'st, in killing of *Therfander*,  
The Father's Life would quickly follow after.

*Cleo.* I will not seek excuses for my actions,  
But I protest to thee before the Gods,  
It was not to revenge my self on thee  
I kill'd thy Son;  
But what he suffered was for his own Sin,

For

For he has banish'd from me all on Earth  
That could compleat my Happiness— [Weeps.  
—And now dispose my Destiny as you please,  
Only remember that I am a Woman.

*King.* What thou hast said will find but little credit ;  
—But yet if *Thersander* lives,  
And if it please the Gods to spare that Life,  
I shall have Generosity enough  
To set thee free in favour of thy Sex,  
And my *Thersander's* Love.

*Cleo.* Not dead ! why should the Gods protect him ?  
*King.* Her Soul's possest with some despair.  
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his Life,  
He will obey, and die as you desire— [Weeps.  
But not with Satisfaction, till he see you  
Conducted into *Dacia*.

I should not of my self have been so generous,  
T' have given you freedom with the Life of him  
Who did deserve a kinder Destiny ;  
But 'tis his Will,—and possible his last.  
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp  
Whene'er you please ; only this favour grant,  
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)  
You'll suffer him to take his last farewell.

*Cleo.* Immortal Gods ! how can it be ? a Man  
Whose Wickedness arm'd me against his Life,  
Shou'd shew such a Virtue in the rest of 's Actions !

—Sir, I will see the Prince,  
Not as the Price of what you offer'd me,  
But that he may confess he did deserve  
A Death less glorious than I have given him :  
And I shall take it well if he will own  
That which may justify my Offence to you.

*King.* Madam, I thank you—  
—Dismiss her Fetters, and if she please,  
Let her have Garments suitable to her Sex,  
Only the Guards attend her at a distance. [Go out severally.

SCENE II. *The Grove.*

*Enter Amintas, drest like a Shepherd, Urania like a Shepherdess, the Druid, Lyces, and other dancing Swains, &c.*

*Druid.* Sir, I'm afraid you have made too bold a venture :  
And tho' your Wounds were more numerous than danger,

I am not willing you should trust 'em to the Air. (rous,

*Amin.* Father, your Skill has wrought a perfect Cure,

For which, the Life you fav'd you shall command.

*Ura.* Me too h' has freed of all my jealous Fears,

By this eternal Knot 'twixt thee and me

Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo.

—Father—*to you I owe Amintas' Liberty—*

*To you his Life ; and now for all my Joys,*

*Which if my future Service can repay,*

*Command with Freedom her you have preserv'd.*

*Amin.* Come, dear *Urania*, let's hasten to the Camp ;  
For I impatient grow to see my Prince ;

Heaven knows what my Mishap may have procur'd him.

*Ura.* How loth I am to leave these pretty Shades,

The Gods and Nature have design'd for Love :

Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I seem,

And thou some humble Villager, hard by,

That knew no other pleasure than to love,

To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,

To which the Nymphs should listen all the Day ;

We'd taste the Waters of these Crystal Springs,

With more delight than all delicious Wines ;

And being weary, on a Bed of Mofs,

Having no other Canopy but Trees,

We'd lay us down, and tell a thousand Stories.

*Amin.* For ever so I'd be content to dwell,

I wou'd put off all frightful Marks of War,

And wou'd appear as soft and calm to thee,

As are thy Eyes when silently they wound.

An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,

And more esteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,

Than the victorious Laurel.

—But come, Love makes us idle.

*Druid.*

*Druid.* My Prayers ever go along with you,  
And your fair Bride, *Urania*.—I cou'd wish  
My Youth and Vigour were as heretofore,  
When only Courts and Camps cou'd make me happy ;  
And then I wou'd not bid farewell so soon  
To so much Virtue as I've found in you.

*Amin.* I humbly thank you, Father, for a Goodness  
That shames my poor Returns.  
Come pretty *Lyces*, and thou honest *Damon*,  
With all the rest of our kind Train ;  
Let's hasten to the Camp, during this Truce,  
Your little ruflick Sports will find a welcome.

*Ura.* There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.

*Amin.* No matter, thou canst not hate a Soldier,  
Since I am one ; and you must be obedient,  
And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now,  
It is the Duty of a *Scythian's* Wife.

*Ura.* She that can claim *Amintas* by such Ties,  
May find a Safety wheresoe'er she flies. [Exeunt

### S C E N E III. *A Prison.*

*Enter* Orfames joyful, and Geron.

*Orf.* Am I indeed a King ?  
And is there such a thing as fair *Olympia* ?  
Hadst thou not been the first had told me this,  
By Heaven thou'dst dy'd for thus concealing it ;  
Not all the Obligations of my Youth  
Should have preferv'd thee.

*Ger.* Till now I wanted Opportunity ;  
For had you known your Quality before,  
You wou'd have grown impatient of the Crown,  
And by that Haste have overthrown your Interest.

*Orf.* And canst thou now provide against my Ignorance ?

*Ger.* Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our side.

*Orf.* What's that ?

*Ger.* Those Numbers that I told you should adore you

*Orf.* When shall I see them, *Geron* ?

*Ger.* E'er long, Sir ; should your Deliverance

Be wrought by any other Means than theirs,  
It were to snatch a Glory from their Hands,  
Which they design their only Recompence.

*Orf.* Oh how I am transported with the Joy !  
But *Geron*, art thou sure we do not dream ?

*Ger.* Then Life it self's a Dream—  
—Hark, I hear the noise—

*Within.*] Kill the Dog—down with him,

*Orf.* Oh how I'm ravish'd with this unknown Noise.

*Within.*] Break down the Prison-Walls and Gates, and  
force your Paſſage—

*Enter Vallentio, follow'd by a Rabble of Citizens and  
Officers, dragging in the Keeper all bloody.*

*Val.* No killing to day, my Fellow-Soldiers, if you  
can help it; we will not stain our Triumphs in Blood—

[They all stand and gaze. *Orf.* gazes on them.  
Ye Gods, instruct me where to bow my Knee—  
But this alone must be the Deity—

[Kneels, *Orf.* lets him kneel, and gazes on him.

*1 Cit.* Is that the King, Neighbour, in such mean  
Clothes ?

*Gorel.* Yes, Goodman Fool, why should the Colonel  
kneel else ?

*2 Cit.* Oh pray Neighbour let me fee a little, I never  
saw a King in all the days of my Life. Lord, Lord !  
is that he the Colonel kneels to ?

*Gorel.* What Questions this ignorant Fellow asks !

*3 Cit.* Good lack-a-day, 'tis as a Man may say—'tis  
juſt ſuch another Body as one of us, only he looks a lit-  
tle more terribly.

*Ger.* Sir, why do you let him kneel ?

*Orf.* Rife, and let me look upon thee.

*Val.* Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,  
That long has waited for this great Support ;  
It ought to have been preſented in a more glorious order,  
But Time and your Affairs permit not that.

A thouſand Dangers wait upon Delay ;  
But tho the World be yours, it is not ſafe  
Depending on a fickle Multitude,  
Whom Interest, and not Reaſon renders juſt.

*Orf.*

*Orf.* Thou art a wondrous Man,  
*i Cit.* Good *Gorel*, stand back, and let me see a little ;  
my Wife loves Newalties abominationly, and I must tell  
her somethong about the King.

*Gorel.* What a Pox have we to do with your Wife ?  
stand back.

*Val.* Now deign, great Sir, to arm your Hand with  
this— [Gives *Orf.* a Sword, he gazes on it.  
Nay, view it well, for tho it be but homely,  
It carries that about it can make the Wearer proud ;  
—an Edge—pray feel it, Sir, —'t has dealt  
Many a mortal Wound—  
See how it dares the Sun for Brightnes, Sir !  
Or if there be a Stain, it is an Ornament,  
Dy'd in the Blood of those that were your Enemies :  
It never made a Blow or Thrust in vain.  
—How do you like it, Sir ?

*Orf.* So well, I know not whether this or thee  
Be most agreeable to me ;  
You need not teach me how I am to use it,  
That I will leave for those that dare offend me.  
Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious Object ?  
There's nothing but my bright *Olympia*'s Eyes  
That can out-glitter this.

*i Cit.* Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely ?

*Val.* Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a  
Throne ;  
For now's the time to make the World your own.  
*All shouting*—Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [Exeunt.

#### S C E N E IV. A Tent.

*Enter Cleomena and Semiris, dress as Women again.*

*Sem.* Dear Madam, I cou'd wish you wou'd sleep a  
while.

*Cleo.* That Peace I have not been acquainted with  
Since my *Clementhis*' Death ;  
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and still,  
And I perhaps may thus expire in silence—  
—Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and sing to't,

Whilst

160      *The YOUNG KING;*

Whilst I will try to sleep.    [*Lies down on a Couch, Sem. plays and sings.*]

S O N G, made by *J. Wright Esq;*

*Fair Nymph, remember all your Scorn  
Will be by Time repaid ;  
Those Glories which that Face adorn,  
And flourish as the rising Morn,  
Must one day set and fade.  
Then all your cold Disdain for me  
Will but increase Deformity,  
When still the kind will lovely be.  
Compassion is of lasting Praife ;  
For that's the Beauty ne'er decays.*

*Fair Nymph, avoid those Storms of Fate  
Are to the Cruel due ;  
The Powers above, tho ne'er so late,  
Can be, when they revenge your Hate,  
As pitifuls as you.  
Know, charming Maid, the Powers divine  
Did never such soft Eyes design  
To wound a Heart so true as mine :  
That God who my dear Flame infus'd,  
Will never see it thus abus'd.*

Return, my dear *Clementhis*, oh return,

[*Cleo. rises as in a Dream.*]

And see 'tis not into thy lovely Bosom  
That I have sent my Vengeance.

*Sem.* What mean you, Madam !

*Cleo.* But thou, poor Ghost——

Instead of hasting me to my Revenge,  
Endeavour'st to touch me with Compassion.

*Sem.* Madam, who is't you follow thus and speak to ?

*Cleo.* *Thersander*, why do'st rob me of that Face ?

Is't to disarm me of my Indignation ?

*Sem.* Oh, Madam, what do you do ?

*Cleo.* Ha ! do'st thou see nothing ?

*Sem.*

*Sem.* Not any thing.

*Cleo.* Yonder's the *Scythian* with *Clementhis*' Face,  
Or else *Clementhis* with *Thersander's* Wound.

*Sem.* Compose your Thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a  
Dream,

An idle Dream, born from a troubled Fancy.

—How was it, Madam?

*Cleo.* Methought I saw *Clementhis*,  
As when he was most charming to my Soul,  
But pale and languishing, having a Wound  
Like that I gave his Murderer  
To which with one of's Hands he seem'd to point ;  
The other stretching out with passionate Actions,  
And gazing on me,—thus methought he spoke :  
—See how you recompense my faithful Sufferings,  
—See the performance of your Promises ;  
Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,  
That Heart that still ador'd you :  
And yet you're not content with all these Cruelties,  
Tho even in your Anger and my Death,  
I still continue faithful and submissive.  
—Thus spoke the lovely Phantom.

*Enter* Pimante.

*Pim.* Madam, there waits without a Servant to the  
Prince.

*Cleo.* He may come in.

*Enter* Lysander.

*Lyf.* Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know  
How willingly he does obey your Will,  
And dying still implores you wou'd believe  
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,  
For which presumption he deserves to die ;  
—But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes :  
That was too weak to exercise your Will,  
Your Cruelty had power alone to kill ;  
And now from you one Visit he implores,  
And after that he'll trouble you no more.

[*Weeps.*]

*Cleo.* That I will grant to satisfy the King.

*Lyf.* When he is dead—  
He'll send the Spirit of *Clementhis* to you,

Who

Who shall upbraid you with your Cruelty,  
And let you see, in wounding of *Thersander*,  
You've found the readiest way to kill *Clementhis*.

*Cleo.* What means he by thefe Words?

*Lyf.* He humbly begs you'l pardon the rough treatment  
You've had among the *Scythians*,  
Whose Crown, he says, *Clementhis* promis'd you,  
And he intreats you would accept it from him.

*Cleo.* To fend the Spirit of *Clementhis* to me——  
How this agrees with my sad Dream!

How did thy Master know——

*Clementhis* promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*?

[*Advances towards Lyf. and she starts.*  
—Sure I have seen that Face before——

—Art not *Lyfander*, Page to *Clementhis*?

*Lyf.* Madam, I am, and ever serv'd that Master.

*Cleo.* How couldst thou then come near his Enemy?

*Lyf.* Madam, it was by his Command I came.

*Cleo.* How could *Clementhis* love his Murderer?  
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit  
Came while I slept, and pleaded for the Prince.

*Lyf.* What means the Princefs?

*Enter Pimante.*

*Pim.* Oh Madam, I have News to tell you that will  
make you forswear ever fighting again.

*Cleo.* What mean you?

*Pim.* As I was passing thro a Street of Tents,  
I saw a wounded Man stretcht on the ground;  
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,  
I heard him say to thofe that strove to help him,  
Alas, my Friends, your Succours are in vain;  
For now I fee the Gods will be reveng'd  
For brave *Clementhis*' Murder.

How! cry'd I out, are you then one of thofe  
*Thersander* fent to kill that Cavalier?

*Thersander*, cry'd he, had no hand in it;  
But *Artabazes* fent us on to kill him.

Here he began to faulter in his Speech;  
And sure he spoke the truth, for 'twas his last.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* This looks like Truth. *Thersander's* every Action  
Declar'd too much of Virtue and of Honour,  
To be the Author of so black a Deed.

—Tell him, I'll visit him, and beg his pardon.

[*To Lysander who bows and goes out.*  
—Generous *Thersander*, if this News be true,  
My Eyes shall spare some drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to *Thersander's Tent*, *he in a Night-gown sitting on a Couch*; by him the King, Officers, Attendants. Enter *Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lysander*; the King rises to meet *Cleo*, and seats her in a Chair by him.

*Cleo.* *Thersander*, I am come to beg thy pardon,  
If thou art innocent, as I must believe thee,  
And here before the King to make Confession  
Of what I did refuse the Queen my Mother.  
—Know then, I lov'd, and with a perfect Passion,  
The most unfortunate of Men, *Clementhis*.  
His Birth I never knew, but do believe  
It was illustrious, as were all his Actions;  
But I have lost him by a fatal accident,  
That very day he shou'd have fought with you. [*Weeps.*

*Ther.* Gods! where will this end? [*Aside.*

*Cleo.* But e'er the fatal moment of his Death,  
*Ismenes* beg'd to know who did the Murder:  
But he could answ're nothing but *Thersander*,  
And we believ'd it you.  
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Soldier;  
—You know the rest—  
And doubtless you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.

*Ther.* No, I shall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*,  
If she still love *Clementhis*. [*He kneels before her.*

*Cleo.* There needs no more to make me know that  
Voice.  
Oh stay, this Joy too suddenly surprizes—  
—Gently distil the Bliss into my Soul, [*Ready to swoon.*

*Left*

Lest this Excess have the effects of Grief :

—Oh, my *Clementhis* ! do I hold thee fast ?

And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia* ?

*King.* I lose my Reason by this strange encounter !

*Ther.* Was't then a secret to my *Cleomena*,  
That her *Clementhis* was the Prince of *Scythia* ?

I still believ'd that was his only Crime.

*Cleo.* By all my Joys I knew it not—but sure  
This is Enchantment ; for it is as certain

These Eyes beheld thee dead.

*Pim.* Ay, and so did I, I'll be sworn.

*Ther.* That must be poor *Amintas* in my Dress,  
Whose Story when you know, you will bemoan.

*Cleo.* But oh my Life ! the cruel Wound I gave thee,  
Let me be well assur'd it is not mortal,  
Or I am lost again.

*King.* The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere con-  
venient  
You should forbid him to not to speak too much—

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy  
Is rallying afresh, for the Plain is cover'd  
With numerous Troops, which swiftly make this way.

*King.* They dare not break the Truce.

*Sold.* I know not, Sir, but something of a King I  
heard them talk of—

*Cleo.* It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word—  
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies ;  
It is my Brother who ne'er knew till now  
Ought of a peopled World.

*King.* I long to see that Monarch, whose Friendship I  
must court for you, fair Princes :  
If you'll accept *Therfander* whom I offer'd,  
I do not doubt an happy Peace on both fides.

*Cleo.* Sir, 'tis an Honour which we ought to sue for.

*Ther.* And 'tis to me a Blessing—  
I wanted Confidence to ask of Heaven.

*Enter* *Orf.* *Val.* *Hon.* *Art.* *Ism.* *Soldiers*, &c. *Orf.*  
*dress* *gay* *with* *a* *Truncheon* *in* *his* *Hand*, *advances*  
*first*, *is* *met* *by* *the* *King*, *who* *gaze* *on* *each* *other*.

*Orf.* If thou be'st he that art *Orfames*' Enemy,  
I do demand a Sister at thy Hands.      *King.*

*King.* Art thou *Orfanes*?

*Orf.* So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me :

—Look on me well—

Dost see no marks of Grandure in my Face ?

Nothing that speaks me King !

*King.* I do believe thou art that King, and here

[*Gives him Cleo.*

I do resign that Sister thou demandest.

*Orf.* It is a Woman too ! another Woman !

I wou'd embrace thee if I durst approach thee.

*Cleo.* You need not fear, you may embrace your Sister—

[*Cleo. embraces him.*

*Orf.* This is the kindest Woman I e'er saw.

*Cleo.* Brother, behold this King no more your Enemy, Since I must pay him Duty as a Father.

*Enter Queen, Olympia, Women.*

*Orf.* Hah, *Olympia* ! sure 'tis an airy Vision—

*Ger.* Approach her, Sir, and try.

*Qu.* Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.

*King.* Rife Madam, and receive me as your Friend ; This pair of Lovers has united all our Interests.

[*Points to Cleo.*

*Qu.* Heavens ! what's this I see, *Clementhis*

And the Prince of *Scythia* ?

*Ther.* Yes, Madam, and a Man that humbly begs

The happy Title of your Son—*Honorius*

Of you I ask the greatest Pardon—

[*Talks to Olympia.*

*Orf.* I am a King, and do adore thee too,

And thou shalt rule a World with me, my Fair ;

A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,

Whence thou shalt shoot a thousand gilded Arrows.

*Olym.* What to do, Sir ?

*Orf.* To fave the expence of Cruelty ;

For they will kill as fure, but rightly aim'd ;

This noble Fellow told me so.

[*To Val.*

*Olym.* Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me :

But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.

*Orf.* Instruct my Eyes, *Olympia*, for 'tis lately

I've learnt of some such thing.

*Olym.* This, Sir, you ought to kneel to her.

*Orf.*

*Orf.* Must I then kneel to ought but Heaven and thee ?      [Kneels.]

*Qu.* My dear *Orfames*, let my Tears make way.  
Before I can assure thee of my Joy.

*Orf.* Gods ! how obliging is this kind Concern !  
Not all my Passion for my fair *Olympia*  
Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear.      [Weeps.]

*Qu.* Thou'lt greater need of Anger than of Tears,  
Having before thy Eyes thy worl' of Enemies,  
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,  
Thro' what she thought her Duty to the Gods ;  
But now repents her superstitious Error,  
And humbly begs thy Pardon.

*Orf.* I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.  
*Qu.* I will, my *Orfames* ; and 'tis the only Present

I can make to expiate my Fault.

*Orf.* And I'll receive her as the only thing  
Can make me both a happy Subject and a King.  
Oh *Geron*, still if this should prove a Dream !

*Ger.* Sir, Dreams of Kings are much les pleasant.  
*Enter Lyfander.*

*Lyf.* Sir, there are without some ShepherdesSES,  
Who say they wou'd present you      [To Ther.  
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highnes.

*Ther.* Let them come in—

*They seat themselves.* *Enter Amin. Ura. maskt, Shep-  
herds, ShepherdesSES, followed with Pipes, or Wind-  
Musick.* They dance ; after which Amin. kneels to  
the Prince, Ura. to the Princes.

—My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live ?

Fortune requites my Sufferings  
With too large a share of Hapines.

*Amin.* Sir, I do live to die again for you.

*Ther.* This, my Divine, is he who had      [To Cleo.  
The Glory to be bewail'd by you ; for him you wept,  
For him had almost dy'd.

*Amin.* That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-falve  
Heals at a distance—

*Cleo.* But why *Amintas*, did you name *Thersander*,  
When you were askt who wounded you ?

*Amin.*

*Amin.* Madam, if loss of Blood had given me leave,  
I wou'd have told you how I came so habited,  
And who I was, tho not how I was wounded.

*King.* Still I am in a mist, and cannot see the happy  
path I tread.

*Ther.* Anon we will explain the Mystery, Sir.

*Hon.* Now, great *Orfanes*, 'tis but just and fit  
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,  
Which are not to be paid you in a Camp ;  
The Court will add more to that joyful Day.

*King.* And there we'll join our Souls as well as Swords,  
Our Interests as our Families.

*Orf.* I am content that thou shou'dst give me Laws :  
Come, my *Vallentio*, it shall ne'er be said  
I recompence thy Services  
With any thing less grateful than a Woman :  
— Here, I will chuse for thee —  
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,  
If there be ought beyond this Gift, 'tis thine.

[*Gives him Sem.*

*Ther.* *Scythia* and *Dacia* now united are :  
The God of Love o'ercomes the God of War.

*After a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, the  
Epilogue is spoken by Mrs. Barry, as a Nymph ; at  
his Royal Highness's second Exile into Flanders.*

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## E P I L O G U E.

**A**FTE R our showing Play of mighty Pains,  
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.  
Our rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please,  
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,  
And prize the Joys with some young rural Maid,  
On Beds of Gras beneath a lovely Shade,

*'Bove*

*'Bove all the Pride of City Jilts, whose Arts  
 Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts ;  
 Whose chiefest Beauty lies in being fine ;  
 And Coynes is not Virtue, but Design.  
 We use no Colours to adorn the Face,  
 No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace,  
 The neighbouring stream serves for a Looking-glass.  
 Ambition is not known within our Groves ;  
 Here's no Dispute for Empire, but for Loves ;  
 The humble Swain his Birth-right here enjoys,  
 And fears no Danger from the publick Voice ;  
 No Wrong nor Insolence from busy Powers,  
 No Rivals here for Crowns, but those of Flowers ;  
 His Country and his Flocks enjoys with ease,  
 Ranges his native Fields and Groves in Peace ;  
 Nor forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly  
 To foreign Shores for his Security.  
 Our humble Tributes uncomplai'd we pay,  
 And cheerful Homage to the Lord of May ;  
 No Emulation breaks his soft Repose,  
 Nor do his Wreaths or Virtues gain him Foes :  
 No publick Mischiefs can disturb his Reign,  
 And Malice wou'd be busy here in vain.  
 Fathers and Sons just Love and Duty pay ;  
 This knows to be indulgent, that obey.  
 Here's no Sedition hatcht, no other Plots,  
 But to entrap the Wolf that steals our Flocks.  
 Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,  
 Refiles his Nights, thoughtful his Days with Care ;  
 Whose Greatness, or whose Goodness can't secure  
 From Outrages which Knaves and Fools procure ?  
 Greatness, be gone, we banish you from hence,  
 The noblest State is lowly Innocence.  
 Here honest Wit in Mirth and Triumph reigns,  
 Musick and Love shall ever bleſs our Swains,  
 And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains. }*

THE



THE  
CITY HEIRESS:  
OR,

## PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Otway*, Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*.

**III** *OW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,  
In striving to reclaim a vicious Age !  
Poets may write the Mischief to impeach,  
You care as little what the Poets teach,  
As you regard at Church what Parsons preach.  
But where such Folies, and such Vices reign,  
What honest Pen has Patience to refrain ?  
At Church, in Pew's, ye most devoutly snore ;  
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar :*

*Ye go to Church to glour, and ogle there,  
 And come to meet more leud convenient here.  
 With equal Zeal ye honour either Place,  
 And run so very evenly your Race,  
 Ye improve in Wit just as you do in Grace.  
 It must be so, some Dæmon has posseſſt  
 Our Land, and we have never ſince been bleſſt.  
 Ye have ſeen it all, or heard of its Renown,  
 In Reverend Shape it ſtallk'd about the Town,  
 Six Yeomen tall attending on its Frown.  
 Sometimes with humble Note and zealous Lore,  
 'Twou'd play the Apoſtolicke Function o'er:  
 But, Heaven have mercy on us when it ſwore.  
 Whene'er it fwore, to prove the Oaths were true,  
 Out of its much at random Halters flew  
 Round ſome unwary Neck, by Magick thrown,  
 Tho ſtill the cunning Devil ſav'd its own:  
 For when the Inchantment could no longer laſt,  
 The subtle Pug moſt dextrously uncas'd,  
 Left awfull Form for one more ſeeming pious,  
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us;  
 From ſilken Doctor home ſpun Ananias:  
 Left the leud Court, and did in City fix,  
 Where ſtill, by its old Arts, it plays new Tricks,  
 And fills the Heads of Fools with Politicks.  
 This Dæmon lately drew in many a Guest,  
 To part with zealous Guinea for—no Feaſt.  
 Who, but the moſt incorrigible Fops,  
 For ever doom'd in diſmal Cells, call'd Shops,  
 To cheat and damn themſelves to get their Livings,  
 Wou'd lay ſweet Money out in Sham-Thank/givings?  
 Sham-Plots you may haue paid for o'er and o'er;  
 But who e'er paid for a Sham-Treat before?  
 Had you not better ſent your Offerings all  
 Hither to us, than Sequeſtrators Hall?  
 I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye;  
 I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Sir <i>Timothy Treat-all</i> , an old seditious Knight, that keeps open House for Commonwealthsmen and true blue Protestants, Uncle to <i>T. Wilding</i> ,	<i>Mr. Nokes.</i>
<i>Tom Wilding</i> , a Tory, his discarded Nephew,	
Sir <i>Anthony Meriwill</i> , an old Tory Knight of <i>Devonshire</i> ,	<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
Sir <i>Charles Meriwill</i> , his Nephew, a Tory alfo, in love with <i>L. Galliard</i> , and Friend to <i>Wilding</i> ,	
<i>Dresswell</i> , a young-Gentlemen, Friend to <i>Wilding</i> ,	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Foppington</i> , a Hanger-on on <i>Wilding</i>	
<i>Jervice</i> , Man to Sir <i>Timothy</i> .	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
	<i>Mr. Jeon.</i>

Footmen, Musick, &c.

### W O M E N.

Lady <i>Galliard</i> , a rich City-Widow, in love with <i>Wilding</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Charlot</i> , the City-Heires, in love with <i>Wilding</i>	
<i>Diana</i> , Mistres to <i>Wilding</i> , and kept by him.	<i>Mrs. Corror.</i>
Mrs. <i>Clacket</i> , a City Baud and Puritan,	
Mrs. <i>Closet</i> , Woman to Lady <i>Galliard</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Norice.</i>
	<i>Mrs. Lee.</i>

S C E N E, *Within the Walls of London.*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Street.*

*Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, follow'd by Tom Wilding bare, Sir Charles Meriwill, Fôppington, and Footman with a Cloke.*

*Sir Tim.* R O U B L E me no more: for I  
 am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate,  
 d'yee see, and so forth.  
*Wild.* I befeech ye, Uncle, hear  
 me.

*Sir Tim.* No.

*Wild.* Dear Uncle—

*Sir Tim.* No.

*Wild.* You will be mortify'd—

*Sir Tim.* No.

*Wild.* At least hear me out, Sir.

*Sir Tim.* No, I have heard you out too often, Sir, till  
 you have talkt me out of many a fair Thousand; have  
 had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constables  
 Clutches about Town, Sir; have brought you out of all  
 the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and pocky Doctors Hands,  
 that ever pretentred to cure incurable Difeafes; and have  
 crost ye out of the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-Men,  
 Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoemakers, and Sempstreffes;  
 with all the rest of the unconscionable City-tribe of the  
 long Bill, that had but Faith enough to trust, and thought  
 me Fool enough to pay.

*Sir Char.* But, Sir, consider, he's your own Flesh and  
 Blood.

*Sir Tim.* That's more than I'll fwear.

*Sir Char.* Your only Heir.

*Sir Tim.*

Sir Tim. That's more than you or any of his wife Associates can tell, Sir.

Sir Char. Why his wife Associates? Have you any Exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young *Dresswel*, Sir, Men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir Tim. Why, good Sir *Charles Meriwill*, let me tell you, since you'll have it out, That you and young *Dresswell* are able to debase, destroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

Sir Char. How, Sir!

Sir Tim. Nay, never huff, Sir; for I have six thousand Pounds a Year, and value no Man: Neither do I speak so much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, such Termagant Tories as these, [To Fop.] who are the very Vermin of a young Heir, and for one tickling give him a thousand bites.

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir Tim. Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never stare, Sir; I fear you not: No Man's hectoring signifies this—in the City, but the Constables: no body dares be saucy here, except it be in the King's name.

Sir Char. Sir, I confess he was to blame.

Sir Tim. Sir *Charles*, thanks to Heaven, you may be lead, you have a plentiful Estate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil: your Uncle, Sir *Anthony Meriwill*, intends to give you all his Estate too. But for such Sparks as this, and my Fop in Fashion here, why with what Face, Conscience, or Religion, can they be lead and vicious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and so forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir Char. If he hath youthful Vices, he has Virtues too.

Sir Tim. Yes, he had, but I know not, you have bewitch'd him amongst ye. [weeping]. Before he fell to Toryism, he was a sober, civil Youth, and had some Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers Night and Morning with a laudable Voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; 'twould have done one's Heart good to have heard him—

wore decent Clothes, was drunk but on Sundays and Holidays ; and then I had Hopes of him. [Still weeping.

*Wild.* Ay, Heaven forgive me.

Sir *Char.* But, Sir, he's now become a new Man, is casting off all his Women, is drunk not above five or six times a week, swears not above once in a quarter of an Hour, nor has not gam'd this two Days—

Sir *Tim.* 'Twas because the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir *Char.*—Begins to take up at Coffee-Houses, talks gravely in the City, speaks scandalously of the Government, and rails most abominably against the Pope and the French King.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, this shall not wheedle me out of one English Guinea ; and so I told him yesterday.

*Wild.* You did so, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Yes ; by a good Token you were witty upon me, and swore I lov'd and honoured the King no where but on his Coin.

Sir *Char.* Is it possible, Sir?

*Wild.* God forgive me, Sir ; I confess I was a little overtaken.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, so it shou'd seem : for he mistook his own Chamber, and went to bed to my Maid's.

Sir *Char.* How ! to bed to your Maid's ! Sure, Sir, tis a scandal on him.

Sir *Tim.* No, no, he makes his brags on't, Sir. Oh that crying Sin of Boasting ! Well fare, I say, the Days of old *Oliver* ; he by a wholesome Act made it death to boast ; so that then a Man might whore his Heart out, and no body the wiser.

Sir *Char.* Right, Sir, and then the Men pafs'd for sober religious Perfons, and the Women for as demure Saints—

Sir *Tim.* Ay, then there was no scandal ; but now they do not only boast what they do, but what they do not.

*Wild.* I'll take care that fault shall be mended, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, so will I, if Poverty has any Fears of Mortification ; and so farewell to you, Sir. [Going.

*Wild.* Stay, Sir, you are resolv'd to be so cruel then, and ruin all my Fortunes now depending ?

Sir *Tim.* Most religiously—

*Wild.*

*Wild.* You are ?

*Sir Tim.* I am.

*Wild.* Death, I'll rob.

*Sir Tim.* Do and be hang'd.

*Wild.* Nay, I'll turn Papist.

*Sir Tim.* Do and be damn'd.

*Sir Char.* Blefs me, Sir, what a Scandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls* !

*Sir Tim.* Hum ! I had rather indeed he turn'd *Turk* or *Jew*, for his own sake ; but as for scandalizing me, I defy it : My Integrity has been known ever since Forty one ; I bought three Thousand a year in Bishops Lands, as 'tis well known, and lost it at the King's return ; for which I'm honour'd by the City.

But for his farther Satisfaction, Consolation, and Destruction, know, That I *Sir Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my self young enough to marry, d'ye see, and will wipe your Nose with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and so forth.

[*Going away.*]

*Wild.* Death ! marry !

*Sir Char.* Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't spoil all.

*Wild.* Damn him, I've lost all Patience, and can dif-  
femble no longer, tho' I lose all—Very good, Sir ; hark-  
ye, I hope she's young and handsome ; or if she be not,  
amongst the numerous lusty stomacht Whigs that daily  
nose your publick Dinniers, some may be found, that ei-  
ther for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your  
Treats. You keep open Houfe to all the Party, not for  
Mirth, Generosity or good Nature, but for Roguery.  
You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with  
good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance,  
gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts,  
Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-  
headed Fools, and Malecontents : You guttle and fawn  
on all, and all in hopes of debauching the King's Liege-  
people into Commonwealthsmen ; and rather than lose a  
Convert, you'll pimp for him. Thefe are your nightly  
Debauches—Nay, rather than you shall want it, I'll  
cuckold you my self in pure Revenge.

*Sir Tim.* How ! Cuckold his own natural Uncle !

H 4

*Sir Char.*

*Sir. Char.* Oh, he cannot be so profane.

*Wild.* Profane ! why he deny'd but now the having any share in me ; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my Wits, you say, and your old rich good-natur'd Cuckold is as sure a Revenue to a handsome young Cadet, as a thoufand Pound a Year. Your tolerable Face and Shape is an Estate in the City, and a better Bank than your Six *per Cent.* at any time.

*Sir Tim.* Well, Sir, fince Nature has furniſht you ſo well, you need but up and ride, show and be rich ; and fo your Servant, witty Mr. *Wilding*.

[*Goes out. He looks after him.*

*Sir Char.* Whilſt I am labouring another's good, I quite neglect my own. This curſed, proud, diſdainful Lady *Galliard*, is ever in my Head ; ſhe's now at Church, I'm ſure, not for Devotion, but to ſhew her Charms, and throw her Darts amonſt the gazing Croud ; and grows more vain by Conqueſt. I'm near the Church, and muſt ſlep in, tho it coſt me a new Wound.

[*Wild, stands pausing.*

*Wild.* I am refolv'd—Well, dear *Charles*, let's ſup together to night, and contrive ſome way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I muſt leave thee now, for I have an Affiſnation here at Chuch.

*Sir Char.* Hah ! at Church !

*Wild.* Ay, *Charles*, with the deareſt She-Saint, and I hope Sinner.

*Sir Char.* What at Church ? Pox, I ſhall be diſcover'd now in my Amours. That's an odd place for Love-Intrigues.

*Wild.* Oh, I am to paſſ for a sober, diſcreet Person to the Relations ; but for my Miſtres, ſhe's made of no ſuch sanctify'd Materials ; ſhe is a Widow, *Charles*, young, rich, and beaſtiful.

*Sir Char.* Hah ! if this ſhou'd prove my Widow now.

[*Aside.*

*Wild.* And tho at her own diſpoſe, yet is much go-vern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her againſt the Viees of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks ; dreads nothing ſo much as her Daugh-

Daughter's marrying a villainous Tory. So the young one is forc'd to dissemble Religion, the best Mask to hide a kind Mistrefs in.

*Sir Char.* This must be my Lady *Galliard*. *[Aside.]*

*Wild.* There is at present some ill understanding between us: some damn'd Honourable Fop lays siege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elsewhere, return her cold Disdain, but now and then she crosses my Heart too violently to resist her. In one of these hot Fits I now am, and must find some occasion to speak to her.

*Sir Char.* By Heaven, it must be she—I am studying now, amongst all our She-Acquaintance, who this shou'd be.

*Wild.* Oh, this is of Quality to be conceal'd; but the dearest loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, smooth as Rushes, and plump as Grapes after a Shower, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of Disdain, and yet bewitching sweet; but then she loves; soft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour, Oh, damn the Nonsense! wou'd be all my own.

*Sir Char.* 'Tis she, by Heaven! *[Aside.]* Methinks this Widow shou'd prove a good Income to you, as things now stand between you and your Uncle.

*Wild.* Ah, *Charles*, but I am otherwise dispos'd of. There is the most charming pretty thing in nature fallen in love with this Person of mine, a rich City Heireſ, and I have her in poſſeſſion.

*Sir Char.* How can you love two at once? I've been as wild and as extravagant, as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arriv'd to that degree of Leudneſs, to deal my Heart about: my Hours I might, but Love shou'd be intire.

*Wild.* Ah, *Charles*, two ſuch bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lye:—But Love divides us, and I must into Church. Adieu till Night.

*Sir Char.* And I must follow, to refolve my Heart in That it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloke. *[Takes his Cloke*

*Cloke from his Man, and puts it on.] Hah, Church is done ! See, they are coming forth !*

*Enter People cross the Stage, as from Church ; amongst 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, follow'd by Sir Timothy Treat-all.*

Hah, my Uncle ! He must not see me here.

[*Throws his Cloke over his Face.*  
Sir Tim. What my old Friend and Acquaintance, Sir Anthony Meriwill !

Sir Anth. Sir Timothy Treat-all !

Sir Tim. Why, how long have you been in Town, Sir ?

Sir Anth. About three days, Sir.

Sir Tim. Three days, and never came to dine with me ! 'tis unpardonable ! What, you keep close to the Church, I see : You are for the Surplice still, old Orthodox you ; the Times cannot mend you, I see.

Sir Anth. No, nor shall they mar me, Sir.

Sir Char. They are discoursing ; I'll pass by. [Aside.  
[Ex. Sir Charles.

Sir Anth. As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir Tim. Ay, needs must when the Devil drives. I go to save my Bacon, as they say, once a Month, and that too after the Porridge is serv'd up.

Sir Anth. Those that made it, Sir, are wiser than we. For my part, I love good wholefom Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to the King and Superiors, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny, and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this Morning made a notable Sermon. By George, our Country-Vicars are mere Scholars to your Gentlemen Town-Parsons ! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Divisions upon't ! 'twould make a Man sin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the rest of the deadly number.

Sir Tim. Good luck ! an he were so good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd best carry your Nephew, Sir Charles Meriwill to Church ; he wants a little documentizing that way.

Sir

Sir *Anth.* Hum ! you keep your old wont still ; a Man can begin no Discourse to you, be it of *Prester John*, but you still conclude with my Nephew.

Sir *Tim.* Good Lord ! Sir *Anthony*, you not need be so purty ; what I say, is the Discourse of the whole City, how lavishly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir *Anth.* The City ! The City's a grumbling, lying, dissatisfy'd City, and no wife or honest Man regards what it says. Do you, or any of the City, stand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor ? He spends what I allow him, Sir, his own ; and you're a Fool, or Knave, chuse ye whether, to concern your self.

Sir *Tim.* Good lack ! I speak but what wiser Men discourse.

Sir *Anth.* Wiser Men ! wiser Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up, a hopeful Youth, to keep a Merchant's Book, or send him to chop Logick in an University, and have him returned an arrant learned Afs, to simper, and look demure, and flart at Oaths and Wenches, whilst I sell his Woods, and grant Leafes : And lastly, to make good what I have cozen'd him of, force him to marry Mrs. *Crump*, the ill-favour'd Daughter of some Right Worshipful.—A Pox on all of such Guardians !

Sir *Tim.* Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir *Anth.* What Sin, what Expences ? He wears good Clothes, why Trades-men get the more by him ; he keeps his Coach, 'tis for his Ease ; a Mistress, 'tis for his Pleasure ; he games, 'tis for his Diversion : And where's the harm of this ? is there ought else you can accuse him with ?

Sir *Tim.* Yes,—a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too.

[*Aside.*]

Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir *Anth.* If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked ?

Sir *Tim.* But I mean honourably—

Sir *Anth.* Honourably ; why do you know any Infirmity in him, why he shou'd not marry ? [Angrily.]

Sir *Tim.* Not I, Sir.

+

Sir

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*Sir Anth.* Not you, Sir? why then you're an *Afs*, Sir—  
But is this Lady young and handfom?

*Sir Tim.* Ay, and rich too, Sir,

*Sir Anth.* No matter for Money, so she love the Boy.

*Sir Tim.* Love him! no, Sir, she neither does, nor  
shall love him.

*Sir Anth.* How, Sir, nor shall love him! By *George*,  
but she shall, and lie with him too, if I please, Sir.

*Sir Tim.* How, Sir! lie with a rich City-Widow, and  
a Lady, and to be married to a fine Reverend old Gen-  
tlemen within a day or two?

*Sir Anth.* His Name, Sir, his Name; I'll dispatch him  
presently. [Offers to draw.]

*Sir Tim.* How, Sir, dispatch him!—Your Servant,  
Sir. [Offers to go.]

*Sir Anth.* Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy  
you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. [Draws.]

*Sir Tim.* How, draw, Sir!

*Sir Anth.* Ay, draw, Sir; not my Nephew have the  
Widow!

*Sir Tim.* With all my Soul, Sir; I love and honour  
your Nephew. I his Rival! alas, Sir, I'm not so fond of  
Cuckoldom. Pray, Sir, let me see you and Sir *Charles*  
at my House, I may serve him in this busines; and so I  
take my leave, Sir—Draw quoth-a! Pox upon him for  
an old Tory-rory. [Aside.] Exit.

*Enter as from Church, Lady Galliard, Clofet, and  
Footman: Wilding passes carelessly her, Sir Charles  
Meriwill following, wrapt up in his Cloke.*

*Sir Anth.* Who's here? *Charles* muffled in a Cloke  
peering after a Woman?—My own Boy to a hair!  
She's handfom too. I'll step aside; for I must see the  
meaning on't. [Goes aside.]

*L. Gal.* Blefs me! how unconcern'd he pafs'd!

*Clof.* He bow'd low, Madam.

*L. Gal.* But 'twas in such a fashion, as exprest Indif-  
ference, much worse than Hate from *Wilding*.

*Clof.* Your Ladyship has us'd him ill of late; yet if  
your Ladyship please, I'll call him back.

*L. Gall.* I'll die firſt—Hah, he's going!—Yet now  
I think on't I have a Toy of his, which to exprefs my  
fcorn,

scorn, I'll give him back now—this Ring.

*Clof.* Shall I carry it, Madam ?

*L. Gall.* You'll not express Disdain enough in the Delivery ; and you may call him back. [*Clof. goes to Wild.*

*Sir Char.* By Heaven, she's fond of him. [*Aside.*

*Wild.* Oh, Mrs. *Clofet* ! is it you ?—Madam, your Servant : By this Disdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has mistaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladyship speak with me ?

*L. Gal.* Yes.—But what? the God of Love instruct me. [*Aside.*

*Wild.* Command me quickly, Madam ; for I have busines.

*L. Gal.* Nay, then I cannot be discreet in Love. [*Aside.*—Your busines once was Love, nor had no idle hours To throw away on any other thought ; You lov'd, as if you had no other Faculties, As if you 'd meant to gain eternal Blis, But that Devotion only : And see how now you're chang'd.

*Wild.* Not I, by Heaven ; 'tis you are only chang'd. I thought you'd lov'd me too, curse on the dull mistake ! But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy That mutual Love affords, You turn'd me off from Honour, That Nothing, fram'd by some old sullen Maid, That wanted Charms to kindle Flames when young.

*Sir Anth.* By *George*, he's i'th' right. [*Aside.*

*Sir Char.* Death ! can she hear this Language ?

*L. Gal.* How dare you name this to me any more ? Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Youth, My Quality, and Fame ?

*Wild.* No, by Heaven, all these increase my Flame.

*L. Gal.* Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where You got the boldnes to approach me with it.

*Wild.* Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

*L. Gal.* From mine ! Heavens, what Contempt is this ?

*Wild.* When first I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me) They were for Honour all ;

But wiser you, thanks to your Mother's care too, Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope, My Life of Scandal, and my leud Opinion,

Forbad

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Forbad me wish that way ; 'twas kindly urg'd ;  
You cou'd not then forbid my Passion too,  
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes  
Receive the cruel Sentence of my Death.

*Sir Anth.* Gad, a fine Fellow this !

*L. Gal.* To fave my Life, I wou'd not marry thee.

*Wild.* That's kindly said.

But to fave mine, thou'rt do a kinder thing ;  
——I know thou wo't.

*L. Gal.* What, yield my Honour up !  
And after find it sacrific'd anew,

And made the scorn of a triumphing Wife !

*Sir Anth.* Gad, she's i'th' right too ! a noble Girl I'll  
warrant her.

*L. Gal.* But you disdain to satisfy these fears ;  
And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,  
Demand the Town, without the least Conditions.

*Sir Char.* By Heaven, she yields apace.

*Sir Anth.* Fox on't, wou'd I had ne'er seen her ; now  
I have Legions of small *Cupids* at Hot-cockles in my  
Heart.

*Wild.* Now I am pausing on that word Conditions.  
Thou say'st thou wou't not have me marry thee ;  
That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes  
And put 'em out to hate thee ;  
Or like our Stage-smitten Youth, who fall in Love with a  
Woman for acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage,  
deprive her of the only Charm she had,  
Then leave her to ill Luck.

*Sir Anth.* Gad, he's i'th' right again too ! a rare Fellow !

*Wild.* For Widow, know, hadst thou more Beauty,  
yet not all of 'em were half so great a Charm as they not  
being mine.

*Sir Anth.* Hum ! how will he make that out now ?

*Wild.* The stealths of Love, the midnight kind Admit-  
tance,  
The gloomy Bed, the soft breath'd murmuring Passion ;  
Ah, who can guess at Joys thus snatch'd by parcels ?  
The difficulty makes us always wishing,  
Whilst on thy part, fear makes still some resistance ;

And

And every Blessing seems a kind of Rape.

Sir *Anth.* H'as don't! — A Divine Fellow that; just of my Religion. I am studying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother.

[*L. Gal.* walks away, *Wild.* follows.

*L. Gal.* Tempt me no more! what dull unwary Flame Possess me all this while! Confusion on thee, [*In Rage.* And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.

Diseases ruin that bewitching Form, That with the soft feign'd Vows debaucht my Heart.

Sir *Char.* Heaven! can I yet endure! [*Aside.*

*L. Gal.* By all that's good, I'll marry instantly; Marry, and fave my last Stake, Honour, yet, Or thou wilt rook me out of all at last.

*Wild.* Marry! thou canst not do a better thing; There are a thousand Matrimonial Fops, Fine Fools of Fortune,

Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.

*L. Gal.* They will be manag'd by a Man of Wit.

*Wild.* Right.

*L. Gal.* I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

*Wild.* A Friend of mine! then he must be my Cuckold.

Sir *Char.* Very fine? can I endure yet more? [*Aside.*

*L. Gal.* Perhaps it is your Uncle.

*Wild.* Hah, my Uncle! [*Sir Charles makes up to 'em.*

Sir *Anth.* Hah, my *Charles*! why well said, *Charles*, he bore up briskly to her.

Sir *Char.* Ah, Madam, may I presume to tell you —

Sir *Anth.* Ah Pox, that was stark naught! he begins like a Fore-man o'th' Shop, to his Master's Daughter.

*Wild.* How, *Charles Meriwil* acquainted with my Widow!

Sir *Char.* Why do you wear that scorn upon your Face? I've nought but honest meaning in my Paffion, Whilst him you favour so profanes your Beauties, In scorn of Marriage and Religious Rites, Attempts the ruin of your sacred Honour.

*L. Gal.* Hah, *Wilding* boast my Love! [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* The Devil take him my Nephew's quite spoil'd?

Why,

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Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

*L. Gal.* Pray leave me, Sir.

*Wild.* Damn it, since he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame. You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

*Sir Char.* How, this from thee! nay, then I must take more,

And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,

T' approach that Lady with your saucy Passion.

*Sir Anth.* Gad, well done *Charles*! here must be sport anon.

*Wild.* I will not answer every idle Question.

*Sir Char.* Death, you dare not.

*Wild.* How, dare not!

*Sir Char.* No, dare not; for if you did—

*Wild.* What durst you, if I did?

*Sir Char.* Death, cut your Throat, Sir.

*[Taking hold on him roughly.]*

*Sir Anth.* Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curse him that parts ye. *[Taking 'em asunder, they draw.]*

*L. Gal.* Hold, I command ye, hold!

*Sir Char.* There rest my Sword to all Eternity.

*[Lays his Sword at her Feet.]*

*L. Gal.* Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,

If you were e'er acquainted with that Virtue,

To see my Face no more,

Who durst dispute your Interest in me thus,

As for a common Mistrefs, in your Drink.

*[She goes out, and all but Wild. Sir Anth. and*

*Sir Char. who stands sadly looking after her.]*

*Sir Anth.* A Heavenly Girl!—Well, now she's gone, by *George*, I am for disputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

*Sir Char.* I wo'not fight.

*Wild.* Another time will decide it, Sir. *[Wild. goes out.]*

*Sir Anth.* After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected such a Farce?—Come, *Charles*, take up thy sword, *Charles*; and d'ye hear forget me this Woman.

*Sir Char.* Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing so excellent!

*Sir Anth.* You lye, Sirrah, you lye, there's a thousand

As

As fair, as young, and kinder by this day.  
We'll into th' Country, *Charles*, where every Grove  
Affords us rustick Beauties,  
That know no Pride nor Painting,  
And that will take it and be thankful, *Charles* ;  
Fine wholesome Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,  
Fit for the Gathering, *Charles*.

Sir *Char.* Oh, Sir, I cannot relish the coarse Fare.  
But what's all this, Sir, to my prefent Passion ?

Sir *Anth.* Passion, Sir ! you shall have no Passion, Sir.

Sir *Char.* No Passion, Sir ! shall I have Life and Breath ?

Sir *Anth.* It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and  
pleasure.

—Why how now ! fauzy Boys be their own Carvers ?

Sir *Char.* Sir, I am all Obedience. [Bowing and fighting.]

Sir *Anth.* Obedience ! Was ever such a Blockhead !  
why then, if I command it, you will not love this Wo-  
man ?

Sir *Char.* No, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* No, Sir ! But I say, Yes, Sir, love her me ;  
and love her me like a Man too, or I'll renounce ye,  
Sir.

Sir *Char.* I've try'd all ways to win upon her Heart,  
Presented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and wept.

Sir *Anth.* Why there's it now ; I thought so : kneel'd  
and wept ! a Pox upon thee—I took thee for a prettier  
Fellow—

You shou'd have huft and bluster'd at her door,  
Been very impudent and fauzy, Sir,  
Leud, ruffling, mad ; courted at all hours and seasons ;  
Let her not rest, nor eat, nor sleep, nor visit.  
Believe me, *Charles*, Women love Importance.  
Watch her cloſe, watch her like a Witch, Boy,  
Till she confes the Devil in her, —Love.

Sir *Char.* I cannot, Sir,  
Her Eyes strike such an awe into my Soul——

Sir *Anth.* Strike fuch a Fiddle-stick. —Sirrah, I say,  
do't ; what, you can towſe a Wench as handſomely——  
You can be leud enough upon occasion. I known not the  
Lady, nor her Fortune ; but I'm resolv'd thou ſhalt have  
her,

her, with practising a little Courtship of my Mode.—  
Come—

Come, my Boy *Charles*, since thou must needs be doing,  
I'll shew thee how to go a Widow-wooing.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room.*

*Enter Charlot, Foppington, and Clacket.*

*Charl.* E nough, I've heard enough of *Wilding's* Vices,  
to know I am undone. *[Weeps.]*  
—*Galliard* his Mistref's too! I never saw her, but  
I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune:  
That Rival may be dangerous.

*Fop.* Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady  
*Galliard* even in the height of all his Love to you; nay,  
even whilſt his Uncle courts her for a Wife, he designs  
himself for a Gallant.

*Charl.* Wondrous Inconstancy and Impudence!  
*Mrs. Clack.* Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr.  
*Foppington's* Information; therefore if you respect your  
Reputation, retreat in time.

*Charl.* Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away  
with your Friend Mr. *Wilding*.

*Mrs. Clack.* Ah, that ever I thou'd live to see. *[Weeps.]*  
the sole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicolas Get-all*, ran  
away with one of the leudeſt Heathens about Town!

*Charl.* How, your Friend, Mr. *Wilding*, a Heathen;  
and with you too Mrs. *Clacket*! that Friend Mr. *Wilding*,  
who thought none fo worthy as Mrs. *Clacket*, to trust with  
so great a Secret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

*Mrs. Clack.* Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam.  
'Slife, if you must marry a Man to buy him Breeches,  
marry an honest Man, a religious Man, a Man that bears

a Conscience, and will do a Woman some Reason—  
Why here's Mr. *Foppington*, Madam ; here's a Shape,  
here's a Face, a Back as strait as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

*Charl.* How ! buy him Breeches ! Has *Wilding* then no Fortune ?

*Fop.* Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well ; so, so, as the Dice run ; and now and then he lights upon a Squire, or so, and between fair and foul Play, he makes a shift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

*Charl.* How ! does his Uncle allow him no present Maintenance ?

*Fop.* No, nor future Hopes neither : Therefore, Madam, I hope you will see the Difference between him and a Man of Parts, that adores you. [Smiling and bowing.

*Charl.* If I find all this true you tell me, I shall know how to value my self and those that love me.

—This may be yet a Rascal.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Mistress, Mr. *Wilding*'s below. [Exit.

*Fop.* Below ! Oh, Heaven, Madam, do not expose me to his Fury, for being too zealous in your Service.

[In great Disorder.

*Charl.* I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

*Fop.* Death ! to be seen here, would expose my Life.

[To Clacket.

*Mrs. Clack.* Here, here, step out upon the Stair-cafe, and slip into my Chamber. [Going out, returns in fright.

*Fop.* Owns, he's here ; lock the Door fast ; let him not enter.

*Mrs. Clack.* Oh, Heavens, I have not the Key ! hold it, hold it fast, sweet, sweet Mr. *Foppington*. Oh, should there be Murder done, what a Scandal wou'd that be to the House of a true Protestant ! [Knocks.

*Char.* Heavens ! what will he say or think, to see me shut in with a Man ?

*Mrs. Clack.* Oh, I'll say you're sick, asleep, or out of Humour.

*Charl.* I'd give the World to see him. [Knocks.

*Wild.* [Without] *Charlot, Charlot !* am I deny'd an entrance ? By Heaven, I'll break the Door,

[Knocks again ; Fop. still holding it.

*Fop.*

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*Fop.* Oh, I'm a dead Man, dear *Clacket!* [Knocking still.

*Mrs. Clack.* Oh, hold Sir, *Mrs. Charlot* is very sick.

*Wild.* How, sick, and I kept from her!

*Mrs. Clack.* She begs you'll come again an Hour hence.

*Wild.* Delay'd! by Heaven I will have entrance.

*Fop.* Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may starve me.

*Mrs. Clack.* Oh, he will not break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; *Mrs. Charlot* is just—just—shifting her self, Sir; you will not be so uncivil as to pres' in, I hope, at such a Time.

*Charl.* I have a fine time on't, between ye, to have him think I am stripping my self before Mr. *Foppington*—Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

[Wild. *breaks open the Door and rushes in*: *Fop. stands close up at the entrance till he is past him, then venturing to slip out, finds Wild. has made fast the Door: so he is forc'd to return again and stand close up behind Wild. with signs of Fear.*

*Wild.* How now, *Charlot*, what means this new Unkindness? what, not a Word?

*Charl.* There is so little Musick in my Voice, you do not care to hear it; you have been better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

*Wild.* Yes faith, and so I have, *Charlot*: damn'd Bunes, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

*Charl.* Or that other Enemy to Love, damn'd Wenching.

*Wild.* Wenching! how ill hast thou tim'd thy Jealousy! What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty Sum, wou'd venture out his Stock to day in little Parcels, and lose his Credit by it?

*Charl.* You wou'd, perfidious as you are, tho' all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit.

[*Angry.*

*Wild.* So, hark ye, *Mrs. Clacket*, you have been prating I find in my Absence, giving me a handsom Character to *Charlot*—You hate any good thing shou'd go by your own Nose.

[*Aside to Clacket.*

*Mrs. Clack.* By my Nose, Mr. *Wilding*! I defy you:

I'd

I'd have you to know, I scorn any good thing shou'd go by my Nose in an uncivil way.

*Wild.* I believe so.

*Mrs. Clack.* Have I been the Confident to all your Secrets this three years, in Sicknes and in Health, for richer, for poorer ; conceal'd the Nature of your wicked Diseafes, under the honest Name of Surfeits ; call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor, to keep up your Reputation ; civilly receiv'd your t'other-end of the Town young Relations at all Hours—

*Wild.* High !

*Mrs. Clack.* Been up with you, and down with you early and late, by Night and by Day : let you in at all Hours, drunk and sober, single and double ; and civilly withdrawn, and modestly shut the Door after me ?

*Wild.* What ! The Storm's up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

*Mrs. Clack.* And I am thus rewarded for my Pains !

[*Weeps.*]

*Wild.* So Tempests are allay'd by Showers of Rain.

*Mrs. Clack.* That I shou'd be charg'd with speaking ill of you, fo honest, fo civil a Gentleman—

*Charl.* No, I have better Witness of your Falshood.

*Fop.* Hah, S'death sh'e'll name me !

*Wild.* What mean you, my *Charlot* ?

Do you not think I love you ?

*Charl.* Go ask my Lady *Galliard*, she keeps the best Account of all your Sighs and Vows,

And robs me of my dearest soffer Hours. [Kindly to him.]

*Mrs. Clack.* You cannot hold from being kind to him.

[*A side.*]

*Wild. Galliard !* How came she by that Secret of my Life ? [*A side.*] Why ay, 'tis true, I am there sometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

*Charl.* Ay, that Uncle too—

You swore to me you were your Uncle's Heir ;  
But you perhaps may chance to get him one,

If the Lady prove not cruel.

*Wild.* Death and the Devil, what Rascal has been prating

ting to her ! [Aside.]  
*Charl.* Whilst I am reserv'd for a dead List, if Fortune  
 prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory :  
 Yet I cou'd love you tho you were a Slave,

[In a soft Tone to him.]

And I were Queen of all the Universe.

*Mrs. Clack.* Ay, there you spoil'd all again——you for-  
 got your self.

*Charl.* And all the World when he looks kindly on me.  
 But I'll take Courage and be very angry. [Aside.]  
 Nor do your Perjuries rest here; you're equally as false to  
*Galliard*, as to me ; false for a little Mistres of the Town,  
 whom you've set up in spite of Quality. [Angry.]

*Mrs. Clack.* So, that were home and handsom.

*Wild.* What damn'd Informer does she keep in pension.

*Charl.* And can you think my Fortune and my Youth  
 Merits no better Treatment ? [Angry.]  
 How cou'd you have the Heart to use me so? [Soft to him.]  
 I fall insensibly to Love and Fondness. [Aside.]

*Wild.* Ah, my dear *Charlot!* you who know my Heart,  
 can you believe me false !

*Charl.* In every Syllable, in every Look ;  
 Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit.  
 You said you lov'd me, where was then your Truth ?  
 You swore you were to be your Uncle's Heir ;  
 Where was your Confidence of me the while,  
 To think my Generosity so feanted,  
 To love you for your Fortune ?

—How every Look betrays my yielding Heart ! [Aside.]  
 No, since Men are grown so cunning in their Trade of  
 Love, the necessary Vice I'll practise too,  
 And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.  
 Make it appear you are your Uncle's Heir,  
 I'll marry ye to morrow.  
 Of all thy Cheats, that was the most unkind,  
 Because you thought to conquer by that Lye.  
 To night I'll be resolv'd.

*Wild.* Hum ! to night !

*Charl.* To night, or I will think you love me for my For-  
 Which if you find elsewhere to more advantage, (tune ;  
I may

I may unpitied die—and I shou'd die  
If you should prove untrue. [Tenderly to him.

*Mrs. Clack.* There you've dasht all again.

*Wild.* I'm resolv'd to keep my Credit with her—  
Here's my Hand ;  
This Night, *Charlot*, I'll let you see the Writings.  
—But how ? a Pox of him that knows for *Thomas*.

[Aside.]

*Charl.* Hah ! that Hand without the Ring !  
Nay, never study for a handsom Lye.

*Wild.* Ring ! Oh, ay, I left it in my Dressing-room  
this Morning.

*Charl.* See how thou hast injur'd thy Tongue to Falf-  
Did you not fend it to a certain Creature (hood !  
They call *Diana*,

From off that Hand that plighted Faith to me ?

*Wild.* By Heaven 'tis Witchcraft all ;  
Unles this Villain *Foppington* betray me.  
Those sort of Rascals will do any thing  
For ready Meat and Wine—I'll kill the Fool—hah, here !

[Turns quick, and sees him behind him.]

*Fop.* Here, Lord ! Lord !  
Where were thy Eyes, near *Wilding* ?

*Wild.* Where they have spy'd a Rascal.  
Where was this Property conceal'd ?

*Fop.* Conceal'd ! What dost thou mean, dear *Tom* ?  
Why I flood as plain as the Nofe on thy Face, mun.

*Wild.* But 'tis the ungrateful Quality of all your sort  
to make such base returns.  
How got this Rogue Admittance, and when in,

The Impudence to tell his treacherous Lyes ?

*Fop.* Admittance ! why thou art stark mad : Did not  
I come in with you, that is, follow'd you ?

*Wild.* Whither ?

*Fop.* Why into the Hous'e, up stairs, flood behind you  
when you fwo're you wou'd come in, and follow'd you in !

*Wild.* All this, and I not see !

*Fop.* Oh, Love's blind ; but this Lady saw me, Mrs.  
*Clacket* saw me—Admittance quotha !

*Wild.* Why did you not speak ?

*Fop.*

192 *The CITY HEIRESS; or,*

*Fop.* Speak ! I was so amaz'd at what I heard, the villainous Scandals laid on you by some pick-thank Rogue or other, I had no Power.

*Wild.* Ay, thou know'st how I am wrong'd.

*Fop.* Oh most damnable, Sir !

*Wild.* Abuse me to my Mistres too !

*Fop.* Oh, Villains ! Dogs !

*Charl.* Do you think they have wrong'd him, Sir ? for I'll believe you.

*Fop.* Do I think, Madam ? Ay, I think him a Son of a Whore that said it ; and I'll cut his Throat.

*Mrs. Clack.* Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Virtue.

*Wild.* You see now, Madam, how Innocence may suffer.

*Charl.* In spite of all thy villainous dissembling, I must believe, and love thee for my quiet.

*Wild.* That's kind ; and if before to morrow I do not shew you I deserve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me——Farewel——[Goes out with Fop.] I know where both my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Estate.

My Craft will be in catching ; which if past,

Her Love secures me the Kind Wench at last. [Aside.

*Mrs. Clack.* What if he should not chance to keep his Word now !

*Charl.* How, if he shou'd not ! by all that's good, if he shou'd not, I am resolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty Shift with three thousand Pound a year ; yet I wou'd fain be resolv'd how Affairs stand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the World to see that Widow too, that Lady *Galliard*.

*Mrs. Clack.* If you're bent upon't, I'll tell you what we'll do, Madam : There's every Day mighty Feasting here at his Uncle's hard by, and you shall disguise your self as well as you can, and so go for a Niece of mine I have coming out of *Scotland* ; there you will not fail of seeing my Lady *Galliard*, tho', I doubt, not Mr. *Wilding*, who is of late discarded.

*Charl.* Enough ; I am resolv'd upon this Design ; let's in and practise the northern Dialect. [Ex. both.

S C E N E

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

*Enter Wilding and Foppington.*

*Wild.* But then *Diana* took the King at last?

*Fop.* Greedily, but rail'd, and swore, and ranted at your late Unkindnes, and wou'd not be appeas'd.

*Enter Dreffwell.*

*Wild.* *Dreffwell*, I was just going to see for thee.

*Dref.* I'm glad, dear *Tom*, I'm here to serve thee.

*Wild.* And now I've found thee, thou must along with me.

*Dref.* Whither? but I'll not ask, but obey.

*Wild.* To a kind Sinner, *Frank*.

*Dref.* Pox on 'em all: prithee turn out those pretty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear *Wilding*, of which thou never knew'st the Pleasure yet, or not above aday.

*Wild.* Not knew the Pleasure! Death, the very Essence, the first Draughts of Love. Ah, how pleasant 'tis to drink when a Man's a dry!

The rest is all but dully sipping on.

*Dref.* And yet this *Diana*, for thither thou art going, thou hast been constant to this three or four Years.

*Wild.* A constant Keeper thou mean'st; which is indeed enough to get the Scandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not, those sort of Baggages have a kind of Fascination so enticing—and faith, after the Fatigues of formal Visits to a Man's dull Relations, or what's as bad, to Women of Quality; after the bufy Afflictions of the Day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, *Frank*, a Man's best Retirement is with a soft kind Wench. But to say Truth, I have a farther Design in my Visit now. Thou know'st how I stand past hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindness of my Uncle.

*Dref.* True.

*Wild.* My leud Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcilable Quarrel; so that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, especially those of my charming Widow, and

my

my City-Heirefs, which can by no means be carried on without that damn'd necessary call'd ready Mony; I have stretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Clothes must be had, they must, my Friend.

*Dref.* Why do'it thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady *Galliard*? or this young Heirefs you speak of?

*Wild.* But Marriage, *Frank*, is such a Bugbear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered together, and sleep with his Fathers, and then I shall have six thousand Pound a Year, and the wide World before me; and who the Devil cou'd relish these Blessings with the clog of a Wife behind him?—But till then, Money must be had, I say.

*Fop.* Ay, but how, Sir?

*Wild.* Why, from the old Fountain, *Jack*, my Uncle: he has himself decreed it: He tells me, I must live upon my Wits, and will, *Frank*.

*Fop.* Gad, I'm impatient to know how.

*Wild.* I believe thee, for thou art out at Elbows; and when I thrive, you shew it i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and at Coffee-houses. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than *Lilly* with all his Schemes and Stars.

*Fop.* I own I thrive by your influence, Sir.

*Dref.* Well but to your Project, Friend, to which I'll set a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

*Wild.* You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all.

[*Going out, they meet Diana, who enters with her Maid Betty, and Boy, looks angrily.*

—*Diana,* I was just going to thy Lodgments!

*Dia.* Oh alas, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heirefs.

*Wild.* That's no caufe of quarrel between you and I, *Diana*: you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the Death of my Uncle; for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husband's Mistrefs; and Women of your sort, *Diana*, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* Do, try to appease the easy Fool with these fine Expectations——No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement; but instead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vanish'd, my Servants dwindled into one necessary Woman and a Boy, which to save Charges, is too small for any Service; my twenty Guineas a Week, into forty Shillings; a hopeful Reformation!

*Wild.* Patience, *Diana*; things will mend in time.

*Dia.* When, I wonder. Summer's come, yet I am still in my embroider'd Manteau, when I'm dreft, lin'd with Velvet; 'twould give one a Fever but to look at me: yet still I am flamin'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose Fortune I am to lavish.——But I see you have neither Conscience nor Religion in you; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me!

*Wild.* By Heaven, I love thee!

*Dia.* Love me! what if you do? how far will that go at the Exchange for Point? Will the Mercer take it for current Coin?——But 'tis no matter, I must love a Wit with a Pox, when I might have had so many Fools of Fortune: but the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer.

[*Weeping.*]

*Wild.* You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have sworn.

*Dia.* So I will. I never go abroad, but I gain new Conquests. Happy's the Man that can approach nearest the Side-box where I sit at Play, to look at me; but if I design to smile on him, Lord, how the overjoy'd Creature returns it with a Bow low as the very Benches; Then rising, shakes his Ears, looks round with Pride, to see who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. *Dy*.

*Wild.* No more, come, let's be Friends, *Diana*; for you and I must manage an Uncle of mine.

*Dia.* Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

*Wild.* Here, here's the best softner of a Woman's Heart ; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces : Go, lay it out, till you shame Quality into plain Silk and Fringe.

*Dia.* Lord, you have the strangest power of persuasion ! Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a Pennyworth.

*Wild.* So thou canst of any thing about thee.

*Dia.* Well, your Project, my dear *Tommy* ?

*Wild.* Thus then—Thou, dear *Frank*, shalt to my Uncle, tell him, that Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one only Daughter his Executrix, Mrs. *Charlot*, I have by my civil and modest Behaviour, so won upon her Heart, that two Nights since she left her Father's Country-houfe at *Lufum* in *Kent*, in spite of all her strict Guards, and run away with me.

*Dref.* How, wilt thou tell him of it then ?

*Wild.* Hear me—That I have hitherto fecur'd her at a Friend's Houfe here in the City ; but diligent search being now made, dare trust her there no longer : and make it my humble Request by you, my Friend, (who are only privy to this Secret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his House, whose very Authority will defend her from being fought for there.

*Dref.* Ay, Sir, but what will come of this, I say ?

*Wild.* Why, a Settlement ; you know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his deceafe : but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has after the Writings were made, sign'd, and seal'd, refus'd to give 'em in trust. Now when he sees I have made my self Master of so vast a Fortune, he will immediately surrender ; that reconciles all again.

*Dref.* Very likely ; but wo't thou trust him with the Woman, *Thomas*.

*Wild.* No, here's *Diana*, who, as I shall bedizen, shall pass for as subflantial an Alderman's Heirefs, as ever fell into wicked Hands. He never knew the right *Charlot*, nor indeed has any body ever seen her but an old Aunt and Nurse, she was so kept up—And there, *Diana*, thou shalt have a good opportunity to lye, difsemble, and jilt in abundance, to keep thy hand in ure.

Prithee

Prithee, dear *Dreffwel*, haste with the News to him.

*Dref.* Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it. [Goes out.

*Wild.* Go, get ye home, and trick and betauder your self up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-fashion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Gipfy, nor no *Spaniſh* Paint d'ye hear.

*Dia.* I'll warrant you for my part.

*Wild.* Then before the old Gentleman, you must behave your self very soberly, simple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glafs at Table, nor rant, nor swear: one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an arrant Drab.

*Dia.* Doubt not my Art of Diffimulation.

*Wild.* Go haste and dres— [Ex. *Dian. Bet. and Boy.*

*Enter Lady Gall. and Closet, above in the Balcony;*

*Wild.* going out, sees them, stops, and reads a Paper.

*Wild.* Hah, who's yonder? the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have I not power to flir; she has a damn'd hank upon my Heart, and nothing but right down lying with her will dissolve the Charm. She has forbid me seeing her, and therefore I am sure will the sooner take notice of me. [Reads.

*Clof.* What will you put on to night, Madam? you know you are to sup at Sir *Timothy Treat-all's*.

*L. Gall.* Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balcony, this City-Garden, where we walk to take the fresh Air of the Sea-coal Smoak. Did the Footman go back, as I order'd him, to see how *Wilding* and Sir *Charles* parted?

*Clof.* He did, Madam, and nothing cou'd provoke Sir *Charles* to fight after your Ladyship's strict Commands. Well, I'll swear he's the sweetest-natur'd Gentleman— has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladyship has to him.

*L. Gall.* Some small Exception to his whining Humour: but I think my chiefest dislike is, because my Relations with it a Match between us.

It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is

not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter sure.  
*Wild.* So, she fees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up: for tho I have a greater mind than she, it shall be all her own; the Match she told me of this Morning with my Uncle, sticks plaguily upon my Stomach; I must break the Neck on't, or break the Widow's Heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the Door now, the frowningly retires; if I pafs on, 'tis likely she may call me. [Advances.]

*L. Gall.* I think he's paffing on,  
 Without so much as looking towards the Window.

*Clof.* He's glad of the excuse of being forbidden.

*L. Gall.* But *Closet*, know'st thou not he has abus'd my Fame,  
 And does he think to pafs thus unupbraided?  
 Is there no Art to make him look this way?

No Trick—Prithee feign to laugh. [Clof. laughs.]

*Wild.* So, I shall not answser to that Call.

*L. Gall.* He's going! Ah, *Closet*, my Fan!—

*Lets fall her Fan just as he passes by; he takes it up, and looks up.*

Cry mercy, Sir, I am sorry I must trouble you to bring it.

*Wild.* Faith, so am I; and you may spare my Pains, and send your Woman for't, I'm in haste.

*L. Gall.* Then the quickest way will be to bring it.

*[Goes out of the Balcony with Closet.]*

*Wild.* I know I should be drawn in one way or other.

### SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter *L. Galliard*, *Wilding*, *Closet* to them; *Wilding* delivers the Fan, and is retiring.

*L. Gall.* Stay, I hear you're wondrous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let loose on me.

*Wild.* Who I, Widow? I think of no such trifles.

*L. Gall.* Such Railers never think when they're abusive; but something you have said, a Lye so infamous!

*Wild.* A Lye, and infamous of you! impossible!  
 What was it that I call'd you, Wife or Honest?

*L. Gall.* How can you accuse me with the want of either? Wild.

*Wild.* Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honesty, or intended ever to be thought so, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not so much as ferve you for a Cloke, he is so visibly and undeniably impotent?

*L. Gall.* Your Uncle you mean.

*Wild.* I do, who has not known the Joy of Fornication this thirty Year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his Head to marry, forsooth. Oh the Felicity of the Wedding-Night!

*L. Gall.* Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, shall not have power to hinder.

*Wild.* Not if you can help it; for I perceive you are resolv'd to be a leud incorrigible Sinner, and marry'ft this feditious doting Fool my Uncle, only to hang him out for the sign of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwife we should mistake, and think thee honest.

*L. Gall.* So much for my want of Honesty; my Wit is the part of the Text you are to handle next.

*Wild.* Let the World judge of that by this one Action: This Marriage undisputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleasure. Marry an old Fool, because he's rich! when so many handsome proper younger Brothers would be glad of you.

*L. Gall.* Of which hopeful number your self are one.

*Wild.* Who, I! Bear witness, *Closet*; take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and such a Scandal on my Reputation might ruin me; therefore have a care what you say.

*L. Gall.* Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, I hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if I be not reveng'd, hang me.

*Wild.* Yes, you are reveng'd; I had the fame of vanquishing where'er I laid my Siege, till I knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honest Reputation of lying with the Magistrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the necessary Affairs of the Nation, feditiously petitioning: and then I was esteemed; but now they look on me as a monstrous thing, that makes

I 4 honour-

honourable Love to you. Oh hideous, a Husband Lover! so that now I may protest, and swear, and lye my Heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindnes; but when I beg for either, my Lady *Galliard's* thrown in my Dish: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, who wou'd think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding*? Thus the City She-wits are let loose upon me, and all for you, sweet Widow: but I am resolv'd I will redeem my Reputation again, if never seeing you, nor writing to you more, will do it. And so farewell, faithleſs and scandalous honest Woman.

*L. Gal.* Stay, Tyrant.

*Wild.* I am engag'd.

*L. Gal.* You are not.

*Wild.* I am, and am resolv'd to lose no more time on a peevish Woman, who values her Honour above her Lover.

[*He goes out.*]

*L. Gal.* Go, this is the nobleſt way of loſing thee.

*Clof.* Muſt I not call him back?

*L. Gal.* No, if any honest Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Fetch me ſome Jewels; the Company to night at Sir *Timothy's* may divert me.

[*She ſits down before her Glafs.*]

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Madam, one Sir *Anthony Meriwill* wou'd ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.

*L. Gal.* Admit him; ſure 'tis Sir *Charles's* Uncle; if he comes to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in the critical Minute. Wou'd he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in Revenge.

*Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill and Sir Charles.*

*Sir Ant.* So, I have tutor'd the young Rogue, I hope he'll learn in time. Good Day to your Ladyſhip; *Charles* [putting him forward] my Nephew here, Madam—Sirrah—notwithstanding your Ladyſhip's Commands—Look how he stands now, being a mad young Rascal!—Gad, he wou'd wait on your Ladyſhip—A Devil on him, fee if he'll budge now—For he's a brisk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Fox on him, he'll ſpoil all yet.

*L. Gal.* Please you fit, Sir.

*Sir Char.* Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudenesſ.

*L. Gal.*

*Sir* Timothy Treat-all. 201

*L. Gal.* Still whining?—[Dressing her self carelessly.

*Sir Anth.* D'ye hear that, Sirrah? oh damn it, beg Pardon! the Rogue's quite out of 's part.

*Sir Char.* Madam, I fear my Visit is unseasonable.

*Sir Anth.* Unseasonable! damn'd Rogue, unseasonable to a Widow?—Quite out.

*L. Gal.* There are indeed some Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Visit, before they've put on their best Faces; but I am none of those that wou'd be fair in spite of Nature, Sir—Put on this Jewel here.

[*To Clof.*

*Sir Char.* That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

*Sir Anth.* Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. [*Afide, vext.*

*L. Gal.* You are still so full of University-Complements—

*Sir Anth.* D'ye hear that, Sirrah?—Ay, so he is, indeed, Madam—To her like a Man, ye knave.

[*Afide to him.*

*Sir Char.* Ah, Madam, I am come—

*Sir Anth.* To shew your self a Coxcomb.

*L. Gal.* To tire me with Discourses of your Passion—Fie, how this Curl fits! [*Looking in the Glass.*

*Sir Char.* No, you shall hear no more of that ungrateful Subject.

*Sir Anth.* Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by *George* he lies; he does come to speak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love—Not come to speak of Love, with a Pox! Owns, Sir, behave your self like a Man; be impudent, be fauncy, forward, bold, touzing, and leud, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her: why what a Pox!

[*Afide to him, he minds it not.*

*Sir Char.* Finding my Hopes quite lost in your unequal Favours to young *Wilding*, I'm quitting the Town.

*L. Gal.* You will do well to do so—lay by that Necklace, I'll wear Pearl to day. [*To Clof.*

*Sir Anth.* Confounded Blockhead!—by *George*, he lies again, Madam. A Dog, I'll disinherit him. [*Afide.*

I 5 He

He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilst your Ladyship is in it, to my Knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the Houfe; nay, in the very Bed, by *George*; I've heard him a thousand times fwear it. Swear it now, Sirrah: look, look, how he stands now! Why dear *Charles*, good Boy, fwear a little, ruffle her, and fwear, damn it, she shail have none but thee. *[Aside to him.]* Why you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddest Fellows in all *Devonshire*.

*L. Gal.* Wou'd I cou'd fee't, Sir.

*Sir Anth.* See't! look ye there, ye Rogue—Why 'tis all his Fault, Madam. He's seldom sober; then he has a dozen Weeches in pay, that he may with the more Authority break their Windows. There's never a Maid within forty Miles of *Merivill-Hall* to work a Miracle on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll say that for him.

*Sir Char.* How I have lov'd you, my Despairs shall witness: for I will die to purchase your Content.

*[She rises.]*  
*Sir Anth.* Die, a damn'd Rogue! Ay, ay, I'll disinherit him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd first, Madam.

*Sir Char.* And fure you'll pity me when I'm dead.

*Sir Anth.* A curse on him; pity, with a Pox. I'll give him ne'er a Soufe.

*L. Gal.* Give me that Essence-bottle.

*[To Clof.]*

*Sir Char.* But for a Recompence of all my Sufferings—

*L. Gal.* Sprinkle my Handkerchief with Tuberose.

*[To Clof.]*

*Sir Char.* I beg a Favour you'd afford a Stranger.

*L. Gal.* Sooner perhaps. What Jewel's that? *[To Clof.]*

*Clof.* One Sir *Charles Merivill*—

*L. Gal.* Sent, and you receiv'd without my Order!

No wonder that he looks so scurvily.

Give him the Trifle back to mend his Humour.

*Sir Anth.* I thank you, Madam, for that Reprimand. Look in that Glafs, Sir, and admire that sneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: A pox on him, he's past Grace

Grace, lost, gone : not a Souse, not a Groat; good b'ye to you, Sir. Madam, I beg your Pardon ; the next time I come a wooing, it shall be for my self, Madam, and I have something that will justify it too ; but as for this Fellow, if your Ladyship have e'er a small Page at leisure, I desire he may have Order to kick him down Stairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he shou'd have behaved himself handsomely ! Not an Acre, not a Shilling—b'ye, Sir Softhead [Going out meets Wild. and returns.] Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow ? so, so, he'll swinge him I hope ; I'll stay to have the pleasure of seeing it done.

*Enter Wilding, brushes by Sir Charles.*

*Wild.* I was sure 'twas Meriwil's Coach at Door.

*Sir Char.* Hah, Wilding !

*Sir Anth.* Ay, now Sir, here's one will waken ye, Sir.

[To Sir Char.

*Wild.* How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I see.

*Sir Char.* You're very free, Sir.

*Wild.* I am always fo in the Widow's Lodgings, Sir.

*Sir Anth.* A rare Fellow !

*Sir Char.* You will not do it elsewhere ?

*Wild.* Not with so much Authority.

*Sir Anth.* An admirable Fellow ! I must be acquainted with him.

*Sir Char.* Is this the Respect you pay Women of her Quality ?

*Wild.* The Widow knows I stand not much upon Ceremonies.

*Sir Anth.* Gad, he shall be my Heir.

[Aside still.

*L. Gal.* Pardon him, Sir, this is his Cambridge Breeching.

*Sir Anth.* Ay so 'tis, so 'tis, that two Years there quite spoil'd him.

*L. Gal.* Sir, if you've any further Busineſs with me, ſpeak it ; if not, I'm going forth.

*Sir Char.* Madam, in ſhort—

*Sir Anth.* In ſhort to a Widow, in ſhort ! quite lost.

*Sir Char.* I find you treat me ill for my Respect ;

And

And when I court you next,  
I will forget how very much I love you.

Sir *Anth.* Sir, I shall be proud of your farther Acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you.

[*To Wild.*]

*Wild.* I'll study to deserve it, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* Madam, your Servant. A damn'd sneaking Dog, to be civil and modest with a Pox!

[*Ex. Sir Char. and Sir Anth.*]

*L. Gal.* See if my Coach be ready.

[*Ex. Clos.*]

*Wild.* Whether are you janting now?

*L. Gal.* Where you dare not wait on me, to your Uncle's to Supper.

*Wild.* That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party; There they all meet and bargain without Scandal: Fops of all sorts and sizes you may chuse, Whig-land offers not such another Market.

*Enter Closet.*

*Clos.* Madam, here's Sir *Timothy Treat-all* come to wait on your Ladyship to Supper.

*Wild.* My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: Disinheriting me had not been so great a Disappointment; and if he sees me here, I ruin all the Plots I've laid for him. Ha, he's here.

*Enter Sir Tim.*

*Sir Tim.* How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

*Wild.* Madam, I find you can be cruel too, Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

*Sir Tim.* How now, Sir, what's your Busines here?

*Wild.* I came to beg a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

*Sir Tim.* How a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*! The Rogue said indeed he would cuckold me. [*A/ide.*] Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heirefs?

*Wild.* That was my Busines, now, Sir: Having in my possession the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, I would have made use of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard's* House to have secur'd her, till I got things in order

order for our Marriage ; but my Lady, to put me off, cries I have an Uncle.

*L. Gal.* A well contrived Lye. [Aside.]

*Sir Tim.* Well, I have heard of your good Fortune ; and however a Reprobate thou haſt been, I'll not ſhew my ſelf fo undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little House-room ; I heard indeed ſhe was gone a week ago,

And, Sir, my House is at your Service.

*Wild.* I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A pox upon him and his Association. [Goes out.]

*Sir Tim.* Come, Madam, my Coach waits below. [Exit.]

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A C T   III.   S C E N E   I.

*A Room.*

*Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, and Jervice.*

*Sir Tim.* H E R E, take my Sword, *Jervice.* What have you inquir'd, as I directed you, concerning the rich Heireſ, Sir *Nicholas Gett-all's* Daughter ?

*Jer.* Alas Sir, inquir'd ! why 'tis all the City-News that ſhe's run away with one of the maddeſt Tories about Town.

*Sir Tim.* Good Lord ! Ay, ay, 'tis fo ; the plaguy Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven ſhou'd drop ſuch Blessings in the Mouths of the wicked ! Well, *Jervice*, what Company have we in the Houſe, *Jervice* ?

*Jer.* Why truly, Sir, a fine deal, conſidering there's no Parliament.

*Sir Tim.* What Lords have we, *Jervice* ?

*Jer.* Lords, Sir, truly none.

*Sir Tim.* None ! what ne'er a Lord ! ſome mishap will befall me, ſome dire mischance ! Ne'er a Lord ! ominous, ominous ! our Party dwindleſ daily. What nor

nor Earl, nor Marques, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord !  
Hum, my Wine will lie most villainously upon my  
Hands to Night. *Service*, what, have we flore of  
Knights and Gentlemen ?

*Jer.* I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir ; but  
there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daugh-  
ters.

*Sir Tim.* Make us thankful for that ; our Meat will  
not lie upon our Hands then, *Service* : I'll say that for  
our little *Londoners*, they are as tall Fellows at a well-  
charg'd Board as any in *Christendom*.

*Jer.* Then, Sir, there's Nonconformist-Parfons.

*Sir Tim.* Nay, then we shall have a clear Board ; for  
your true Protestant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a  
Man's Table Credit.

*Jer.* Then, Sir, there's Country Justices and Grand-  
Jury-Men.

*Sir Tim.* Well enough, well enough, *Service*.

*Enter Mrs. Sensure.*

*Sen.* An't like your Worship, Mr. *Wilding* is come in  
with a Lady richly drest in Jewels, mask'd, in his Hand,  
and will not be deny'd speaking with your Worship.

*Sir Tim.* Hah, rich in Jewels ! this must be she. My  
Sword again, *Service*.—Bring 'em up, *Sensure*.—  
Prithee how do I look to Night, *Service* ?

[*Setting himself.*

*Jer.* Oh, most methodically, Sir.

*Enter Wild.* with Diana, and Betty.

*Wild.* Sir, I have brought into your kind protection  
the richest Jewel all *London* can afford, fair Mrs. *Char-*  
*lot Gett-all*.

*Sir Tim.* Blefs us, she's ravishing fair ! Lady, I had  
the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father.  
I think he has been dead.—

*Dia.* If he catechize me much on that point, I shall  
spoil all.

Alas, Sir, name him not ; for if you do, [weeping.]  
I'm sure I cannot answer you one Question.

*Wild.* For Heaven sake, Sir, name not her Father to  
her ; the bare remembrance of him kills her.

[*Aside to him.*

*Sir Tim.*

*Sir Tim.* Alas, poor Soul ! Lady, I beg your Pardon. How soft-hearted she is ! I am in love ; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what, run frisking thro my Veins.

*[Aside.]*

*Bet.* Ay, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelve-month just, and has left his Daughter here, my Mistress, three thousand Pound a year. *[Weeping.]*

*Sir Tim.* Three thousand Pound a Year ! Yes, yes, I am in love. *[Aside.]*

*Bet.* Besides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

*Sir Tim.* I'll marry her out of hand, *[Aside.]* Alas, I cou'd even weep too ; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now ; for 'tis not necessary you shou'd be seen here, d'ye see. *[Putting him out.]*

*Wild.* You fee, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me ; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind you wou'd be so. Those Writings, Sir, by which you were so good to make me Heir of all your Estate, you said you wou'd put into my possession, whene'er I made it appear to you I could live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

*Sir Tim.* And I will keep my word ; it is time enough.

*[Putting him out.]*

*Wild.* I have, 'tis true, been wicked ; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish my self in the religious City, and enter into the Association. There want but these fame Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

*Sir Tim.* Thou shalt have both, all in good time, Man : Go, go, thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character, go.

*Wild.* Ay, Sir, but the Writings, because I told her, Sir, I was your Heir ; nay, forc'd to fwear too, before she wou'd believe me.

*Sir Tim.* Alas, alas ! how shreadly thou wert put to't !

*Wild.* I told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me ; for nothing woos a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladyship.

*Sir Tim.* I'm glad of that ; that I can settle on her presently. *[Aside.]*

*Wild.*

*Wild.* You may please to hint something to her of my godly Life and Conversation ; that I frequent Conventions, and am drunk no where but at your true Protestant Confests and Clubs, and the like.

*Sir Tim.* Nay, if these will please her, I have her for certain. *[Aside.]* Go, go, fear not my good word.

*Wild.* But the Writings, Sir——

*Sir Tim.* Am I a Jew, a Turk ? Thou shalt have any thing, now I find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide so well for thy Uncle. *[Aside.]*

*[Puts him out, and addresses himself to the Lady.]*

*Wild.* Wou'd they were hang'd that trust you, that have but the art of Legerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where I know those Writings are kept. Death, what a disappointment's here ! I wou'd ha' sworne this Sham had past upon him. *[Aside.]* But, Sir, shall I have the Writings now ?

*Sir Tim.* What not gone yet ! for shame, away ; canst thou distrust thy own natural Uncle ? Fie, away, *Tom*, away.

*Wild.* A Plague upon your damn'd Dissimulation, that never failing Badge of all your Party, there's always mischief at the bottom on't ; I know ye all ; and Fortune be the Word. When next I see you, Uncle, it shall cost you dearer. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Jervise.*

*Jer.* An't please your Worship, Supper's almost over, and you are askt for.

*Sir Tim.* They know I never sup ; I shall come time enough to bid 'em welcome. *[Exit Jer.]*

*Dia.* I keep you, Sir, from Supper, and better Company.

*Sir Tim.* Lady, were I a Glutton, I cou'd be satisfy'd with feeding on those two bright starry Eyes.

*Dia.* You are a Courtier, Sir ; we City Maids do seldom hear such Language : in which you shew your kindness to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits.

*Sir Tim.* Lord, Lord, how innocent she is ! *[Aside.]* My Nephew, Madam ? yes, yes, I cannot chuse but be wondrous kind upon his score. *[Exit Dia.]*

*Sir* Timothy Treat-all. 209

*Dia.* Nay, he has often told me, you were the best of Uncles, and he deserves your goodness, so hopeful a young Gentleman.

*Sir Tim.* Wou'd I cou'd see't. [Aside.]

*Dia.* So modeft.

*Sir Tim.* Yes, ask my Maids. [Aside.]

*Dia.* So civil.

*Sir Tim.* Yes, to my Neighbours Wives. [Aside.] But so, Madam, I find by this high Commendation of my Nephew, your Ladyship has a very slender opinion of your devoted Servant the while: or else, Madam, with this not disagreeable Face and Shape of mine, fix thouſand Pound a year, and other Virtues and Commodities that shall be nameleſs, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhou'd not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious Perfon in the World, that shall be nameleſs. [Bowing and ſmirking.]

*Dia.* Meaning me, I am ſure; if I ſhou'd marry him now, and diſappoint my dear Inconſtant with an Heir of his own begetting, 'twould be a moſt wicked Revenge for paſt Kindneſſes. [Aside.]

*Sir Tim.* I know your Ladyship is ſtudying now who this victorious Perfon ſhou'd be, whom I dare not name: but let it ſuffice, ſhe is, Madam, within a Mile of an Oak.

*Dia.* No, Sir, I was conſidering, if what you ſay be true, How unadvisedly I have lovd your Nephew, Who ſwore to me he was to be your Heir.

*Sir Tim.* My Heir, Madam! am I ſo viſibly old to be fo desperate? No, I'm in my years of deſires and diſcretion, And I have thoughts, durſt I but utter 'em; But modeſtly ſay, Mum——

*Dia.* I took him for the hopeſulleſt Gentleman——

*Sir Tim.* Let him hope on, ſo will I; and yet Madam, in conſideration of your Love to him, and because he is my Nephew, young, handsome, witty, and ſo forth, I am content to be ſo much a Parent to him, as if Heaven pleafe,——to ſee him fairly hang'd.

*Dia.* How, Sir !

*Sir Tim.* He has deserv'd it, Madam : First, for lampooning the Reverend City with its noble Government, with the Right Honourable Gown-men ; libelling some for Feasting, and some for Fastling, some for Cuckolds, and some for Cuckold-makers ; charging us with all the feven deadly Sins, the Sins of our Fore-fathers, adding feven score more to the number ; the Sins of Forty-One reviv'd again in Eighty-One, with Additions and Amendments ; for which, tho' the Writings were drawn, by which I made him my whole Executor, I will disinherit him. Secondly, Madam, he deserves hanging for seducing, and most feloniously bearing away a young City-Heiref.

*Dia.* Undone, undone ! Oh, with what Face can I return again !

What Man of Wealth or Reputation, now

Will think me worth the owning ! [Feigns to weep.

*Sir Tim.* Yes, yes, Madam, there are honest, discreet, religious, and true Protestant Knights in the City, that wou'd be proud to dignify and distinguish so worthy a Gentlewoman. [Bowing and smiling.

*Bet.* Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam. [Aside.

—Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too !

*Sir Tim.* As a Tory Poet.

*Bet.* Well, Madam, take Comfort ; if the worst come to the worst, you have Estate enough for both.

*Dia.* Ay, *Betty*, were he but honest, *Betty*. [Weeping.

*Sir Tim.* Honest ! I think he will not steal ; but for his Body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

*Dia.* 'Tis evident, I am betray'd, abus'd ;

H'as lookt and sigh'd, and talkt away my Heart ;

H'as sworn, and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruin.

[Weeping.

*Sir Tim.* A small fault with him ; he has flatter'd and sworn me out of many a fair Thousand : why he has no more Conscience than a Politician, nor no more Truth than a Narrative (under the Rose.)

*Dia.*

*Dia.* Is there no Truth nor Honesty i'th' World?

*Sir Tim.* Troth, very little, and that lies all i'th' City amongst us sober Magistrates.

*Dia.* Were I a Man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

*Sir Tim.* Your Ladyship might do it better as you are were I worthy to advise you.

*Dia.* Name it.

*Sir Tim.* Why by marrying your Ladyship's most affur'd Friend, and most humble Servant, *Timothy Treat-all of London, Alderman.* [Bowing.

*Bet.* Ay this is something, Mistrefs; here's Reaſon.

*Dia.* But I have given my Faith and Troth to *Wilding, Betty.*

*Sir Tim.* Faith and Troth! We stand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heireſ married and bedded, and yet with the Advice of the wifer Magistrates, has been unmarried and consummated anew with another, so it stands with our Interest: 'tis Law by *Magna Charta*. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our *Magna Charta* have hang'd him for a Rape.

*Dia.* What, tho he had my Consent?

*Sir Tim.* That's nothing, he had not ours.

*Dia.* Then thou'd I marry you by stealth, the Danger wou'd be the fame.

*Sir Tim.* No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please; alas, I come off hand-smooth with *Ignoramus*.

*Enter Jervise.*

*Jer.* Sir, there's ſuch a calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glaffes go briskly about.

*Sir Tim.* Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are paſt; I love no Healths.

*Jer.* They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; fo they are all adjourning from the Dining-room hither, as more commodious for that Exercife. I think they're coming, Sir.

*Sir Tim.* Hah, coming! Call *Senſure* to wait on the Lady to her Apartment.—And, Madam, I do moſt heartily

ly recommend my most humble Address to your most judicious Consideration, hoping you will most vigorously, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Privileges of the Honourable City; and not suffer the Force or Persuasion of any Arbitrary Lover whatsoever, to subvert their ancient and Fundamental Laws, by seducing and forcibly bearing away so rich and illustrious a Lady: and, Madam, we will unanimously stand by you with our Lives and Fortunes.—This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgess.

*[Aside.]*

*[Leads her to the Door: She goes out with Betty and Senfure.]*

*Enter Musick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill dancing with a Lady in his Hand, Sir Charles with Lady Galliard, several other Women and Men.*

*Sir Anth. [singing.] Philander was a jolly Swain,  
And lov'd by ev'ry Lass;  
Whom when he met upon the Plain,  
He laid upon the Grass.*

*And here he kist, and there he play'd  
With this, and then the other,  
Till every wanton smiling Maid  
At last became a Mother.*

*And to her Swain, and to her Swain,  
The Nymph begins to yield;  
Ruffle, and breathe, then to't again,  
Thou'rt Master of the Field,  
[Clapping Sir Char. on the back.]*

*Sir Char. And if I keep it not, say I'm a Coward,  
Uncle.*

*Sir Anth. More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up.* *[Enter Bottles and Glasses.]*

*Sir Tim. How! young Meriwill so close to the Widow—  
Madam—*

*[Addressing himself to her, Sir Char. puts him by.  
Sir*

*Sir Char.* Sir *Timothy*, why, what a Pox doft thou bring that damn'd puritanical, schismatical, fanatical, Small-beer-Face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glaſs to the Widow's Health.

*Sir Tim.* O lack, Sir *Charles*, no Healths for me, I pray.

*Sir Char.* Hark ye, leave that cozening, canting, fanſify'd Sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a sober loyal Magiftrate, all thofe Healths you are behind, from his ſacred Maſteſty, whom God long preſerve, with the reſt of the Royal Family, even down to this wicked Wi‐dow, whom Heaven foon convert for her leud deſigns upon my Body. *[Pulling Sir Tim. to kneel.]*

*Sir Anth.* A rare Boy! he ſhall have all my Eſtate.

*Sir Tim.* How, the Widow a leud deſign upon his Body! Nay, then I am jealous. *[Aſide.]*

*L. Gal.* I a leud deſign upon your Body! for what, I wonder?

*Sir Char.* Why, for villainous Matrimony.

*L. Gal.* Who, I?

*Sir Char.* Who, you! yes you.

Why are thofe Eyes dreſt in inviting Love? Thoſe ſoft bewitching Smiles, thofe riſing Breasts, And all thofe Charms which make you fo adorable, Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

*Sir Anth.* How's that, how's that! *Charles* at his Adorables and Charms! He muſt have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again elfe. Come, come, every man his Glaſs; Sir *Timothy* you are fix behind: Come, come, *Charles*, name 'em all.

*[Each take a Glaſs, and force Sir Tim. on his Knees.]*

*Sir Char.*—Not bate ye an Ace, Sir. Come, his Maſteſty's Health, and Confuſion to his Enemis.

*[They go to force his Mouth open to drink.]*

*Sir Tim.* Hold, Sir, hold, if I muſt drink, I muſt; but this is very arbitraſy, methinks.

*[Drinks]*

*Sir Anth.* And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of *Al‐bany*. Muſick, play a *Scotch Jig*. *[Muſick plays, they drink.]*

*Sir Tim.* This is mere Tyranny.

*Enter*

Enter Jervice.

*Jer.* Sir, there is alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

*Sir Tim.* How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice*—Ods so, he's here!

*Enter Wilding in disguise, Dresswel, and Footmen and Pages.*

*Wild.* Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the renown'd *Maitre de Hotel*.

*Sir Tim.* *Mater de Otell!* I have not the Honour to know any of that Name, I am call'd Sir *Timothy Treat-all*. [Bowing.]

*Wild.* The fame, Sir; I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

*Sir Tim.* Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

*Wild.* I'm glad on't, Sir; for 'tis a Nation I hate, as indeed I do all Monarchies.

*Sir Tim.* Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. [Bows.]

*Wild.* Unless Elective Monarchies, which so resemble a Commonwealth.

*Sir Tim.* Right, my Lord; where every Man may hope to take his turn—Your Lordship is most singularly welcome. [Bows low.]

*Wild.* And tho I am a Stranger to your Person, I am not to your Fame, amongst the sober Party of the *Amster-damians*, all the French Hugonots throughout *Geneva*; even to *Hungary* and *Poland*, Fame's Trumpet sounds your Praife, making the Pope to fear, the rest admire you.

*Sir Tim.* I'm much oblig'd to the renowned Mobile.

*Wild.* So you will say, when you shall hear my Embassy. The *Polanders* by me falute you, Sir, and have in the next new Election, prick'd ye down for their succeeding King.

*Sir Tim.* How, my Lord, prick'd me down for King! Why this is wonderful! Prick'd me, unworthy me down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

*Wild.* They know, he that can be so great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private Person, what must he be when Power is on his side?

Sir *Tim.*

Sir Tim. Ay, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the stop to all my rising Greatnes. Shall I be so ungrateful to disappoint this big expecting Nation? defeat the sober Party, and my Neighbours, for any Polish Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will consider on't: Mean time my House is yours.

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the Measure of the Crown: Ha, it fits you to a Hair.

[Pulls out a Ribband, measures his Head.  
You were by Heav'n and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir Anth. Hah, at it again!

[Sir Charles making sober Love.  
Come, we grow dull, *Charles*; where stands the Glaſs!  
What balk my Lady *Galliard*'s Health! [They go to drink.

Wild. Hah, *Galliard*—and so sweet on *Meriwill*!

[Aside.  
L. Gall. If it be your busines, Sir, to drink, I'll withdraw.

Sir Char. Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Hark ye, Lady *Galliard*, I am damnable afraid you can- not bear Liquor well, you are so forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir Tim. Well, Gentlemen, ſince I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you will not refuse a Health of my Denomination.

Sir Anth. We ſcorn to be ſo uncivil.

[All take the Glaſſes.

Sir Tim. Why then here's a conceal'd Health that ſhall be nameleſs, to his Grace the King of *Poland*.

Sir Char. King of *Poland*! Lord, Lord, how your Thoughts ramble!

Sir Tim. Not ſo far as you imagine; I know what I ſay, Sir.

Sir Char. Away with it.

[Drink all.

Wild. I ſee, Sir, you ſtill keep up that Englifh Hospi- tality that ſo renowned our Anceſtors in History.

[Looking on L. Gal.

Sir Tim. Ay, my Lord, my noble Guests are my Wife and Children.

Wild. Are you not married then? Death, ſhe ſmiles on him.

[Aside.

Sir Tim.

*Sir Tim.* I had a Wife, but rest her Soul, she's dead; and I have no Plague left now but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with ill Customs, Tantivy Opinions, and Court-Notions.

*Wild.* Cannot your pious Examples convert him! By Heaven, she's fond of him! [Aside.]

*Sir Tim.* Alas, I have try'd all ways, fair and foul; nay, had setteld t'other Day my whole Estate upon him, and just as I had sign'd the Writings, out comes me a damn'd Libel, call'd *A Warning to all good Christians against the City-Magistrates*; and I doubt he had a Hand in *Abfalom and Achitophel*, a Rogue. But some of our sober Party have claw'd him home, y' faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reaon.

*Wild.* Most visibly in Love! Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws and Religion plead for so near a Kinsman.

*Sir Tim.* Laws and Religion! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the Name of a Patriot, who does not for the publick Good, defy all Laws and Religion.

*Wild.* Death, I must interrupt 'em—Sir, pray what Lady's that? [Wild. salutes her.]

*Sir Tim.* I beseech your Lordship know her, 'tis my Lady *Galliard*; the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all—Well, my Lord, how do you like my Method of doing the busines of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and so forth?

*Wild.* High Feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

*Sir Tim.* Your Lordship has hit it right: A rare Man this!

*Wild.* But come, Sir, leave serious Affairs, and oblige these fair ones.

[*Addreses himself to Galliard, Sir Charles puts him by.*]

*Enter Charlot disguised, Clacket and Foppington.*

*Char.* Heavens, *Clacket*, yonder's my Falfe one, and that my lovely Rival. [Pointing to Wild. and L. Gal.]

*Enter Diana and Sensure mask'd, and Betty.*

*Dian.* Dear Mrs. *Sensure*, this Favour has oblig'd me.

*Sen.* I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* By her Mien, this shou'd be handsome—[Goes to Diana] Madam, I hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the Honour of your Hand.

*Dian.* Ha, *Wilding!* Love can discover thee thro all Disguise.

*Wild.* Hah, *Diana!* wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the King's Highway, with stand and deliver, than thus encounter it on the Face of an old Mistress; and the Cheat were more excusable—But how— [Talks aside with her.]

*Sir Char.* Nay, never frown nor chide; For thus do I intend to shew my Authority, till I have made thee only fit for me.

*Wild.* Is't so, my precious Uncle? Are you so great a Devil in Hypocrify? Thus had I been serv'd, had I brought him the right Woman. [Aside.]

*Dian.* But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have serv'd thee so; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birth-right—But see we're observ'd.

[Charlot listening behind him all this while.]

*Char.* By all that's good 'tis he! that Voice is his!

[He going from Dian. turns upon Charlot, and looks.]

*Wild.* Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has so much of *Charlot* in her Face? But sure she durst not venture; 'tis not her Drefs nor Mien. Dear pretty Stranger, I must dance with you.

*Char.* Gued deed, and see ye shall, Sir, gen you please. Tho' I's not dance, Sir, I'll tell ya that noo.

*Wild.* Nor I, so we're well matcht. By Heaven, she's wondrous like her.

*Char.* By th' Mass not so kind, Sir: 'Twere gued that one of us shou'd dance to guide the other weel.

*Wild.* How young, how innocent and free she is! And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

*Char.* In any thing that gued is.

*Wild.* I love you extremely, and wou'd teach you to love.

*Char.* Ah, wele aday?

[Sighs and smiles.]

*Wild.* A thing I know you do not understand.

*Char.* Gued faith, and ya're 'ith' right, Sir ; yet 'tis a thing I's often here ya gay men talk of.

*Wild.* Yes, and no doubt have been told those pretty Eyes inspired it.

*Char.* Gued deed, and so I have ! Ya men make fa mickle ado about ens Eyes, ways me, I's ene tir'd with sick-like Complements.

*Wild.* Ah, if you give us wounds, we must complain.

*Char.* Ya may ene keep out a harms way then.

*Wild.* Oh, we cannot ; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

*Char.* Marry and I's have a Song to that tune, Sir.

*Wild.* Dear Creature, let me beg it.

*Char.* Gued faith, ya shall not, Sir, I's sing without entreaty.

#### SONG.

*Ah Jenny, gen your Eyes do kill,*  
*You'll let me tell my Pain ;*  
*Gued Faith, I lov'd against my Will,*  
*But wad not break my Chain.*  
*I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,*  
*Till that fair Face of yours*  
*Betray'd the Freedom ence I had,*  
*And ad my bleether Howers.*

*But noo ways me like Winter looks,*  
*My gloomy showering Eyne,*  
*And on the Banks of shaded Brooks*  
*I pass my wearied time.*  
*I call the Stream that gledeth on,*  
*To witness if it see,*  
*On all the flowry Brink along,*  
*A Swain so true as Iee.*

*Wild.* This very Swain am I, so true and so forlorn, unlesf ye pity me.—This an excellency *Charlot* wants, at least I never heard her sing. [Aside.]

*Sir Anth.* Why *Charles*, where stands the Woman, *Charles*? [Fop. comes up to Charlot.]

*Wild.* I must speak to *Galliard*, tho all my Fortunes depend

depend on the Discovery of my self.

[Ayde.

Sir Anth. Come, come, a cooling Glass about.

Wild. Dear Dreswell, entertain Charles Merivill a little, whilst I speak to Galliard.

[*The Men go all to the drinking Table.*

By Heaven, I die, I languish for a Word !

— Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow  
To speak with none but that young Cavalier.  
They say, the Freedom English Ladies use,  
Is, as their Beauty, great.

L. Gal. Sir, we are none of those of so nice and delicate a Virtue, as Conversation can corrupt ; we live in a cold Climate

Wild. And think you're not so apt to be in Love,  
As where the Sun shines oftner.

But you too much partake of the Inconstancy of your fickle Climate.

[*Maliciously to her.*

One day all Sun-shine, and th' encourag'd Lover  
Decks himself up in glittering Robes of Hope :

And in the midst of all their boasted Finery  
Comes a dark Cloud acros his Mifrefs' Brow,  
Dashes the Fool, and spoils the gaudy Show.

[*La. Gal. observing him nearly.*

L. Gal. Hah, do I not know that railing Tongue of yours ?

Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then,

I was resolv'd to be to night a Witness

Of that sworn Love you flatter'd me so often with.

By Heaven, I saw you playing with my Rival,

Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.

When is the Assignation ? When the Hours ?

For he's impatient as the raging Sea,

Loose as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun,

That kisles all the Beauties of the Spring.

L. Gal. I take him for a sober Person, Sir.

Wild. Have I been the Companion of his Riots

In all the leud course of our early Youth,

Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers ?

But no kind Blossom could oblige our stay,

We rifled and were gone.

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*L. Gal.* Your Virtues I perceive are pretty equal ;  
Only his Love's the honestest o'th' two.

*Wild.* Honestest ! that is, he wou'd owe his good Fortune to the Parson of the Parish ;  
And I would be oblig'd to you alone.  
He wou'd have a Licence to boast he lies with you,  
And I wou'd do't with Modesty and Silence :  
For Virtue's but a Name kept from Scandal,  
Which the most base of Women best preserve,  
Since Jilting and Hypocrisy cheat the World best.  
—But we both love, and who shall blab the Secret ?

[*In a soft Tone.*

*L. Gal.* Oh, why were all the Charms of speaking given  
To that false Tongue that makes no better use of 'em ?  
—I'll hear no more of your enchanting Reasons.

*Wild.* You must.

*L. Gal.* I will not.

*Wild.* Indeed you must.

*L. Gal.* By all the Powers above—

*Wild.* By all the Powers of Love you'll break your Oath,  
unless you swear this Night to let me see you.

*L. Gal.* This Night.

*Wild.* This very Night.

*L. Gal.* I'd die first—At what Hour ?

[*First turns away, then sighs and looks on him.*

*Wild.* Oh, name it ; and if I fail— [With Joy.

*L. Gal.* I wou'd not for the World—

*Wild.* That I shou'd fail !

*L. Gal.* Not name the guilty Hour.

*Wild.* Then I thro eager haste shall come too soon,  
And do your Honour wrong.

*L. Gal.* My Honour ! Oh that Word !

*Wild.* Which the Devil was in me for naming.

[*Aside.*

—At Twelve.

*L. Gal.* My Women and my Servants then are up.

*Wild.* At One, or Two.

*L. Gal.* So late ! 'twill be so quickly Day !

*Wild.* Ay, so it will ;

That half our Busines will be left unfinisht.

*L. Gal.*

*L. Gal.* Hah, what do you mean? what Busines? *Wild.*

A thoufand tender things I have to fay;  
A thoufand Vows of my eternal Love;  
And now and then we'll kifs and—

*L. Gal.* Be extremely honest.

*Wild.* As you can wish.

*L. Gal.* Rather as I command: for shou'd he know my  
with, I were undone. *[Aside.]*

*Wild.* The Sign—

*L. Gal.* Oh, prefs me not—yet you may come at  
Midnight under my Chamber-Window.

*[Sir Char. sees 'em so close, comes to 'em.]*

*Sir Char.* Hold, Sir, hold! Whilſt I am lifſing to the  
Relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and  
Counterſcarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters—  
My Lord, by your leave. *[Puts him by, growing drunk.]*

*Char.* Perſuade me not, I burst with Jealousy.

*[Wild. turns, sees Clacket.]*

*Wild.* Death and the Devil, *Clacket!* then 'tis *Charlot*,  
and I'm diſcover'd to her.

*Char.* Say, are you not a false diſembling thing?

*[To Wild. in anger.]*

*Wild.* What, my little Northern Laſſ translated into  
English!  
This 'tis to praſtice Art in ſpite of Nature.  
Alas, thy Virtue, Youth, and Innocence,  
Were never made for Cunning.  
I found ye out thro all your forcd diſguife.

*Char.* Hah, did you know me then?

*Wild.* At the firſt glance, and found you knew me too,  
And talkt to yonder Lady in Revenge,  
Whom my Uncle would have me marry. But to avoid  
all Diſcourses of that nature, I came to Night in this Diſ-  
guife you fee, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

*Charl.* And is that all, on Honour? Is it, Dear?

*Wild.* What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous Women?

*Charl.* Yes, when I fee the Writings.

*Wild.* Go home, I die if you shou'd be diſcover'd:  
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.

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*Clacket*, you and I must have an old Reckoning about this Night's Jant of yours. [Aside to Clacket.]

*Sir Tim.* Well, my Lord, how do you like our *English* Beauties?

*Wild.* Extremely, Sir; and was preffing this young Lady to give us a Song.

*[Here is an Italian Song in two Parts.]*

*Sir Tim.* I never saw this Lady before: pray who may she, be, Neighbour? [To Clacket.]

*Mrs. Clack.* A Niece of mine, newly come out of *Scotland*, Sir.

*Sir Tim.* Nay, then she dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, please you to sit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance.

*[They all sit: Charl. and Fop. dance.]*  
So, so; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conscience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the Men; but for my self, I must retire; first waiting on your Lordship to shew you your Apartment, then leave you to *cher entire*: and to morrow, my Lord, you and I will settle the Nation, and will resolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders*.

*[Exeunt all but Wild. Dref. and Fop. Sir Charles leading out Lady Galliard.]*

*Sir Anth.* Well said *Charles*, thou leav'st her not till she's thy own, Boy—And *Philander was a jolly Swain, &c.*

*[Exit. singing.]*

*Wild.* All things succeed above my Wish, dear *Frank*; Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is so; This night crowns all my Wishes.

*Laboir*, are all things ready for our purpose?

*[To his Footman.]*

*Lab.* Dark Lanthorns, Pistols, Habits and Vizors, Sir. *Fop.* I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treasure.

*Dref.* I perceive you are resolv'd to make a thorow-fitcht Robbery on't.

*Fop.* Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good ven-

venture a Caper under the Tipple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

*Wild.* We must consider on't. 'Tis now just struckt e-  
leven ; within this Hour is the dear Assignation with *Gal-  
liard.*

*Dref.* What, whether our Affairs be finish'd or not ?

*Wild.* 'Tis but at next Door ; I shall return time e-  
nough for that trivial Busineſſ.

*Dref.* A trivial Busineſſ of ſome ſix thouſand pound a  
year ?

*Wild.* Trivial to a Woman, *Frank* : no more ; *Laboir*,  
do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table : and  
when I give the ſign, let me softly in.

*Dref.* Death, Sir, will you venture at ſuch a time ?

*Wild.* My Life and future Hope—I am refolv'd.  
Let Politicians plot, let Rogues go on  
In the old beaten Path of Forty one ;  
Let City-Knaves delight in Mutiny,  
The Rabble bow to old Presbytery ;  
Let pretty States be to conuſion hurl'd,  
Give me but Woman, I'll deſpise the World. [Exeunt.

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A C T I V. S C E N E I. A  
*Dressing-Room.*

*Lady Galliard* is discover'd in an Undress at her Table,  
Glaſs, and Toilette, Closet attending : As ſoon as the  
Scene draws off, ſhe rifes from the Table as disturbed  
and out of Humour.

*L. Gal.* Come, leave your everlasting Chamber-maid's  
Chat, your dull Road of Slander by rote,  
and lay that Paint aſide. Thou art fuller of false News,  
than an unlicens'd Mercury.

*Clof.* I have good Proof, Madam, of what I ſay.

*L. Gal.* Proof of a thing imposſible !—Away.

*Clof.* Is it a thing ſo imposſible, Madam, that a Man

of Mr. *Wilding*'s Parts and Person should get a City-Heiress? Such a bonne Mien, and such a pleasant Wit!

L. *Gal.* Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou hast Tongue enough to talk an Oyster-Woman deaf: I say it cannot be—What means the panting of my troubled Heart! Oh my prefaging Fears! shou'd what she says prove true, How wretched and how lost a thing am I! *[Aside.]*

*Clof.* Your Honour may say your Pleasure; but I hope I have not liv'd to these Years to be impertinent—No, Madam, I am none of those that run up and down the Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye-catching, and—

L. *Gal.* Eternal Rattle, peace—

*Mrs. Charlott Gett-all* go away with *Wilding*!

A Man of *Wilding*'s extravagant Life

Get a Fortune in the City!

Thou mightst as well have told me, a Holder-forth were married to a Nun:

There are not two such Contraries in Nature,

'Tis flam, 'tis foolery, 'tis most impossible.

*Clof.* I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, if my Discourse offend you; but all the World knows *Mrs. Clacket* to be a person—

L. *Gal.* Who is a most devout Baud, a precise Procurer; a Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Flesh; a Doer of the Devil's Work in God's Name. Is she your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubtedly—I say once more, adone with your idle Tittle-Tattle,—and to divert me, bid *Betty* sing the Song which *Wilding* made to his last Mistres; we may judge by that, what little Haunts, and what low Game he follows. This is not like the Description of a rich Citizen's Daughter and Heir, but some common Hackney of the Suburbs.

*Clof.* I have heard him often swear she was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

L. *Gal.* Like enough, there are many of these Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Prostitutes, as errant Jilts, as those who make open profession of the Trade—almost as mercenary—But come, the Song. *[Enter Betty.]*

S O N G.

*In Phillis all vile Jilts are met,  
Foolish, uncertain, false, Coquet.  
Love is her constant welcome Guest,  
And still the newest pleases best.  
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon ;  
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.*

*Yet for the Plague of human Race,  
This Devil has an Angel's Face ;  
Such Youth, such Sweetness in her Look,  
Who can be Man, and not be took ?  
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,  
Can save a poor inclining Heart ?*

*In vain a thousand Times an hour  
Reason rebels against her Power.  
In vain I rail, I curse her Charms ;  
One Look my feeble Rage disarms.  
There is Inchantment in her Eyes ;  
Who sees 'em, can no more be wise.*

*Enter Wilding, who runs to embrace L. Gal.*

*Wild.* Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met ;  
Most charming of your Sex, and wisest of all Widows,  
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here !  
Now I have liv'd to purpose, since at last—Oh killing Joy !  
Come, let me fold you, pres' you in my Arms,  
And kifs you Thanks for this dear happy Night.

*L. Gal.* You may spare your Thanks, Sir, for those  
that will deserve 'em ; I shall give ye no occasion for  
'em.

*Wild.* Nay, no scruples now, dearest of Dears, no more,  
'Tis most unseasonable—  
I bring a Heart full fraught with eager Hopes,  
Opprest with a vast Load of longing Love ;  
Let me unlade me in that soft white Bosom,  
That Storehouse of rich Joys and lasting Pleasures,  
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies.

[She breaks from him.]

L. *Gal.* You're wondrous full of Love and Rapture, Sir ; but certainly you mistake the Person you address 'em to.

*Wild.* Why, are you not my Lady *Galliard*, that very Lady *Galliard*, who, if one may take her Word for't, loves *Wilding*? Am I not come hither by your own Appointment ; and can I have any other Busineſſ here at this time of night, but Love, and Rapture, and—

L. *Gal.* Scandalous and vain ! by my Appointment, and for fo lead a purpoſe ! guard me ye good Angels. If after an Affront fo groſſ as this, I ever ſuffer you to fee me more, Then think me what your Carriage calls me, An impudent, an open ProSTITUTE, Lost to all ſenſe of Virtue, or of Honour.

*Wild.* What can this mean ? [Aside.] Oh, now I understand the Mystery. [Looking on *Cloſet*. Her Woman's here, that troublefome piece of Train.

—I must remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. *Cloſet*, I had forgot to tell you, as I came up I heard a Kinſman of yours very earneſt with the Servants below, and in great haſte to ſpeak with you.

*Clo.* A Kinſman ! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of night.

*Wild.* Yes, a very near Kinſman, he ſaid he was your Father's own Mother's Uncle's Sister's Son ; what d'ye call him ?

*Clof.* Ay, what d'ye call him indeed ? I ſhou'd be glad to hear his Name. Alas, Sir, I have no near Relation living that I know of, the more's my Misfortune, poor helpless Orphan that I am. [Weeps.]

*Wild.* Nay, but Mrs. *Cloſet*, pray take me right, This Country-man of yours, as I was faying—

L. *Gal.* Chang'd already from a Kinſman to a Countryman ! a plain Contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. *Cloſet*, as you value my Service, ſtar not from hence.

*Wild.* This Countryman of yours, I ſay, being left Executor of your Father's last Will and Testament, is come—

come—Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady ; know your Cue and retire.

*Clof.* How, Sir !

*Wild.* Learn, I say, to understand Reason when you hear it. Leave us awhile ; Love is not a Game for thee to play at.

[*Gives her Money.*]

*Clof.* I must own to all the World, you have convinc'd me ; I ask a thousand Pardons for my Dulness. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run ; you're a most powerful Person, the very Spirit of Persuasion—I'll fleal out—You have such a taking way with you—But I forgot my self. Well, your most obedient Servant ; whenever you've occasion, Sir, be pleas'd to use me freely.

*Wild.* Nay, dear Impertinence, no more Complements, you see I'm busy now ; prithee be gone, you see I am busy.

*Clof.* I'm all Obedience to you, Sir—  
Your most obedient—

*L. Gal.* Whither are you fisking and giggiting now ?

*Clof.* Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately.

[*Exit. Clof.*]

*Wild.* So, she's gone ; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the Deliverance. And now, dear Widow, let's lose no more precious time ; we have fool'd away too much already.

*L. Gal.* This to me ?

*Wild.* To you, yes, to whom else should it be ? unless being sensible you have not Discretion enough to manage your own Affairs your self, you resolve like other Widows, with all your Worth to buy a Governour, commonly call'd a Husband, I took ye to be wifer ; but if that be your Design, I shall do my best to serve you—tho to deal freely with you—

*L. Gal.* Trouble not your self, Sir, to make Excuses ; I'm not so fond of the Offer to take you at your Word. Marry you ! a Rakeshame, who have not Esteem enough for the Sex to believe your Mother honest—without Money or Credit, without Land either in present or prospect ; and has a dozen hungry Vices, like so many bau-ling Brats at 'your Back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable

chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Besides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Get-all*?

*Wild.* Married to her! Do I know her, you shou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lye? but suppose it were true, cou'd you be jealous of a Woman I marry? Do you take me for such an Afs, to suspect I shall love my own Wife? On the other side, I have a great Charge of Vices, as you well observe, and I must not be so barbarous to let 'em starve. Every body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, tho they send their Children a begging; I shou'd be worfe than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I must marry some stiif aukward thing or other with an ugly Face, and a handfom Estate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you only can make me happy—Come, do it then.

*L. Gal.* I never will.

*Wild.* Unkindly said, you must.

*L. Gal.* Unreasonable Man! because you see I have unusual Regards for you, Pleasure to hear, and Trouble to deny you; A fatal yielding in my Nature toward you, Love bends my Soul that way— A Weaknes I ne'er felt in any other; And wou'd you be so base? and cou'd you have the Heart To take th' advantage on't to ruin me, To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

*Wild.* You reason falfe, According to the strictest Rules of Honour, Beauty should still be the Reward of Love, Not the vile Merchandise of Fortune, Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony. She's only infamous, who to her Bed For Interest takes some nauseous Clown she hates; And tho a Jointure or a Vow in publick Be her Price, that makes her but the dearer Whore.

*L. Gal.* I understand not these new Morals.

*Wild.* Have Patience I say, 'tis clear: All the Desires of mutual Love are virtuous.

Can Heav'n or Man be angry that you please  
Your self, and me, when it does wrong to none ?  
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be ?  
Befides, are we not alone, and private ? who can know it ?

*L. Gal.* Heaven will know it ; and I—that, that's enough : but when you are weary of me, first your Friend, then his, then all the World.

*Wild.* Think not that time will ever come.

*L. Gal.* Oh, it must, it will.

*Wild.* Or if it should, could I be such a Villain—  
Ah cruel ! if you love me as you say,  
You wou'd not thus distrust me.

*L. Gal.* You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er  
my Tongue,  
Or all the Actions of my Life can tell you—so well—  
Your very Faults, how gross fo'e'er to me,  
Have something pleasing in 'em. To me you're all  
That Man can praise, or Women can desire ;  
All Charm without, and all Desert within.  
But yet my Virtue is more lovely still ;  
That is a Price too high to pay for you ;  
The Love of Angels may be bought too dear,  
If we beflow on them what's kept for Heaven.

*Wild.* Hell and the Devil ! I'll hear no more  
Of this religious Stuff, this godly Nonsense.  
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to  
preach Virtue to me ?

*L. Gal.* I bring you hither ! how can you say it ?  
I suffer'd you indeed to come, but not  
For the base end you fancy'd, but to take  
A last Leave of you. Let my Heart break with Love,  
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me ;  
Believe I still shall have a Kindness for you,  
Always your Friend, your Mistress now no more.

*Wild.* Cozen'd, abus'd, she loves some other Man !  
Dull Blockhead, not to find it out before ! *[Aside.]*  
—Well, Madam, may I at last believe  
This is your fix'd and final Resolution ?  
And does your Tongue now truly speak your Heart,  
That has so long bely'd it ?

*L. Gal.*

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*L. Gal.* It does.

*Wild.* I'm glad on't. Good Night; and when I visit you again, may you again thus fool me. [Offers to go.

*L. Gall.* Stay but a Moment.

*Wild.* For what? to praise your Night-dress, or make Court to your little Dog? No, no, Madam, send for Mr. Flamfull, and Mr. Flutterbus, Mr. Lap-fool and Mr. Loveall; they'll do it better, and are more at leisure.

*L. Gal.* Hear me a little: You know I both despise, and hate those civil Coxcombs, as much as I esteem and love you. But why will you be gone so soon? and why are ye so cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindness? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. [In a soft Tone.

*Wild.* Then keep your Word, Madam.

*L. Gal.* My Word! and have I promis'd then to be A Whore? A Whore! Oh let me think of that! A Man's Convenience, his leisure Hours, his Bed of Ease, To loll and tumble on at idle times; The Slave, the Hackney of his lawles Lust; A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy Flames, Made use of, and thrown by—Oh infamous!

*Wild.* Come, come, you love me not, I see it plain; That makes your Scruples; that, that's the Reason. You start at Words, and turn away from Shadows. Already some pert Fop, some Ribbon Fool, Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me In that unsteady treacherous Woman's Heart of yours.

*L. Gal.* Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a—Whore—

*Wild.* Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind! All that you are, and all you do's a Lye. False are you Faces, false your floating Hearts; False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements: Enemies without Reason, and dear without Kindness; Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love; Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

*L. Gal.* False rather are the Joys you are so fond of. Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

*Wild.* No, them I can never quit, but you most easily: A Woman changeable and false as you. *L. Gal.*

L. Gal. Said you most easily ? Oh, inhuman !  
Your cruel Words have wak'd a dismal Thought ;  
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my Heart,  
And Weaknes steals upon my Soul apace ;  
I find I must be miserable——  
I wou'd not be thought false.

*[In a soft Tone, coming near him.]*

Wild. Nor wou'd I think you so ; give me not Caus'e.

L. Gal. What Heart can bear distrust from what it loves ?  
Or who can always her own Wish deny ? *[Aside.]*  
My Reason's weary of unequal Strife ;  
And Love and Nature will at last o'ercome.  
—Do you not then believe I love you ?

*[To him in a soft Tone.]*

Wild. How can I, while you still remain unkind !

L. Gal. How shall I speak my guilty Thoughts ?  
I have not Power to part with you ; conceal my Shame,  
I doubt

I cannot, I fear I shou'd not any more deny you.

Wild. Oh heavenly Sound ! Oh charming Creature !  
Speak that Word again, agen, agen ! for ever let me  
hear it.

L. Gal. But did you not indeed ? and will you never,  
never love Mrs. *Charlot*, never ?

Wild. Never, never.

L. Gal. Turn your Face away, and give me leave  
To hide my rising Blushes : I cannot look on you,

*[As this last Speech is speaking, she sinks into his  
Arms by degrees,*

But you must undo me if you will——

Since I no other way my Truth can prove,

—You shall see I love.

Pity my Weaknes, and admire my Love.

Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my Arms,

Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.

Fate, I defy thee, and dull World, adieu.

In Love's kind Fever let me ever lie,

Drunk with Desire, and raving mad with Joy.

*[Exeunt into Bed-chamber, Wild. leading  
her with his Arms about her.]*

S C E N E

## SCENE changes.

*Enter Sir Charles Meriwill and Sir Anthony, Sir Charles drunk.*

*Sir Anth.* A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

*Sir Char.* Why, look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a Man do? I brought her to her Coach—

*Sir Anth.* To her Coach! to her Coach! Did not I put her into your Hand, follow'd you out, wink'd, smil'd and nodded; cry'd 'bye *Charles*, 'bye Rogue; which was as much as to say, Go home with her *Charles*, home to her Chamber, *Charles*; nay, as much as to say, Home to her Bed, *Charles*; nay, as much as to say—Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modest too! That I shou'd bring thee up with no more Fear of God before thy Eyes!

*Sir Char.* Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my Heart now! Why I did proffer, and pres, and swear, and ly'd, and—but a pox on her, she has the damn'dst wheedling way with her, as dear *Charles*, nay prithee, sie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preserve; and such obliging Reafons.

*Sir Anth.* Reafons! Reafon! a Lover, and talk of Reafon! You lye, Sirrah, you lye. Leave a Woman for Reafon, when you were so finely drunk too, a Rascal!

*Sir Char.* Why look ye, d'ye fee, Uncle, I durst not trust my self alone with her in this pickle, lest I shou'd ha' fallen foul on her.

*Sir Anth.* Why there's it; 'tis that you shou'd have done; I am mistaken if she be not one of those Ladies that love to be ravisht of a Kindnes. Why, your willing Rape is all the Fashon, *Charles*.

*Sir Char.* But hark ye, Uncle.

*Sir Anth.* Why how now, Jack-fause, what, capitulate?

*Sir Char.* Why do but hear me, Uncle; Lord, you're so hafty! Why look ye, I am as ready, d'ye fee, as any Man on thefe Occasions.

*Sir Ant.* Are you so, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir—Why, what, I shall have you whining when ye are sober again, traversing your

your Chamber with Arms acrofs, railing on Love and Women, and at last defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your self on the whole Sex.

*Sir Char.* My dear Uncle, come kifs me and be friends ; I will be rul'd. [Kifses him.]

*Sir Anth.*—A most admirable good-natur'd Boy this ! [Aside.] Well then, dear *Charles*, know I have brought thee now hither to the Widow's Houfe, with a Resolution to have thee order matters so, as before thou quifft her, she shall be thy own, Boy.

*Sir Char.* Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin ! Introduce me, d'ye fee, and if I do not fo woo the Widow, and fo do the Widow, that e'er morning she shall be content to take me for better for worfe—Renounce me ! Egad I'll make her know the Lord God from *Tom Bell*, before I have done with her. Nay, backt by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had she all *Cupid's* Arrows, *Venus's* Beauty, and *Meſſalina's* Fire, d'ye fee.

*Sir Anth.* A sweet Boy, a very sweet Boy ! Hum, thou art damnable handsome to Night, *Charles*—Ay, thou wilt d'ot ; I see a kind of refiſleſs Leudnes about thee, a most triumphant Impudence, loose and wanton.

[Stands looking on him.]

*Enter Cloſet.*

*Cloſ.* Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of Night ?

*Sir Char.* Where's your Lady ?

*Cloſ.* Softly, dear Sir.

*Sir Char.* Why is ſhe aſleep ? Come, come, I'll wake her. [Offers to force in as to the Bed-chamber.]

*Cloſ.* Hold, hold, Sir ; No, no, he's a little buſy, Sir.

*Sir Char.* I'll have no Buſineſs done to Night, Sweet-heart.

*Cloſ.* Hold, hold, I beſeech you, Sir, her Mother's with her ;

For Heaven's fake, Sir, be gone.

*Sir Char.* I'll not budge.

*Sir Anth.* No not a Foot.

*Cloſ.* The City you know, Sir, is fo cenſorius—

*Sir Char.* Damn the City.

*Sir Anth.* All the Whigs, *Charles*, all the Whigs.

*Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* In short, I am resolv'd, d'ye see, to go to the Widow's Chamber.

*Sir Anth.* Harkye, Mrs. *Closet*, I thought I had entirely engag'd you this Evening.

*Clof.* I am perfectly yours, Sir; but how it happens so, her Mother being there—Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hōur, into my Chamber, till she were gone—

*Sir Anth.* This is the Reafon, *Charles*. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget. [Gives her Money.

*Sir Char.* And here's my two, because thou art indutrious. [Gives her Money, and goes out with her.

*Enter Lady Galliard in rage, held by Wilding.*

*L. Gal.* What have I done? Ah, whither shall I fly?

[Weeps.

*Wild.* Why all these Tears? Ah, why this cruel Pafion?

*L. Gal.* Undone, undone! Unhand me false, forsworn;

Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.

What shou'd I do with guilty Life about me?

*Wild.* Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?

*L. Gal.* Ah, leave me—

Leave me alone to figh to flying Winds,  
That the Infection may be born aloft,  
And reach no human Ear.

*Wild.* Ceafe, lovely Charmer, ceafe to wound me more.

*L. Gal.* Shall I survive this Shame? No, if I do,  
Eternal Blushes dwell upon my Cheeks,  
To tell the World my Crime.

—Mischief and Hell, what Devil did posses me?

*Wild.* It was no Devil, but a Deity;  
A little gay-wing'd God, harmleſs and innocent,  
Young as Desire, wanton as Summer-breezes,  
Soft as thy Smiles, resifileſs as thy Eyes.

*L. Gal.* Ah, what malicious God,  
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,  
Taught thee the Art of Conquest with thy Tongue?  
Thy false deluding Eyes were surely made

Of

Of Stars that rule our Sex's Destiny :  
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,  
That first undo the heedless gazers on,  
Then shew their natural Deformity.

*Wild.* Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then ?  
Has my increase of Passion lessen'd yours ?

[*In a soft Tone.*

*L. Gal.* Peace, Tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayest  
me,  
And then upbraidest the Wretchedness thou'st made.  
—Ah, Fool, eternal Fool ! to know my Danger,  
Yet venture on so evident a Ruin.

*Wild.* Say,—what one Grace is faded ?  
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing ?  
By Heaven, much more ! This charming change of Looks  
Raifes my Flame, and makes me wish t'invoke  
The harmleſs God again. [Embraces her.

*L. Gal.* By Heaven, not all thy Art  
Shall draw me to the tempting Sin again.

*Wild.* Oh, I must, or die.

*L. Gal.* By all the Powers, by—

*Wild.* Oh, do not swear, lest Love shou'd take it ill  
That Honour shou'd pretend to give him Laws,  
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.  
—Say that you will half a long Hour hence—

*L. Gal.* Hah !

*Wild.* Or say a tedious Hour.

*L. Gal.* Death, never—

*Wild.* Or if you—promise me then to morrow.

*L. Gal.* No, hear my Vows.

*Wild.* Hold, see me die ; if you resolve 'em fatal to  
my Love, by Heaven I'll do't.

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

*L. Gal.* Ah, what—

*Wild.* Revoke that fatal Never then.

*L. Gal.* I dare not.

*Wild.* Oh, say you will.

*L. Gal.* Alas, I dare not utter it.

*Wild.* Let's in, and thou shalt whisper it into my Bosom ;  
Or fighting, look it to me with thy Eyes.

*L. Gal.*

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L. Gal. Ah, *Wilding*— [Sighs.]

Wild. It toucht my Soul ! Repeat that Sigh again.

L. Gal. Ah, I confess I am but feeble Woman.

[Leans on him.]

Sir Char. Good Mistress Keep-door, stand by : for I must enter. [Sir Char. without.]

L. Gal. Hah, young *Meriwill's* Voice!

Clof. Pray, Sir *Charles*, let me go and give my Lady notice. [She enters and goes to Wild.]

—For Heaven's fake, Sir, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's loft.

Wild. What will you have me do ? [To Galliard.]

L. Gal. Be gone, or you will ruine me for ever.

[In disorder.]

Wild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. Gal. Here, down the back-stairs—

As you have Honour, go and cherish mine. [Pulling him.]—He's gone, and now methinks the shivering Fit of Honour is return'd.

Enter Sir *Charles*, rudely pushing *Clofet* aside with Sir *Anthony*.

Sir Char. Deny'd an entrance ! nay, then there is a Rival in the *Cafe*, or so ; and I'm resolv'd so discover the Hellish Plot, d'ye fee.

[Just as he enters drunk at one Door, Wild. returns at the other.]

L. Gal. Ha, *Wilding* return'd ! Shield me ye Shades of Night. [Puts out the Candle, and goes to Wild.]

Wild. The Back-Stairs Door is lockt.

L. Gal. Oh, I am lost ! curse on this fatal Night ! Art thou resolv'd on my undoing every way ?

Clof. Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, Sir. [To Wild.]

Sir Char. What, what, all in darkness ? Do you make Love like Cats, by Star-light ? [Reeling about.]

L. Gal. Ah, he knows he's here !—Oh, what a pain is Guilt ! [Aside.]

Wild. I wou'd not be surpriz'd.

As *Clofet* takes him to lead him out, he takes out his Sword, and by dark pushes by Sir *Charles*, and almost

*most overthrows Sir Anth. at which they both draw,  
whil'st he goes out with Clofet.*

Sir Char. Hah, Gad 'twas a Spark!—What, vanisht!  
hah—

Sir Anth. Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye,  
Sir Char. Are you so, Sir? and I am for the Widow,  
Sir, and—

[*Just as they are passing at each other, Clofet  
enters with a Candle.*

Hah, why what have we here?—my nown Flesh and  
Blood? [Embracing his Uncle.]

Sir Anth. Cry mercy, Sir! Pray how fell we out?

Sir Char. Out, Sir! Prithee where's my Rival? where's  
the Spark, the—Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival:  
Where is he? [Searching about.]

L. Gal. Whom seek ye, Sir, a Man, and in my Lodg-  
ings? [Angrily.]

Clof. A Man! Merciful, what will this scandalous lying  
World come to? Here's no Man.

Sir Char. Away, I fay, thou damn'd Domestick In-  
telligence, that comest out every half hour with some  
frehsh Sham—No Man!—What, 'twas an Appointment  
only, hum,—which I shall now make bold to unappoint,  
render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him  
here, [Searches about] I shall very civilly and accidentally,  
as it were, being in perfect friendship with him—pray  
mark that—run him thro the Lungs.

L. Gal. Oh, what a Coward's Guilt? what mean you,  
Sir?

Sir Char. Mean! why I am obstinately bent to ravish  
thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force,  
that so I may have no obligation to thee, and consequently  
use thee scurvily with a good Conscience.

Sir Anth. A most delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as  
leud as the best of 'em, God grant him Life and Health.

L. Gall. 'Tis late, and I entreat your absence, Sir:  
Thefe are my Hours of Prayer, which this unfeafonable  
Visit has disturb'd.

Sir Char. Prayer! no more of that, Sweetheart; for  
let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of  
your

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your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing so late, but a good Husband ; and see, Heaven has sent him just in the crit—critical minute, to supply your Occasions.

Sir *Anth.* A Wag, an arch Wag ; he'll learn to make Lampoons prently. I'll not give Sixpence from him, tho to the poor of the Parish.

Sir *Char.* Come, Widow, let's to Bed.

[*Pulls her, she is angry.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, Sir, you drive the Jest too far ;  
And I am in no humour now for Mirth.

Sir *Char.* Jest : Gad ye lye, I was never in more earnest in all my Life.

Sir *Anth.* He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counsel, and good Company.

[*Getting nearer the Door still.*

L. *Gall.* What mean you, Sir ? what can my Woman think to see me treated thus ?

Sir *Char.* Well thought on ! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye fee—  
Therefore, thou sometimes necessary Utensil, withdraw.

[*Gives her to Sir Anth.*

Sir *Anth.* Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her Duty.

[*Puffs her out, and goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Stay, *Closet*, I command ye.  
—What have you seen in me shou'd move you to this rudeneſs ?

[*To Sir Char.*

Sir *Char.* No frowning ; for by this dear Night, 'tis Charity, care of your Reputation, Widow ; and therefore I am resolv'd no body shall lie with you but my self. You have dangerous Wasps buzzing about your Hive, Widow—mark that—(*She flings from him.*) Nay, no parting but upon terms, which in short, d'ye fee, are theſe : Down on your Knees, and swear me heartily, as Gad shall judge your Soul, d'ye fee, to marry me to morrow.

L. *Gal.* To morrow ! Oh, I have urgent busineſs then.

Sir *Char.* So have I. Nay Gad, an you be for the nearest way to the Wood, the sober discreet way of loving,

ing, I am sorry for you, look ye. [He begins to undress.

L. Gal. Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir Char. Only to go to Bed, that's all.

[Still undressing.

L. Gal. Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

Sir Char. Ay, do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours, they'll be for me, d'ye see, bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*, tho I am no very true blue Protestant neither; therefore dispatch, or—

L. Gal. Hold, are you mad? I cannot promise you to night.

Sir Char. Well, well, I'll be content with Performance then to night, and trust you for your Promise till to morrow.

Sir Anth. peeping.] Ah, Rogue! by George he out-does my Expectations of him.

L. Gal. What Imposture's this! I'll call for help.

Sir Char. You need not, you'll do my business better alone. [Pulls her.

L. Gal. What shall I do? how shall I send him hence?

[Aside.

Sir Anth. He shall ne'er drink small Beer more, that's positive; I'll burn all's Books too, they have help'd to spoil him; and sick or well, found or unfound, Drinking shall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study.

[Aside, peeping unseen.

Sir Char. Come, come, no pausing; your Promise, or I'll to Bed. [Offers to pull off his Breeches, having pulled off almost all the rest of his Clothes.

L. Gal. What shall I do? here is no Witness near: And to be rid of him I'll promise him; he'll have forgot it in his sober Passion. [Aside.

Hold, I do swear I will—

[He fumbling to undo his Breeches.

Sir Char. What?

L. Gal. Marry you.

Sir Char. When?

L. Gal. Nay, that's too much—Hold, hold, I will to morrow—Now you are satisfy'd, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Ant. and Clofet.

Sir Anth.

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Sir *Anth.* *Charles, Joy, Charles,* give you Joy, here's two substantial Witneses.

*Clof.* I deny it, Sir ; I heard no such thing.

Sir *Anth.* What, what, Mrs. *Clofet*, a Waiting-woman of Honour, and flinch from her Evidence ! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul if thou dar'st swear what thou say'st.

*L. Gal.* How, upon the Catch, Sir ! am I betray'd ?  
Base and unkind, is this your humble Love ?  
Is all your whining come to this false Man !  
By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd.

[*She goes out in a Rage with Clofet.*

Sir *Char.* Nay, Gad, you're caught, struggle and flounder as you please, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more ; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith.

—Uncle, get ye home about your Busines ; I hope you'll give me the good Morrow, as becomes me—I say no more, a Word to the Wife.

Sir *Anth.* By *George*, thou'rt a brave Fellow ; why, I did not think it had been in thee, Man. Well adieu ; I'll give thee such a good Morrow, *Charles*—the Devil's in him !—'Bye *Charles*—a plaguy Rogue !—'night Boy—a divine Youth !

[*Going and returning, is not able to leave him.*

Sir *Char.* Gad, I'll not leave her now, till she is mine ; Then keep her so by constant Confummation. Let Man o' God do his, I'll do my Part, In spite of all her Fickleness and Art ; There's one sure way to fix a Widow's Heart.

[*Exit.*

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Sir Timothy's House.*

*Enter Dreffwell, Foppington, and five or six more disguised with Wizards and dark Lanthorns.*

*Fop.* **N**ot yet ! a plague of this damn'd Widow : The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Cast, and has thrown it him to night.

*Enter Wild. in Rapture and Joy.*

—Hah, dear Tom, art thou come ?

*Wild.* I saw how at her length she lay !

I saw her rising Bosom bare !

*Fop.* A Pox of her rising Bosom ! My dear, let's drefs and about our Bufinefs.

*Wild.* Her loofe thin Robes, thro which appear A Shape design'd for Love and Play !

*Dref.* Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture ? 'tis almost day.

*Wild.* Ah, *Frank*, fuch a dear Night !

*Dref.* A Pox of Nights, Sir, think of this and the Day to come : which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

*Wild.* The Day to come !

Death, who cou'd be fo dull in fuch dear Joys, To think of Time to come, or ought beyond 'em ! And had I not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who getting drunk, had Courage enough to venture on an untimely Visit, I'd no more power of returning, than committing Treafon : But that conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and fo unfeen I got off. But come—my Disguife. [Drefses.

*Dref.* All's still and hush, as if Nature meant to favour our Design.

*Wild.* 'Tis well : and hark ye, my Friends, I'll prescribe ye no Bounds, nor Moderation : for I have confider'd, if we modestly take nothing but the Writings,

'till be easy to supeft the Thief.

*Fob.* Right; and fince 'tis for fecuring our Necks, 'tis lawful Prize—Sirrah, leave the Portmantle here.

[*Exeunt as into the House.*

*After a fmall time,*  
*Enter Jervice undress'd, crying out, purſu'd by ſome of the Thieves.*

*Jer.* Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder!

*Enter Wilding with his Sword drawn.*

*Wild.* A plague upon his Throat; fet a Gag in's Mouth and bind him, tho he be my Uncle's chief Pimp—so—

[*They bind and gag him.*

*Enter Drefswell.*

*Dref.* Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, e'er they cou'd alarm their Fellows by crying out.

*Wild.* 'Tis well; come, follow me, like a kind Mid-night-Ghoſt, I will conduct ye to the rich buried Heaps—this Door leads to my Uncle's Apartment; I know each ſecret Nook where any Treasure is.

[*All go in, leaving Jervice bound on the Stage.*

*Enter Senſure running half undress'd, as from Sir Timothy's Chamber, with his Velvet-Coat on her Shoulders.*

*Sen.* Help, help! Murder! Murder!

[*Dref. Lab. and others purſue her.*

*Dref.* What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Alderman's Bed? [Holding a Lanthorn to his Face.

*Sen.* Ah mercy, Sir, alas, I am a Virgin.

*Dref.* A Virgin! Gad and that may be, for any great Miracles the old Gentleman can do.

*Sen.* Do! alas, Sir, I am none of the Wicked.

*Dref.* That's well—The ſanctify'd Jilt professes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her Neck. [Pulls off the Coat.

*Sen.* Ah Misfortune, I have miſtook his Worſhip's Coat for my Gown. [A little Book drops out of her Bosom.

*Dref.* What have we here? A Sermon preach'd by Richard Baxter, Divine. Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Protestant Caufe.

*Sen.* Alack, how the Saints may be ſcandaliz'd! I went but to tuck his Worſhip up.

*Dref.*

*Dref.* And comment on the Text a little, which I suppose may be, increase and multiply—Here, gag, and bind her.

[*Exit. Dref.*

*Sen.* Hold, hold, I am with Child !

*Lab.* Then you'll go near to miscarry of a Babe of Grace.

*Enter Wild. Fop. and others, leading in Sir Timothy in his Night-gown and Night-Cap.*

*Sir Tim.* Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I beseech you use a Conscience in what you do, and have a feeling in what you go about—Pity my Age.

*Wild.* Damn'd beggarly Conscience, and needless Pi-ty—

*Sir Tim.* Oh fearful—But, Gentlemen, what is't you design ? is it a general Massacre, pray ? or am I the only Person aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation ? I know, and all the World knows, how many Plots have been laid against my self, both by Men, Women and Children, the diabolical Emisaries of the Pope.

*Wild.* How, Sirrah ! [Fiercely, he starts.

*Sir Tim.* Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour his Holiness with all my Soul ; and if his Grace did but know what I've done for him, d'ye fee—

*Fop.* You done for the Pope, Sirrah ! Why what have you done for the Pope ?

*Sir Tim.* Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you ver-ry great Service, ver-ry great Service ; for I have been, d'ye fee, in a small Tryal I had, the cause and occasion of invalidating the Evidence to that degree, that I suppose no Jury in Christendom will ever have the Impudence to believe 'em hereafter, shou'd they swear against his Holiness and all the Conclave of Cardinals.

*Wild.* And yet you plot on still, cabal, treat, and keep open Debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealthsmen to carry on the good Cause.

*Sir Tim.* Alas what signifies that ! You know Gentlemen, that I have such a strange and natural Agility in turning—I shall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the Lurch.

*Wild.* 'Tis very likely ; but at this time we shall not

L 2 take

take your Word for that.

*Sir Tim.* Bloody-minded Men, are you resolved to affassinate me then?

*Wild.* You trifle, Sir, and know our Busineſſ better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much leſs any Party or Person—Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

*Fop.* Ay, ay, diſcover, diſcover your Mony, Sir, your ready—

*Sir Tim.* Mony, Sir! good lack is that all? [Smiling on 'em.] Why what a Beast was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Mony laſt Week to Alderman Draw-tooth? Alack, alack, what ſhift shall I make now to accommodate you?—But if you please to come again to morrow—

*Fop.* A shamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a diſembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we are for no Rhetorick but ready Mony.

*Sir Tim.* Hold, I beſeech you, Gentlemen, not fo loud; for there is a Lord, a moſt conſiderable Perſon, and a Stranger, honours my Houſe to night; I wou'd not for the world his Lordſhip ſhou'd be diſturb'd.

*Wild.* Take no care for him, he's laſt bound and all his Retinue.

*Sir Tim.* How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, diſgrac'd! What will the Polanders ſay, that I thou'd expose their Embaſſador to this Diſrespect and Affront?

*Wild.* Bind him, and take away his Keys.

[They bind him hand and foot, and take his Keys out of his Boſom. Ex. all.

*Sir Tim.* Ay, ay, what you pleafe, Gentlemen, ſince my Lord's bound—Oh, what Recompence can I make for fo unhoſpitable Uſage? I am a moſt unfortunate Magiſtrate: hah, who's there, *Service?* Alas, art thou here too? What, canſt not 'ſpeak? but 'tis no matter and I were dumb too; for what Speech or Harangue will ſerve to beg my Pardon of my Lord?—And then my Heireſſ, *Service*, ay, my rich Heireſſ, why ſhe'll be ravifh't:

Oh

Oh Heavens, ravisht ! The young Rogues will have no Mercy, *Jervice* ; nay, perhaps as thou fay'st, they'll carry her away.—Oh that thoughts ! Gad I'd rather the City-Charter were lost. [Enter some with Bags of Mony.

—Why Gentlemen, rob like Christians, Gentlemen.

*Fop.* What, do you mutter, Dog ?

*Sir Tim.* Not in the least, Sir, not in the least ; only a Conscience, Sir, in all things does well—Barbarous Rogues. [They all go out again.] Here's your arbitrary Power, *Jervice* ; here's the Rule of the Sword now for you : These are your Tory Rogues, your tantivy Roysters ; but we shall cry quits with you, Rascals, e'er long ; and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequestration, we will so handle ye—we'll spare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a slice at your fat Church-men, your Cape-Gownorums.

*Enter Wild. and the rest, with more Bags.*

*Wild.* A Prize, a Prize, my Lads in ready Guineas ; Contribution, my beloved.

*Dref.* Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in spite of *Ignoramus* and all his Tribe—What hast thou here ?

(To *Fop.* who enters with a Bag full of Papers.

*Fop.* A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Labels, Treason, Successions, Rights and Privileges, with a new fashion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Association.—Ah Rogue, what will you say when these shall be made publick ?

*Sir Tim.* Say, Sir ? why I'll deny it, Sir ; for what Jury will believe so wise a Magistrate as I cou'd communicate such Secrets to such as you ? I'll say you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in—or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publisht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not so bad yet, but a Man may speak Treason within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honest conscientious Jury-Men. And as for the Mony, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

*Wild.* Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbish of the Nation out of the way—Your servant, Sir.—So, away with him to *Drefwel's* Lodgings,

Lodgings, his Coach is at the Door ready to receive it.

[*They carry off Sir Timothy, and others take up the Bags, and go out with 'em.*

*Dref.* Well, you are sure you have all you came for ?

*Wild.* All's safe, my Lads, the Writings all—

*Fop.* Come, let's away then.

*Wild.* Away? what meanest thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his People? Come, come, dispatch, and each Man bind his Fellow.

*Fop.* We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

*Wild.* No, we have not done fo ill, but we dare shew our Faces. Come, come, to binding.

*Fop.* And who shall bind the last Man?

*Wild.* Honest *Laboir*, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you get drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-Table; d'ye hear me? Look to't, ye Rascal, and carry things disreectly, or you'll be hang'd, that's certain. [*Ex.* *Wild.* and *Dref.*]

*Fop.* So, now will I i'th' Morning to *Charlot*, and give her such a Character of her Love, as if she have Resentment, makes her mine. [*Exit.* *Fop.*]

*Sir Tim.* (calls within). Ho, *Jenkins*, *Roger*, *Simon*! where are these Rogues? none left alive to come to my Assistance? So ho, ho, ho, ho! Rascals, Sluggards, Drones! fo ho, ho, ho!

*Lab.* So, now's my Cue—and stay, I am not yet sober.

[*Puts himself into a drunken Posture.*

*Sir Tim.* Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

*Lab.* Water, water, I say; for I am damnable dry.

*Sir Tim.* Hah, who's there?

*Lab.* What doleful Voice is that?

*Sir Tim.* What art thou, Friend or Foe?

[*In a doleful Tone.*

*Lab.* Very direful—why what the Devil art thou?

*Sir Tim.* If thou'rt a Friend, approach, approach the wretched.

*Lab.* Wretched! What art thou, Ghast, Hobgoblin, or walking Spirit? [*Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's Hand.*

*Sir Tim.* Oh, neither, neither, but mere Mortal, Sir

*Timothy*

*Timothy Treat-all, robb'd and bound.*

[*Coming out led by Laboir.*

*Lab.* How, our generous Host !

*Sir Tim.* How, one of my Lord's Servants ? Alas, alas, how cam'st thou to escape ?

*Lab.* E'en by miracle, Sir ; by being drunk, and falling asleep under the Hall-Table with your Worship's Dog *Tory*, till just now a Dream of Small-beer wak'd me : and crawling from my Kennel to secure the black *Jack*, I stumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to serve your Worship.

[*Goes to unbind his Hands.*

*Sir Tim.* Hold, hold, I say ; for I scorn to be so uncivil to be unbound before his Lordship : therefore run, Friend, to his Honour's Chamber, for he, alas, is confined too.

*Lab.* What, and leave his worthy Friend in distres ? by no means, Sir.

*Sir Tim.* Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not ashame'd to look in the Face, I am an errant Sarazen.

[*Exit Sir Tim. and Lab.*

### S C E N E changes to Wilding's Chamber.

*He is discover'd sitting in a Chair bound, his Valet bound by him ; to him Sir Timothy and Laboir.*

*Wild.* Peace, Sirrah, for sure I hear some coming — Villains, Rogues ! I care not for my self, but for the good pious Alderman.

*Sir Tim.* Wonderful Goodnes, for me ! Alas, my Lord, this fight will break my Heart.

*Wild.* Sir *Timothy* safe ! nay, then I do forgive 'em.

*Sir Tim.* Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid Fate.

*Wild.* It is my Custom, Sir, to pray an Hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to Bed ; and having pray'd that droufy Slave asleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aside.

*Sir Tim.* Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers ! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not stay till you had said your Prayers ?

*Wild.* By no Persuasion—Can you not gues who they shou'd be, Sir?

*Sir Tim.* Oh, some damn'd Tory-rory Rogues, you may be sure, to rob a Man at his Prayers! why what will this World come to?

*Wild.* Let us not talk, Sir, but pursue 'em.

*Sir Tim.* Pursue 'em! alas, they're past our reach by this time. [Offering to go.]

*Wild.* Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine: some that know each Corner of your Houfe, I'll warrant.

*Sir Tim.* Think ye so, my Lord? ay, this comes of keeping open Houfe; which makes so many shut up their Doors at Dinner-time.

*Enter Dresswell.*

*Dref.* Good Morrow, Gentlemen! what was the Devil broke loose to night?

*Sir Tim.* Only some of his Imps, Sir, saucy Varlets, insupportable Rascals—But well, my Lord, now I have seen your Lordship at liberty, I'll leave you to your rest, and go see what Harm this night's Work has done.

*Wild.* I have a little Busines, Sir, and will take this time to dispatch it in; my Servants shall go to Bed, tho' tis already day—I'll wait on you at Dinner.

*Sir Tim.* Your time; my Houfe and all I have is yours; and so I take my Leave of your Lordship [Ex. Sir Tim.]

*Wild.* Now for my angry Maid, young *Charlot*; 'Twill be a Task to soften her to Peace; She is all new and gay, young as the Morn, Blushing as tender Rose-Buds on their Stalks, Pregnant with Sweets, for the next Sun to ravish.

—Come, thou shalt along with me, I'll trust thy Friendship. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E changes to Diana's Chamber.

*She is discover'd dressing, with Betty.*

*Dia.* Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this rich old Coxcomb.

*Bet.* And you do well to lose no time.

*Dia.*

*Dia.* Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy Prudence prefer an old Husband, because rich, before so young, so handsom, and so soft a Lover as *Wilding*?

*Bet.* I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchase, Money and Quality may.

*Dian.* Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with such a Beast; ay, there's the Devil, *Betty*. Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces, The soft dear Arms of *Wilding* round my Neck, From those cold feeble ones of this old Dotard; When I shall meet, instead of *Tom*'s warm Kisses, A hollow Pair of thin blue wither'd Lips, Trembling with Palsy, flinking with Disease, By Age and Nature barricado'd up With a kind Nose and Chin; What Fancy or what Thought can make my Hours sup-portable?

*Bet.* What? why six thousand Pounds a Year, Mistrefs. He'll quickly die, and leave you rich, and then do what you please.

*Dian.* Die! no, he's too temperate—Sure these Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take such care to live so long in this World—No, he'll out-live me.

[*Sighs.*]

*Bet.* In Grace a God he may be hang'd firſt, Mistrefs—Ha, one knocks, and I believe 'tis he.

[*She goes to open the Door.*]

*Dian.* I cannot bring my Heart to like this Busineſs; One fight of my dear *Tom* wou'd turn the Scale.

*Bet.* Who's there?

*Enter Sir Tim. joyful*; *Dian. walks away.*

*Sir Tim.* 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the Day;

This happy Day to be enroll'd

In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.

—Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this Morning.

[*Aside.*]

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—Fair Excellence, I approach—*[Going toward her.]*

*Dian.* Like Phyfick in a Morning next one's Heart;

*[Aside.]*

Which, tho' it be necessary, is most filthy loathsome.

*[Going from him.]*

*Sir Tim.* What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty!

—Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning.

*[Aside.]*

*Dian.* It will not down.

*[Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.]*

*Sir Tim.* Alas, ye Gods, am I despis'd and scorn'd?

Did I for this ponder upon the Question,

Whether I should be King or Alderman? *[Heroickly.]*

*Dian.* If I must marry him, give him Patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven.

*[Aside.]*

*Sir Tim.* Heaven! did she name Heaven, *Betty*?

*Bet.* I think she did, Sir.

*Sir Tim.* I do not like that: What need has she to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

*Dian.* Marriage is a sort of Hanging, Sir; and I was only making a short Prayer before Execution.

*Sir Tim.* Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing else to do.

*[Takes her Hand.]*

*Dian.* Not much, I dare swear.

*Sir Tim.* And let us, Fair one, haste; the Parson stays; besides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us—I mean, my Nephew.

*Dian.* A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding*.

*[Weeps.]*

*Sir Tim.* How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay then I am provok'd—Look on this Head, this wise and Reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken measure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye see.

*Dian.* A Halter rather.

*Sir Tim.* Ay, and it fits it too: and am I slighted, I that shall receive *Billet-Doux* from *Infanta's*? 'tis most uncivil and impolitick.

*Dian.*

*Dian.* I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone.  
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I shed indeed at *Wilding*,  
Of whom my foolish Heart has now ta'en leave,  
And from this Moment is intirely yours.  
[Gives him her Hand, they go out.

## SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Charlot, led by Foppington, follow'd by Mrs. Clacket.

*Char.* Stay, my Heart misgives me, I shall be undone.  
—Ah, whither was I going ? [Pulls her Hand from Fop.

*Fop.* Do, stay till the News arrives that he is married to her that had his Company to night, my Lady *Galliard*.

*Char.* Oh ! Take heed left you sin doubly, Sir.

*Fop.* By Heaven, 'tis true, he past the Night with her.

*Char.* All night ! what cou'd they find to do ?

*Mrs. Clacket.* A very proper Question ; I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam.

*Char.* Oh no ; they lookt and lov'd, and vow'd and lov'd, and fwore eternal Friendship—Hasle, hasle, and lead me to the Church, the Altar ; I'll put it past my Power to love him more.

*Fop.* Oh, how you charm me ! [Takes her by the Hand.

*Char.* Yet what art thou ? a Stranger to my Heart. Wherefore, ah why, on what occasion shou'd I ?

*Mrs. Clacket.* Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my Word will be taken for a greater matter in the City : In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you, your Reputation's gone.

*Char.* How, am I not honest then ?

*Mrs. Clacket.* Marry Heaven forbid ! But who that knows you have been a fingle Hour in *Wilding's* Hands, wou'd not swear you have lost your Maidenhead ? And back again I'm sure you dare not go unmarried ; that wou'd be a fine History to be fung to your eternal Fame in a Ballad.

*Fop.* Right ; and you see *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll shortly hear he's married.

*Char.*

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*Char.* Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on.

[*They going out, meet Sir Anthony with Musick, they return.*

*Sir Anth.* Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the House, and this the Window belonging to my Lady's Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have some neat, soft, brisk, languishing, sprightly Air now.

*Fop.* Old *Meriwill*—how shall I pass by him!

[*Stand by.*

*Sir Anth.* So, here's Company too; 'tis very well—Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the Busines—Come, come, screw up your Chitterling. [*They play.*—Hold, hold a little—Good morrow, my Lady *Galliard*.

—Give your Ladyship Joy.

*Char.* What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd?

*Fop.* How, married her already?

*Char.* Oh, yes he has. Lovely and false, hast thou deceiv'd my Faith?

*Mrs. Clack.* Oh, Heavens, Mr. *Foppington*, she faints.—ah me! [*They hold her, Musick plays.*

*Enter Wilding and Dresswell disguised as before.*

*Wild.* Ah, Musick at Lady *Galliard*'s Door!

*Sir Anth.* Good morrow, Sir *Charles Meriwill*: give your Worship and your fair Lady Joy.

*Wild.* Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow!

*Dress.* No matter; prithee advance, and mind thy own Affairs.

*Wild.* Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!

Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;

Not draw, when branded with the Name of Coward;

Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meet my Eyes—

Hah!— [*Sees Sir Charles come into the Balcony undress.*

*Sir Char.* Good morrow, Uncle. Gentleman I thank ye: Here, drink the King's Health, with my Royal Master's the Duke. [*Gives 'em Money.*

*Fid.* Heaven blefs your Honour, and your virtuous Bride.

*Fop.* Wilding! undone.

[*Shelters Charlot, that she may not see Wilding.*

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above!

*Sir Anth.* Hah, the Boy's Rival here! By *George*, here may be breathing this Morning—No matter, here's two to two! come Gentlemen you must in.

[*Thrusts the Musick in, and goes in.*

*Dref.* Is't not what you expected? nay what you wisht?

*Wild.* What then? it comes too suddenly upon me—E'er my last Kiss was cold upon her Lips, Before the pantings of her Breast were laid, Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh damn'd deluding Woman!

*Dref.* Be wise, and do not ruin where you love.

*Wild.* Nay, if thou com'st to reasoning, thou hast lost me. [Breaks from him, and runs in.

*Char.* I say 'twas *Wilding's* Voice, and I will follow it.

*Fop.* How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

*Char.* Nay, force me not; by Heaven I'll cry a Rape, Unles you let me go—Not after him!

Yes to the infernal Shades—Unhand me, Sir.

*Fop.* How, Madam, have you then design'd my Ruin?

*Char.* Oh, trust me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour.

[Runs in after Wild.

*Mrs. Clack.* So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now: For my part I'll e'en after her, and deny to have any hand in the Busines. [Goes in.

*Fop.* Damn all ill Luck, was ever Man thus Fortune-bit, that he shou'd crois my Hours just in the nick? But shall I lose her thus? No Gad, I'll after her; and come the worst, I have an Impudence shall out-face a Middlesex-Jury, and out-swear a Discoverer. [Goes in.

### S C E N E Changes to a Chamber.

*Enter Lady Galliard, pursued by Sir Charles, and Footman.*

*L. Gal.* Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayor's, and require some of his Officers to assist me instantly; and d'ye hear, Rascal

Rascal, bar up my Doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. [To the Footman who is going.

Sir Char. *William*, you may stay, *William*.

L. *Gal.* I fay, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir Char. Sirrah, I fay—know your Lord and Master.

Will. I shall, Sir. [Goes out.

L. *Gal.* Was ever Woman teaz'd thus? pursue me not.

Sir Char. You are miſtakēn, I'm diſobedient grown, ſince we became one Family; and when I've uſ'd you thus a Week or two, you will grow weary of this peevish fooling.

L. *Gal.* Malicious thing, I wo'not, I am refolv'd I'll tire thee out merely in ſpite, to have the better of thee.

Sir Char. I'm as refolv'd as you, and do your worſt, For I'm refolv'd never to quit thy Houſe.

L. *Gal.* But Malice, there are Officers i'th' City, that will not fee me uſ'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir Char. Magiſtrates! why they ſhall be welcome, if they be honeſt and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heaven's good time.

L. *Gall.* Are you refolv'd to be thus obſtinate? Fully refolv'd to make this way your Conqueſt?

Sir Char. Moſt certainly, I'll keep you honeſt to your Word, my Dear, I've Witneſs—

L. *Gall.* You will?

Sir Char. You'll find it ſo.

L. *Gall.* Then know, if thou dareſt marry me, I will fo plague thee, be fo reveng'd for all thoſe Tricks thou haſt play'd me—

—Dofth thou not dread the Vengeaſce Wives can take?

Sir Char. Not at all: I'll truſt thy Stock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. *Gall.* Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir Char. Why then I ſhall be free o'th' Reverend City.

L. *Gal.* Then I will game without ceſſation, till I've undone thee.

Sir Char. Do, that all the Fops of empty Heads and Pockets may know where to be ſure of a Cully; and may they

they rook ye till ye lose, and fret, and chafe, and rail  
those youthful Eyes to finking ; watch your fair Face to  
pale and withered Leanness.

L. Gal. Then I will never let thee bed with me, but  
when I please.

Sir Char. For that, fee who'll petition first, and then  
I'll change for new ones every Night.

*Enter William.*

Will. Madam, here's Mr. Wilding at the Door, and  
will not be deny'd seeing you.

L. Gal. Hah, Wilding ! Oh my eternal Shame ! now  
thou haft done thy worst.

Sir Char. Now for a Struggle betwixt your Love and  
Honour !

— Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happiness,  
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,  
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to Wilding ;  
But I have too much Honour in my Passion,  
To let you loose to ruin : Consider and be wife.

L. Gal. Oh, he has toucht my Heart too sensibly.

*[Aside.]*

Sir Anth. (within) As far as good Manners goes I'm  
yours ; But when you pres indecently to the Ladies  
Chambers, civil Questions ought to be askt, I take it,  
Sir.

L. Gal. To find him here, will make him mad with  
Jealousy, and in the Fit he'll utter all he knows : Oh,  
Guilt, what art thou !

*[Aside.]*

*Enter Sir Anth. Wild. and Dress.*

Dress. Prithee, dear Wilding, moderate thy Passion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will ; she shall not have the Plea-  
sure to fee I am concern'd—Morrow, Widow ; you are  
early up, you mean to thrive I fee, you're like a Mill that  
grinds with every Wind.

Sir Char. Hah, Wilding, this that past last Night at Sir  
Timothy's for a Man of Quality ? Oh, give him way,  
Wilding's my Friend, my Dear, and now I'm sure I have  
the Advantage of him in my Love. I can forgive a  
hasty Word or two.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* I thank thee, *Charles*—What, are you married then?

*L. Gal.* I hope you've no Exception to my Choice.

[*Scornfully.*]

*Wild.* False Woman, dost thou glory in thy Perfidy ?

[*To her aside angrily.*]

—Yes, Faith, I've many Exceptions to him— [Aloud.]  
Had you lov'd me, you'd pitcht upon a Blockhead,  
Some spruce gay Fool of Fortune, and no more,  
Who would have taken so much Care on his own ill-fa-  
vour'd Person,  
He shou'd have had no time to have minded yours,  
But left it to the Care of some longing Lover.

*L. Gal.* Death, he will tell him all ! (*aside.*) Oh, you are merry, Sir.

*Wild.* No, thou art wondrous false,  
False as the Love and Joys you feign'd last Night.

[*In a soft Tone to her.*]

*L. Gal.* Oh, Sir, be tender of those treacherous Mi-  
nutes. [Softly to him.]

—If this be all you have to say to me—

[*Walking away, and speaking aloud.*]

*Wild.* Faith, Madam, you have us'd me scurvily,  
To marry, and not give me notice. [Aloud.]  
—Curse on thee, did I only blow the Fire  
To warm another Lover ?

[*To her softly aside.*]

*L. Gal.* Perjur'd—was't not by your Advice I married ?  
—Oh where was then your Love ? [Softly to him aside.]

*Wild.* So soon did I advise ?

Didst thou invite me to the Feast of Love,  
To snatch away my Joys as soon as tasted ?  
Ah, where was then your Modesty and Sense of Honour ?

[*Aside to her in a low Tone.*]

*L. Gal.* Ay, where indeed, when you so quickly van-  
quisht ? [Soft.]

—But you, I find, are come prepared to rail. [Aloud.]

*Wild.* No, 'twas with thee to make my last Effort a-  
gainst your scorn. [Shows her the Writings.]

And

And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,  
When all my Languishments cou'd not avail,  
Had made ye mine for ever.

[Aloud.]

*Enter Sir Anthony, pulling in Sir Tim. and Diana.*

Sir Anth. Morrow, *Charles*; Morrow to your Ladyship: *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the Door, and am resolv'd none of my Friends shall pass this joyful Day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Lady's Health.

*Wild.* Hah, my Uncle here so early?

Sir *Tim.* What has your Ladyship serv'd me so? How finely I had been mump'd now, if I had not taken Heart of Grace, and shew'd your Ladyship Trick for Trick! for I have been this Morning about some such Businels of Life too, Gentlemen: I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heires of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, Knight and Alderman.

*Wild.* Ha, married to *Diana*!

How fickle is the Faith of common Women! [Aside.]

Sir *Tim.* Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I see your Lordship has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordship will do my Wedding-dinner the Honour to grace it with your Prefence.

*Wild.* I shall not fail, Sir.

A Pox upon him, he'll discover all. [Aside.]

L. *Gal.* I must own, Sir *Timothy*, you have the better Choice.

Sir *Tim.* I cou'd not help my Destiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

*Enter Charlot weeping, and Clacket.*

*Charl.* Stand off, and let me loose as are my Griefs, which can no more be bounded: Oh let me face the perjur'd, false, forsworn!

L. *Gal.* Fair Creature, who is't that you seek with so much Sorrow?

*Charl.* Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantress. [Weeps.]

*Wild. Charlot!* Nay, then I am discover'd.

L. *Gal.* Alas, what wou'dst thou?

*Charl.* That which I cannot have, thy faithless Husband.

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Be Judge, ye everlasting Powers of Love,  
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

*Sir Anth.* How, my Nephew claim'd ! Why how now, Sirrah, have you been dabbling here ?

*Sir Char.* By Heaven, I know her not.—Hark ye, Widow, this is some Trick of yours, and 'twas well laid : and Gad, she's so pretty, I cou'd find in my Heart to take her at her word.

*L. Gal.* Vile Man, this will not pass your Falshood off. Sure 'tis some Art to make me jealous of him, To find how much I value him.

*Sir Char.* Death, I'll have the Forgery out ; — Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it set thee on to lay a Claim to me ?

*Charl.* To you ! Alas, who are you ? for till this moment I never saw your Face.

*L. Gal.* Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raving.

*Sir Tim.* Ay, ay, Madam, stark mad ! Poor Soul— Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

*Sir Char.* How came you, pretty one, to lose your Wits thus ?

*Charl.* With loving, Sir, strongly, with too much loving.

— Will you not let me see the lovely false one ?

[*To L. Gal.*

For I am told you have his Heart in keeping.

*L. Gal.* Who is he ? pray describe him.

*Charl.* A thing just like a Man, or rather Angel !

He speaks, and looks, and loves, like any God !

All fine and gay, all manly, and all sweet :

And when he swears he loves, you wou'd swear too

That all his Oaths were true.

*Sir Anth.* Who is she ? some one who knows her and is wifer, speak—you, Mistrefs. [ *To Clacket.*

*Mrs. Clack.* Since I must speak, there comes the Man of Mischief : 'Tis you, I mean, for all your Leering,

Sir. [ *To Wild.*

*Wild.* So.

*Sir Tim.* What, my Lord ?

Mrs.

*Mrs. Clack.*, I never knew your Nephew was a Lord :  
Has his Honour made him forget his Honesty ?

[*Charl. runs and catches him in her Arms.*]

*Charl.* I have thee, and I'll die thus grasping thee ;  
Thou art my own, no Power shall take thee from me.

*Wild.* Never ; thou truest of thy Sex, and dearest,  
Thou soft, thou kind, thou constant Sufferer,  
This moment end thy Fears ; for I am thine.

*Charl.* May I believe thou art not married then ?

*Wild.* How can I, when I am yours ?  
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life ?  
Now, Madam, I am reveng'd on all your Scorn,

[*To L. Gal.*]

— And, Uncle, all your Cruelty.

*Sir Tim.* Why, what are you indeed my Nephew  
*Thomas* ?

*Wild.* I am *Tom Wilding*, Sir, that once bore some  
such Title, till you discarded me, and left me to live up-  
on my Wits.

*Sir Tim.* What, and are you no Polish Ambassador  
then *incognito* ?

*Wild.* No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but must e'en  
remain as you were ever, Sir, a most seditious pestilent  
old Knave ; one that deludes the Rabble with your Po-  
liticks, then leaves 'em to be hang'd, as they deserve, for  
filly mutinous Rebels.

*Sir Tim.* I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd  
in course, becaufe he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have  
cozen'd him of his rich Heirefs ; for I am married, Sir,  
to *Mrs. Charlot*.

*Wild.* Rather *Diana*, Sir ; I wish you Joy : See here's  
*Charlot*. I was not such a Fool to truft such Blessings with  
the Wicked.

*Sir Char.* How, *Mrs. Dy* Ladyfi'd ! This is an ex-  
cellent way of disposing an old cast-off Mistref.

*Sir Tim.* How, have I married a Strumpet then ?

*Dia.* You give your Nephew's Mistref, Sir, too coarse  
a Name. 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was  
true to him.

*Sir Tim.*

*Sir Tim.* Undone, undone! I shall ne'er make *Guild-hall-Speech* more: but he shall hang for't, if there be e'er a Witnes to be had between this and *Salamanca* for Money.

*Wild.* Do your worst, Sir; Witnesse are out of fashion now, Sir, thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

*Sir Tim.* Then I'm resolv'd to disinherit him.

*Wild.* See, Sir, that's past your Skill too, thanks to my last Night's Ingenuity; there [*shews him the Writings*] sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd in the presence of, &c.

*Sir Tim.* Bear Witnes, 'twas he that rob'd me last night.

*Sir Anth.* We bear witnes, Sir, we know of no such matter we, I thank you for that, Sir; wou'd you make Witnesse of Gentlemen?

*Sir Tim.* No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay drawn and quarter'd.

*Wild.* What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

*Sir Anth.* Nay, then 'tis a clear Case, you can neither hang him or blame him.

*Wild.* I'll propose fairly now; if you'll be generous and pardon all, I'll render your Estate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir *Anthony Meriwills* and Sir *Charles* his Hands—

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me, Without so much as wishing for your Death.

*All.* This is but Reason.

*Sir Char.* With this Proviso, that he makes not use on't to promote any Mischief to the King and Government.

*All.* Good and Just.

[*Sir Tim. pauses.*]

*Sir Tim.* Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as lose my Credit by making a Noise.— Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends.

[*Gives him his Hand.*]

*Sir Char.* See, my dear Creature, even this hard old Man is mollify'd at last into good Nature; yet you'll still be cruel.

*L. Gal.* No, your unwearied Love at last has vanquish't me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye—

One

*Sir* Timothy Treat-all. 261

One last look more, and then——be gone, fond Love.  
[*Sighing and looking on Wilding, giving Sir Charles her Hand.*]

Sir *Char.* Come, Sir, you must receive *Diana* too ;  
she is a cheerful witty Girl, and handsome, one that will  
be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no Scandal home.  
Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age  
with Businels of State.

Let all things in their own due Order move,  
Let *Cæsar* be the Kingdom's Care and Love ;  
Let the hot-headed Mutineers petition,  
And meddle in the Rights of just Succession :  
But may all honest Hearts as one agree  
To bleſs the King, and Royal *Albany*. [Exeunt.

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E P I-

## E P I L O G U E,

Written by a Person of Quality: Spoken  
by Mrs. Boteler.

M Y Plot, I fear, will take but with a few,  
 A rich young Heire's to her firſt Lover true!  
 'Tis damn'd unnatural, and paſt enduring,  
 Againſt the fundamental Laws of Whoring.  
 Marrying's the Mask, which Modſty affiures,  
 Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;  
 And Husband ſounds ſo dull to a Town-Bride,  
 Ye now-a-days condemn him e'er he's try'd;  
 E'er in his Office he's confirm'd Poffessor,  
 Like Trincalo's you chufe him a Succellor,  
 In the gay Spring of Love, when free from Doubts,  
 With early Shoots his Velvet Forehead ſprouts.  
 Like a poor Parſon bound to hard Indentures,  
 You make him pay his Firſt-fruits e'er he enters.  
 But for ſhort Carnivals of ſtolen good Cheer,  
 You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year,  
 Till brought at laſt to a ſtarving Nun's Condition,  
 You break into our Quarters for Provision:  
 Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,  
 And'tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.  
 Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our Care;  
 A Fool is the Feesimple of a Player,  
 In which we Women claim a double ſhare.  
 In other things the Men are Rulers made;  
 But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.  
 If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,  
 We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother-Wit,  
 By the more natural Blockheads of the Pit.

†

Take

## E P I L O G U E.

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*Take then the Wits, and all their useles's Prattles ;  
But as for Fools, they are our Goods and Chattels.  
Return, Ingrates, to your first Haunt the Stage ;  
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.  
What is't you see in Quality we want ?  
What can they give, and which we cannot grant ? }  
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint. }  
We feel the same Youth dancing in our Blood ;  
Our Dress as gay—All underneath as good.  
Most Men have found us hitherto more true,  
And if we're not abus'd by some of you,  
We're full as fair—perhaps as wholesom too.  
But if at best our hopeful Sport and Trade is,  
And nothing now will serve you but great Ladies ;  
May question'd Marriages your Fortune be,  
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we :  
May Judges puzzle a clear Case with Laws,  
And Musquatoon at last decide the Cause.*

---

T H E



T H E  
Feign'd Curtezans ;  
O R, A  
NIGHT'S INTRIGUE.

---

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. Currer.

 *HE Devil take this cursed plotting Age,  
'T has ruin'd all our Plots upon the Stage ;  
Suspicious, New Elections, Jealousies,  
Fresh Informations, New Discoveries,  
Do so employ the busy fearful Town,  
Our honest Calling here is useles grown :  
Each Fool turns Politician now, and wears  
A formal Face, and talks of State-affairs ;*

*Makes*

*Makes Acts, Decrees, and a new Model draws  
For Regulation both of Church and Laws ;  
Tires out his empty Noddle to invent  
What Rule and Method's best in Government :  
But Wit, as if 'twere Jesuitical,  
Is an Abomination to ye all.  
To what a wretched pass will poor Plays come ?  
This must be damn'd, the Plot is laid in Rome ;  
'Tis hard—yet—  
Not one amongst ye all I'll undertake,  
E'er thought that we should suffer for Religion's sake :  
Who wou'd have thought that wou'd have been th' occasion  
Of any contest in our hopeful Nation ?  
For my own Principles, faith let me tell ye,  
I'm still of the Religion of my Cully ;  
And till these dangerous times they'd none to fix on,  
But now are something in mere Contradiction,  
And piously pretend these are not days,  
For keeping Mistresses, and seeing Plays.  
Who says this Age a Reformation wants,  
When Betty Curter's Lovers all turn Saints ?  
In vain, alas, I flatter, swear, and vow,  
You'll scarce do any thing for Charity now :  
Yet I am handsom still, still young and mad,  
Can wheedle, lye, dissemble, jilt—egad,  
As well and artfully as e'er I did ; }  
Yet not one Conquer<sup>t</sup> can I gain or hope,  
No Prentice, not a Foreman of a Shop,  
So that I want extremely new Supplies ;  
Of my last Coxcomb, faith, these were the Price ;  
And by the tatter'd Ensigs you may know,  
These Spoils were of a Victory long ago :  
Who wou'd have thought such hellish Times to have seen,  
When I shou'd be neglected at Eighteen ?  
That Youth and Beauty shou'd be quite undone,  
A Pox upon the Whore of Babylon.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### *Italians.*

*Morofini*, an old Count, Uncle to *Julio*, Mr. *Norris*.  
*Julio*, his Nephew, a young Count, contracted to *Laura Lucretia*, } Mr. *Crosby*.  
*Olavio*, a young Count, contracted to *Marcella*, } Mr. *Gillo*.  
*Marcella*, deformed, revengeful, }  
*Crapine*, *Morofini*'s Man.  
*Petro*, supposed Pimp to the two Curte- } Mr. *Leigh*.  
zans.

### *English.*

*Sir Harry Fillamour*, in love with *Marcella*, } Mr. *Smith*.  
*Mr. Galliard*, in love with *Cornelia*, Mr. *Betterton*.  
*Sir Signal Buffoon*, a Fool, Mr. *Notes*.  
*Mr. Tickletext*, his Governour, Mr. *Underhill*.  
*Jack*, *Sir Signal*'s Man.

### W O M E N.

*Laura Lucretia*, a young Lady of Quality, contracted to *Julio*, in love with *Galliard*, and Sister to *Olavio*, } Mrs. *Lee*.  
*Marcella*, } Sisters to *Julio*, and Nieces to *Morofini*, pass for *Cornelia*, } Mrs. *Currer*.  
and }  
*Cornelia*, } Sisters to *Julio*, and Nieces to *Morofini*, pass for *Eu-  
phemia* and *Silvianetta*. } Mrs. *Barry*.  
*Philippa*, their Woman, Mrs. *Norris*.  
*Sabina*, Confident to *Laura Lucretia*, Mrs. *Seymour*.

Pages, Musick, Footmen, and Bravo's.

S C E N E, *Rome.*

A C T

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Laura Lucretia, and Silvio richly dress'd; Antonio attending, coming all in haste.*

*Sil.*  A D A M, you need not make such haste away, the Stranger that follow'd us from St. Peter's Church pursues us no longer, and we have now lost sight of him: Lord, who wou'd have thought the approach of a handsome Cavalier should have possest *Donna Laura Lucretia* with fear?

*Lau.* I do not fear, my *Silvio*, but I wou'd have this new Habitation which I have design'd for Love, known to none but him to whom I've destin'd my Heart:—ah wou'd he knew the Conquest he has made, [Aside.] Nor went I this Evening to Church with any other Devotion, but that which warms my heart for my young English Cavalier, whom I hop'd to have seen there; and I must find some way to let him know my Passion, which is too high for Souls like mine to hide.

*Sil.* Madam, the Cavalier's in view again, and hot in the pursuit.

*Lau.* Let's haste away then; and, *Silvio*, do you lag behind, 'twill give him an opportunity of enquiring, whilst I get out of sight.—Be sure you conceal my Name and Quality, and tell him—any thing but truth—tell him I am *La Silvianetta*, the young Roman Curtezan, or what you please to hide me from his knowledge.

[Exit *Lau.*

*Enter Julio and Page in pursuit.*

*Jul.* Boy, fall you into discourse with that *Page*, and learn his Lady's Name—whilst I pursue her farther.

[Exit *Jul.*

*Page* salutes Silvio, who returns it; they go out as talking to each other.

Enter Sir Harry Fillamour and Galliard.

*Fil.* He follows her close, who'er they be: I see this trade of Love goes forward still.

*Gal.* And will whilſt there's difference in Sexes. But *Harry*, the Women, the delicate Women I was speaking of.

*Fil.* Prithee tell me no more of thy fine Women, *Frank*; thou hast not been in *Rome* above a Month, and thou'ſt been a dozen times in love, as thou call'ſt it; to me there is no pleasure like Conſtancy.

*Gal.* Conſtancy! and wou'dſt thou have me one of thoſe dull Lovers, who believe it their Duty to love a Woman till her Hair and Eyes change Colour, for fear of the scandalous Name of an Inconfiant? No, my Paſſion, like great Victors, hates the lazy ſlay; but having vanquifht, prepares for new Conqueſts.

*Fil.* Which you gain as they do Towns by Fire, loſe 'em even in the taking; thou wo't grow penitent, and weary of theſe dangerous Follys.

*Gal.* But I am yet too young for both: Let old Age and Infirmitie bring Repentance,—there's her feeble Province, and even then too we find no plague like being deprived of Woman-kind.

*Fil.* I hate playing about a Flame that will conſume me.

*Gal.* Away with your antiquated Notions, and let's once hear ſenſe from thee: Examine but the whole World, *Harry*, and thou wilt find a beauteous Woman the Deſire of the nobleſt, and the Reward of the bravest.

*Fil.* And the common Prize of Coxcombs: Times are alter'd now, *Frank*; why else ſhou'd the Virtuous be cor-nuted, the Coward be careſ'd, the Villain roll with fix, and the Fool lie with her Ladyship?

*Gal.* Mere accident, Sir; the kindneſs of Fortune; but a pretty witty young Creature, fuch as this *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*, is certainly the greatest Bleſſing this wick-ed World can afford us.

*Fil.*



*Fil.* I believe the lawful enjoyment of such a Woman and honest too, wou'd be a Blessing.

*Gal.* Lawful Enjoyment! Prithee what's lawful Enjoyment, but to enjoy 'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature; enjoy 'em as we do Meat, Drink, Air, and Light, and all the rest of her common Blessings!—Therefore prithee, dear Knight, let me govern thee but for a Day, and I will shew thee such a *Seigniora*, such a Beauty, another manner of piece than your so admired *Viterboan, Donna Marcella*, of whom you boast so much.

*Fil.* And yet this rare piece is but a Curtezan, in coarse plain *English* a very Whore,—who filthily exposes all her Beauties to him can give her most, not love her best.

*Gal.* Why faith, to thy comfort be it spoken, she does distribute her Charms at that easy rate.

*Fil.* Oh the vast distance between an innocent Paffion, and a poor faithleſs Lust.

*Gal.* Innocent Paffion at *Rome*! Oh 'tis not to be nam'd but in ſome Northern Climate: to be an Anchoret here, is to be an Epicure in *Greenland*; impossibilities, *Harry*.

*Gal.* Sure thou haſt been advising with Sir *Signal Buffoon*'s Governour, that formal piece of Nonſence and Hy-pocrify.

*Fil.* No faith, I brought the humour along with me to *Rome*; and for your Governour I have not ſeen him yet, tho' he lodge in this ſame Houſe with us, and you promiſ'd to bring me acquainted with him long ſince.

*Gal.* I'll do't this very minute.

*Fil.* No, I'm oblig'd not to engage my ſelf this Evening, becauſe I expeſt the arrival of Count *Julio*, whose laſt Letters assured me it would be to night.

*Gal.* *Julio*! What, the young *Italian* Count you made me acquainted with laſt Summer in *England*?

*Fil.* The ſame, the Ambassador's Nephew, a good Youth, and one I eſteem.

*Enter Julio.**Jul.* I hope my Page will bring intelligence who this Beauty is.*Fil.* Hah *Julio!* Welcome dear Friend.*[Embraces him.]**Jul.* Sir Harry *Fillamour!* how glad am I to meet you in a Country, where I have power to repay you all those Friendships I receiv'd when I was a stranger in yours. Monsieur *Galliard* too! nay, then I'm sure to want no diversion whilst I stay in *Rome*. *[Salutes Galliard.]**Fil.* But pray, what made you leave *England* so soon?*Jul.* E'en the great busines of Mankind, Matrimony. I have an Uncle here, who has provided me Fetters, which I must put on, he says they will be easy; I lik'd the Character of my Mifrefs well enough, a brave masculine Lady, a Roman of Quality, *Donna Laura Lucretia*; till as luck wou'd have it, at my arrival this Evening, stepping into St. Peter's Church, I saw a Woman there that fir'd my heart, and whom I followed to her house: but meeting none that cou'd inform me who she was, I left my Page to make the discovery, whilst I with equal impatience came to look you out; whose sight I prefer even to a new Amour, revolving not to visit home, to which I have been a stranger this seven years, till I had kist your hands, and gained your promise to accompany me to *Viterbo*.*Fil.* *Viterbo!* is that your place of Residence?*Jul.* Yes, 'tis a pretty Town, and many noble Familys inhabit there, stor'd too with Beauties, at least 'twas wont to be: have you not seen it?*Gal.* Yes, and a Beauty there too, lately, for his repose, who has made him sigh and look so like an As ever since he came to *Rome*.*Jul.* I am glad you have so powerful an Argument, to invite you back: I know she must be rare and of quality, that cou'd engage your heart.*Fil.* She's both; it most unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a Person of Quality in *England* to a Nobleman at *Viterbo*, who being a Man of a Temper frank and gallant, received me with les Ceremony than is usual

in

in *Italy*. I had the freedom of the House, one of the finest *Villa's* belonging to *Viterbo*, and the pleasure to see and converse at a distance with one of the loveliest Persons in the World, a Neice of this old Count's.

*Jul.* Very well, and cou'd you see her but at a distance, Sir ?

*Fil.* Oh, no, 'twas all I durst desire, or she durst give ; I came too late to hope ; she being before promised in Marriage to a more happy man, the Consummation of which waits only the arrival of a Brother of hers, who is now at the Court of *France*, and every day expected.

*Enter Petro like a Barber.*

*Gal.* Hah ! Signior *Petro*.

*Fil.* Come Sir, we'll take a turn i'th' Gallery, for this Pimp never appears, but *Francis* desires to be in private.

*Gal.* Thou wrong'ft an honest ingenious Fellow, to call him Pimp.

*Pet.* Ah Seignior, what his Worship pleases !

*Gal.* That thou art I'll be sworn, or what any man's Worship pleases ; for let me tell you *Harry*, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality : for Sir, he's your brokering Jew, your Fencing, Dancing, and Civility-Master, your Linguist, your Antiquary, your Bravo, your Pathick, your Whore, your Pimp ; and a thousand more Excellencies he has to supply the necessities of the wanting Stranger.—Well Sirrah—what design now upon Sir *Signal* and his wife *Governour* ?—What do you represent now ?

*Pet.* A Barber, Sir.

*Gal.* And why a Barber, good Seignior *Petro* ?

*Pet.* Oh Sir, the sooner to take the heights of their Judgments ; it gives handsome opportunities to commend their Faces : for if they are pleas'd with flattery, the certain sign of a Fool to be most tickled when most commended, I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpose ; they already put great confidence in me, will have no Masters but of my recommending, all which I supply my self, by the help of my several disguises ; by which, and my industry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honest painful livelihood, by cheating these two reverend Coxcombs.

*Gal.* How the Devil got'th thou this credit with 'em !

*Pet.* O, easil Sir, as Knaves get Estates, or Fools Em-  
ployments.

*Fil.* I hope amongst all your good qualities, you for-  
got not your more natural one of pimping.

*Pet.* No, I affure you, Sir ; I have told Sir *Signal Buffoon*,  
that no Man lives here without his Inamorata : which ve-  
ry word has so fir'd him, that he's resolv'd to have his  
Inamorata whate'er it cost him ; and, as in all things else,  
I have in that too promised my assistance.

*Gal.* If you affist him no better than you have done  
me, he may stay long enough for his Inamorata.

*Pet.* Why faith, Sir, I lie at my Lady night and day ;  
but she is so loth to part with that fame Maiden-head of  
hers yet—but to morrow night, Sir, there's hopes.—

*Gal.* To morrow night ; Oh 'tis an Age in Love ! De-  
sire knows no time but the present, 'tis now I wish, and  
now I wou'd enjoy : a new Day ought to bring a new  
Desire.

*Pet.* Alas, Sir, I'm but an humble Bravo.

*Gal.* Yes, thou'rt a Pimp, yet want'st the Art to procure  
a longing Lover the Woman he adores, tho but a common  
Curtezan—Oh confound her Maidenhead—she under-  
stands her Trade too well, to have that badge of Inno-  
cence.

*Pet.* I offered her her Price, Sir.

*Gal.* Double it, give any thing, for that's the best re-  
ceipt I ever found to fatten Womens hearts.

*Pet.* Well, Sir, she will be this Evening in the Garden  
of *Medices Villa*, there you may get an opportunity to  
advance your Interest—I must step and trim Mr. *Tickletext*,  
and then am at your service. [Exit. *Petro.*

*Jul.* What is this Knight and his Governoour, who have  
the blessed Fortune to be manag'd by this Squire ?

*Fil.* Certain Fools *Galliard* makes use of when he has a  
mind to laugh, and whom I never thought worth a visit  
since I came to *Rome* : and he's like to profit much by his  
Travels, who keeps company with all the *English*, espe-  
cially the Fops.

*Gal.*

*Gal.* Faith, Sir, I came not abroad to return with the formality of a Judge ; and these are such antidotes against Melancholy as wou'd make thee fond of fooling.—Our Knight's Father is even the Gentleman of his House, a Fellow, who having the good fortune to be much a Fool and Knavery, had the attendant blessing of getting an Estate of some eight thousand a year, with this Coxcomb to inherit it ; who (to aggrandize the Name and Family of the *Buffoons*) was made a Knight ; but to refine throughout, and make a compleat Fop, was sent abroad under the Government of one Mr. *Tickletext*, his zealous Father's Chaplain, as errant a blockhead as a man wou'd wish to hear preach ; the Father wisely foreseeing the eminent danger that young Travellers are in of being perverted to Popery.

*Jul.* 'Twas well considered.

*Gal.* But for the young Spark, there is no description can reach him ; 'tis only to be done by himself ; let it suffice, 'tis a pert, saucy, conceited Animal, whom you shall just now go see and admire, for he lodges in the house with us.

*Jul.* With all my heart, I never long'd more for a new acquaintance.

*Fil.* And in all probability shall sooner desire to be rid on't.— [Exeunt.

**S C E N E II.** *Draws off, and discovers Mr. Tickletext a trimming, his Hair under a Cap, a Cloth before him : Petro snaps his fingers, takes away the Bason, and goes to wiping his face.*

*Tickletext and Petro.*

*Pet.* Ah che Bella ! Bella ! I swear by these sparkling Eyes and these soft plump dimpled Cheeks, there's not a Seigniora in all *Rome*, cou'd she behold 'em, were able to stand their Temptations ; and for *La Silvianetta*, my life on't she's your own.

*Tick.* Texe, texe, speak softly; but honest *Barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and fresh and—hah!

*Pet.* Ay Sir, as the rosy Morn, young as old Time in his Infancy, and plump as the pale-fac'd Moon.

*Tick.* He—Why this Travelling muff needs improve a Man—Why how admirably well-spoken your very *Barbers* are here—[*Aside.*]—But *Barberacho*, did the young Gentlewoman fay she lik'd me? did she, Rogue? did she?

*Pet.* And doated on you Seignior, doated on you.

*Tick.* Why, and that's strange now, in the Autumn of my Age too, when Nature began to be impertinent, as a Man may fay, that a young Lady shou'd fall in love with me—[*Aside.*] Why *Barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of Sin only in visiting a Lady that loves a man, hah.

*Pet.* Sin, Sir! 'tis a frequent thing now-a-days in Persons of your Complexion.

*Tick.* Especially here at *Rome* too, where 'tis no scandal.

*Pet.* Ah Seignior, where the Ladies are privileg'd, and Fornification licens'd.

*Tick.* Right! and when 'tis licens'd, 'tis lawful; and when 'tis lawful, it can be no Sin: besides, *Barberacho*, I may chance to turn her, who knows?

*Pet.* Turn her Seignior, alas any way, which way you please.

*Tick.* He, he, he! There thou wert knavish, I doubt—but I mean convert her—nothing else I profess, *Barberacho*.

*Pet.* True Seignior, true, she's a Lady of an easy nature, and an indifferent Argument well handled will do't—ha—here's your head of Hair—here's your natural [combing out his Hair.] Frize! And such an Air it gives the Face!—So Seignior—Now you have the utmost my Art can do. [Takes away the Cloth, and bows.

*Tick.* Well Seignior,—and where's your Looking-glaſs?

*Pet.* My Looking-glaſs!

*Tick.*

*Tick.* Yes Seignior, your Looking-glaſſ ! an *English* Barber wo'd as ſoon have forgotten to have ſnapt his fingers, made his leg, or taken his Money, as have neglected his Looking-glaſſ.

*Pet.* Ay Seignior, in your Country the Laity have ſo little Honesty, they are not to be truſted with the taking off your Beard unless you ſee't done :—but here's a Glaſſ, Sir. [Gives him the Glaſſ.

[*Tick. sets himſelf and ſmicks in the Glaſſ, Pet. ſtanding behind him, making horns and grimaces, which Tick. ſees in the Glaſſ, gravely rises, turns towards Petro.*

*Tick.* Why how now, *Barberacho*, what monſtrous Fa-ces are you making there ?

*Pet.* Ah my Belly, my Belly, Seignior : ah this Wind-Cholick ! this Hypocondriack does ſo torment me ! ah—

*Tick.* Alas poor Knave ; *certo*, I thought thou hadſt been ſomewhat uncivil with me, I profefs I did.

*Pet.* Who I, Sir, uncivil !—I abuse my Patrone !—I that have almoſt made my ſelf a Pimp to ſerve you ?

*Tick.* Teze, teze, honest *Barberacho* ! no, no, no, all's well, all's well :—but hark ye—you will be diſ-creet and ſecret in this buſineſſ now, and above all things conceal the knowledge of this Gentlewoman from Sir *Signal* and Mr. *Galliard*.

*Pet.* The Rack, Seignior, the Rack ſhall not extort it.

*Tick.* Hold thy Hand—there's ſomewhat for thee, [gives him Money.] but ſhall I Rogue—ſhall I ſee her to night ?—

*Pet.* To night, Sir, meet me in the Piazza *D'Hiffag-nia*, about ten a Clock,—I'll meet you there,—but 'tis fit Seignior—that I ſhould provide a Collation,—'tis the cuſtom here, Sir.—

*Tick.* Well, well, what will it come to ?—here's an Angel.—

*Pet.* Why Sir, 'twill come to—about—for you wo'd do't handfomely—ſome twenty Crowns.—

*Tick.* How man, twenty Crowns !

*Pet.* Ay, Seignior, thereabouts.

*Tick.*

*Tick.* Twenty Crowns!—Why, 'tis a Sum, a Portion, a Revenue.

*Pet.* Alas Seignior, 'tis nothing with her,—she'll look it out in an hour,—ah such an Eye, so sparkling, with an amorous Twire—Then Sir—she'll kis it out in a moment,—such a Lip, so red, so round, so plump, so soft, and so—

*Tick.* Why has she, has she, Sirrah—hah—here, here, prithee take money, here, and make no words on't—go, go your way, go—But to entertain Sir *Signal* with other matter, pray send his Masters to him; if thou canst help him to Masters, and me to Mifresses, thou shalt be the good Genius of us both: but fee where he comes—

*Enter Sir Signal.*

*Sig. Sig.* Hah! *Signior Illustrissimo Barberacho*, let me hug thee, my little *Miphistophiloucho*—de ye see here, how fine your Brokering Jew has made me, Seignior *Rabbi Manaseth-Ben-Nebiton*, and so forth; hah—view me round.

[Turns round.

*Tick.* I profefs 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you. *Sir Sig.* Made for me—Why, Sir, he swore to me by the old Law, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one High German Prince—I have forgot his name—for the Devil can never remember these damn'd *Hogan-Mogan* Titles.

*Tick.* No matter, Sir.

*Sir Sig.* Ay, but I shou'd be loth to be in any man's Clothes, were he never so high a German Prince—except I knew his name tho.

*Tick.* Sir, I hold his name unnecessary to be remembred, so long as 'twas a princely Penniworth.—*Barberacho*, get you gone, and send the Masters. [Ex. Petro.

*Sir Sig.* Why how now Governour! how now Seignior *Tickletext*! prithee how camest thou so transmogrified, ha? why thou look'st like any new-fledg'd *Cupid*.

*Tick.* Do I? away, you flatter; do I?

*Sir Sig.* As I hope to breathe, your Face shines thro your pouder'd Hair, like you know what on a Barn-door in a frosty morning.

*Tick.*

*Tick.* What a filthy comparifon's there for a man of my Coat?

*Sir Sig.* What angry—*Corpo di me* I meant no harm,—Come, shall's to a *Bonaroba*, where thou shalt part with thy Pupilage, and that of thy Beard together?

*Tick.* How mean you, Sir, a Curtezan and a Romish Curtezan?

*Sir Sig.* Now my Tutor's up, ha, ha, ha—and ever is when one names a Whore; be pacify'd, Man, be pacify'd, I know thou hat'st 'em worse than Beads or Holy-water.

*Tick.* Away, you are such another Knight—but leave this naughty difcourse, and prepare for your Fencing and Civility-Masters, who are coming.

*Sir Sig.* Ay when, Goverour, when? Oh how I long for my Civility-Master, that I may learn to out-complement all the dull Knights and Squires in *Kent*, with a *Servitore Hulichimo*—*No Signiora Bellissima, bafe le Mane de vos Signiora scusa mia Illustrissimo, caspelo de Bacco*, and so I'll run on, hah Goverour, hah! won't this be pure?

*Tick.* Notably ingenious, I profefs.

*Sir Sig.* Well, I'll fend my *Staffiera* for him *incontinent*e.—he, *Jack*—a—*Cazo*, what a damn'd *English* name is *Jack*? let me see—I will call him—*Giovanni*, which is as much as to say *John*!—he *Giovanni*.

*Enter Jack.*

*Tick.* Sir, by your favour, his *English* Protestant Name is *John Pepper*, and I'll call him by ne'er a Popish Name in Christendom.

*Sir Sig.* I'll call my own man, Sir, by what name I please, Sir; and let me tell you Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, I scorn to be served by any man whose name has not an *Acho* or an *Oucho*, or some *Italiano* at the end on't—therefore *Giovanni Peperacho* is the name by which you shall be distinguished and dignify'd hereafter.

*Tick.* Sir *Signal*, Sir *Signal*, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarrantable, for *Peter* is call'd *Peter*, and *John John*; and I'll not see the poor Fellow

Fellow wrong'd of his Name for ne'er a *Giovanni* in *Rome*.

Sir Sig. Sir, I tell you that one *Italian* Name is worth two *English* Names in *Europe*, and I'll be judg'd by my Civility-Master.

Tick. Who shall end the dispute if he be of my opinion.

Sir Sig. *Molto voluntiero*, which is as much as to say, with all my heart.

Jack. But Sir, my Grandmother wou'd never own me, if I should change the cursed Name she gave me with her own hands, an't please your Worhip.

Sir Sig. He *Beftia!* I'll have no more of your Worhip, Sirrah, that old *English* Sir Reverence, let me have you call me *Seignior Illustriſſimo* or *Patrona Mea*—or—

Tick. Ay, that I like well enough: —but hold, sure this is one of your Masters.

*Enter Petro drest like a French Fencing-Master.*

Pet. Seignior Barberacho has sent me to teach you de Art of Fencing.

Sir Sig. *Illustriſſimo Seignior Monsieur*, I am the Person who am to learn.

Tick. Stay, Sir, stay—let me ask him some few questions first: for, Sir, I have play'd at Back-Sword, and cou'd have handled ye a weapon as well as any Man of my time in the University.

Sir Sig. Say you so, Mr. *Tickletext*? and faith you shall have a bout with him. [Tick. gravely goes to Petro.

Tick. Hum—hum—Mr. *Monsieur*—pray what are the Guards that you like best?

Pet. *Monsieur eder de Quart or de Terse*, dey be both French and Italian: den for your Parades, Degagements, your Advancements, your Eloynements and Retierments, dey be de fame.

Tick. Cart and Horſe, what new found inventions and words have we here?—Sir, I wou'd know, whether you like St. *George's* Guard or not.

Pet. Alons—*Monsieur, Mettez vous en Guard!* take de Flurette.

Sir Sig.

Sir Sig. Nay, faith and troth, Governor, thou shalt have a Rubbers with him. [Tick, smiling refuses.

Tick. Nay, certo Sir Signal,—and yet you shall prevail:—well, Sir, come your ways. [Takes the Flurette.

Pet. Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand so dat be de Quart—now turn it dus—and that be de Terse.

Tick. Hocus Pocus, Hicksius Doxius—here be de Cart, and here be de Horſe—why, what's all this for, hah, Sir—and where's your Guard all this while?

Sir Sig. Ay, Sir, where's your Guard, Sir, as my Governor fays, Sir, hah?

Tick. Come, come, Sir, I must instruct you, I see; Come your ways, Sir.

Pet. Attende, attende une peu—trust de right hand and de right leg forward together.

Tick. I marry Sir, that's a good one indeed: What shall become of my Head then, Sir? what Guard have I left for that, good Mr. Monsieur, hah?

Pet. Ah, Morbleu, is not dis for every ting?

Tick. No, marry is not it, Sir; St. George's Guard is best for the Head whilst you live—as thus, Sir.

Pet. Dat, Sir, ha, ha—dat be de Guard for de Back-Sword.

Tick. Back-sword, Sir, yes, Back-sword, what shou'd it be else?

Pet. And dis be de Single Rapier.

Tick. Single-Rapier with a Vengeance, there's a weapon for a Gentleman indeed; is all this stir about Single-Rapier?

Pet. Single-Rapier! What wou'd you have for de Gentleman, de Cudgel for de Gentleman?

Tick. No, Sir, but I wou'd have it for de Rascally Frenchman, who comes to abuse Perfons of Quality with paltry single Rapier!—Single Rapier! Come, Sir, come—put your self in your Cart and your Horſe as you call it, and I'll shew you the difference.

[Undresses himself till he appears in a ridiculous Posture.

Pet.

*Pet.* Ah, *Monsieur*, me fall run you two or three times thro the Body, and den you break a me head, what care I for dat?—Pox on his ignorance. *[Aside.]*

*Tick.* Oh, ho, Sir, do your worst, Sir.

*[They put themselves into several Guards, and Tick beats Pet. about the Stage—Enter Gall. Fill. and Jul.]*

*Pet.* Ah *Monsieur, Monsieur*, will you kill a me?

*Tick.* Ah *Monsieur*, where be your Carts now, and your Horse, Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?—and your Single-Rapier, Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?—

*Gall.* Why how now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what mortal Wars are these? *Ajax* and *Ulysses* contending for *Achilles* his Armour?

*Pet.* If I be not reveng'd on him, hang me. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Sig.* Ay, why who the Devil wou'd have taken my Governor for so tall a man of hands? but *Corpo de me*, Mr. *Galliard*, I have not seen his Fellow.

*Tick.* Ah, Sir, time was, I wou'd have play'd ye a Match at Cudgels with e'er a Sophister in the College, but verily I have forgotten it: but here's an impudent Frenchman, that wou'd have past Single-Rapier upon us.

*Gal.* How, nay a my word then he deferv'd to be chafis'd for't—but now all's at Peace again; pray know my Kinsman, Sir *Harry Fillamour*.

*Sir Sig.* Yo baco les manos, Seignior *Illustissimo Cavaliere*,—and yours Seigniors, who are *Multo bien Venito*.

*Tick.* Oh Lord, Sir, you take me Sir—in such a pofture, Sir,—as I protest I have not been in this many years. *[Dressing himself whilſt he talks.]*

*Fill.* Exercise is good for health, Sir.

*Gal.* Sir *Signal*, you are grown a perfect *Italian*: Well, Mr. *Tickletext*, you will carry him home a most accomplish'd Gentleman I fee.

*Tick.* Hum, verily, Sir, tho I say it, for a Man that never travell'd before, I think I have done reaſonably well—I'll tell you, Sir—it was by my directions and ad-vice that he brought over with him,—two *English* Knives a thousand of *English* Pins, four pair of *Jersey* Stockings and as many pair of Buckskin Gloves.

Sir *Sig.*

*Sir Sig.* Ay, Sir, for good Gloves you know are very scarce Commodities in this Country.

*Jul.* Here, Sir, at *Rome*, as you say, above all other places.

*Tick.* *Certo*, mere hedging-Gloves, Sir, and the clouter-left Seams.—

*Fil.* Very right, Sir,—and now he talks of *Rome*,—Pray, Sir, give me your opinion of the Place—Are there not noble Buildings here, rare Statues, and admirable Fountains?

*Tick.* Your Buildings are pretty Buildings, but not comparable to our University Building ; your Fountains, I confess, are, pretty Springs,—and your Statues reasonably well carv'd—but, Sir, they are so antient they are of no value : then your Churches are the worst that ever I saw.

*Gal.* How, Sir, the Churches, why I thought *Rome* had been famous thro-out all *Europe* for fine Churches.

*Fil.* What think you of St. Peter's Church, Sir ? Is it not a glorious Structure ?

*Tick.* St. Peter's Church, Sir, you may as well call it St. Peter's Hall, Sir : it has neither Pew, Pulpit, Desk, Steeple, nor Ring of Bells ; and call you this a Church, Sir ? No, Sir, I'll say that for little *England*, and a fig for't, for Churches, easy Pulpits, [Sir *Sig.* speaks, And sleeping Pews,] they are as well ordered as any Churches in Christendom : and finer Rings of Bells, Sir, I am sure were never heard.

*Jul.* Oh, Sir, there's much in what you say.

*Fil.* But then, Sir, your rich Altars, and excellent Pictures of the greatest Masters of the World, your delicate Musick and Voices, make some amends for the other wants.

*Tick.* How, Sir ! tell me of your rich Altars, your Guegaws and Trinkets, and Popish Fopperies ; with a deal of Sing-song—when I say, give me, Sir, five hundred close Changes rung by a set of good Ringers, and I'll not exchange 'em for all the Anthems in *Europe* : and for the Pictures, Sir, they are Superstition, idolatrous, and flat Popery.

*Fil.* I'll convince you of that Error, that persuades you harmless Pictures are idolatrous.

*Tick.*

*Tick.* How Sir, how Sir, convince me! talk to me of being convinc'd, and that in favour of Popery! No, Sir, by your favour I shall not be convinc'd: convinc'd quoth a?—no, Sir, fare you well, an you be for convincing: come away, Sir *Signal*, fare you well, Sir, fare you well: ——convinc'd!

[Goes out.]

*Sir Sig.* Ha, ha, ha, so now is my Gouvernour gone in a Fustian-fume: well, he is ever thus when one talks of Whoring and Religion: but come, Sir, walk in, and I'll undertake, my Tutor shall beg your Pardon, and renounce his English ill-bred Opinion: nay, his English Churches too—all but his own Vicaridge.

*Fill.* I have better diversion, Sir, I thank you—come, *Julio*, are you for a Walk in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, 'tis hard by?—

*Jul.* I'll wait on you—

[Ex. *Fill.* and *Julio*.]

*Sir Sig.* How in the Garden of *Medices Villa*?—but hark ye, *Galliard*, will the Ladies be there, the Curtezans, the *Bona Roba*'s, the *Inamorata*'s, and the *Bell Ingrato*'s, hah?

*Gal.* Oh, doubtless, Sir,

[Exit *Gall.*]

*Sir Sig.* I'll e'en bring my Gouvernour thither to beg his Pardon, on purpose to get an opportunity to see the fine Women; it may be I may get a sight of my new Mistrefs, *Donna Silvianetta*, whom *Petro* is to bring me acquainted with.

[Exeunt.]

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## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Morosini and Octavio.*

*Ot.* **B**Y Heaven I will not eat, nor sleep, nor pray for any thing but swift and sure Revenge, till I have found *Marcella*, that false deceiving Beauty, or her Lover, my hated Rival *Fillamour*; who, wanton in the Arms of the fair Fugitive, laughs at my shameful easines, and cries, these Joys were never meant for tame *Otavio*.

Enter

*Enter Crapine.*

*Mor.* How now, *Crapine* ! What, no News, no News of my Nieces yes, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*.

*Crap.* None, Sir.

*Ot.* That's wondrous strange, *Rome*'s a place of that general Intelligence, methinks thou might'st have News of such trivial things as Women, amongst the Cardinals Pages; I'll undertake to learn the Religion *de Stato*, and present juncture of all affairs in *Italy*, of a common Curtezan.

*Mor.* Sirrah, Sirrah, let it be your care to examine all the Nunneries, for my own part not a Petticoat shall escape me.

*Ot.* My task shall be for *Fillamour*.

[*Aside.*]

*Mor.* I'll only make a visit to your Sister *Donna Laura Lucretia*, and deliver her a Letter from my Nephew *Julio*, and return to you prefently.—

[*Going out, is laid by Octavio.*]

*Ot.* Stay, Sir, defer your visit to my Sister *Laura*, she is not yet to know of my being in Town; 'tis therefore I have taken a Lodging in an obscure street, and am resolv'd never to be my self again till I've redeem'd my Honour. Come, Sir, let's walk—

*Enter to them, as they are going out, Marcella and Cornelia, dress like Curtezans, Philippa, and Attendants.*

*Mor.* Stay, stay, what Women are these ?

*Ot.* Whores, Sir, and so 'tis ten to one are all the kind; only these differ from the rest in this, they generoully own their trade of Sin, which others deal by stealth in; they are Curtezans.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Mar.* The Evening's soft and calm, as happy Lovers Thoughts;

And here are Groves where the kind meeting Trees

Will hide us from the amorous gazing Croud.

*Cor.* What should we do there, sigh till our wandering Breath

Has rais'd a general Gale amongst the Boughs;

To whose dull melancholy Muick we,

Laid on a Bed of Mofs, and new-fallen Leaves,

Will read the difinal tale of Echo's Love !

—No

—No, I can make better use of famous Ovid.

[*Snatches a little Book from her.*  
And prithee what a pox have we to do with Trees,  
Flowers, Fountains, or naked Statues?

*Mar.* But prithee mad *Cornelia*, let's be grave and  
wife, at least enough to think a little.

*Cor.* On what? your *English Cavalier Fillamour*, of  
whom you tell so many dull stories of his making Love!  
Oh how I hate a civil whining Coxcomb.

*Mar.* And so do I, I'll therefore think of him no more.

*Cor.* Good Lord! what a damnable wicked thing is a  
Virgin grown up to Woman.

*Mar.* Why, art thou such a Fool to think I love this  
*Fillamour*?

*Cor.* It may be not at *Rome*, but at *Viterbo*, where  
Men are scarce, you did; and did you follow him to *Rome*,  
to tell him you cou'd love no more?

*Mar.* A too forward Maid, *Cornelia*, hurts her own  
Fame, and that of all her Sex.

*Cor.* Her Sex! a pretty consideration, by my Youth;  
an Oath I shall not violate this dozen years: my Sex  
shou'd excuse me, if to preferre their Fame they expected  
I should ruin my own Quiet; in chusing an ill-favour'd  
Husband, such as *Oñavio*, before a young handsome  
Lover, such as you say *Fillamour* is.

*Mar.* I wou'd fain perfaude my self to be of thy mind,  
—but the World, *Cornelia*—

*Cor.* Hang the malicious World—

*Mar.* And there's fuch Charms in Wealth and Honour,  
too.

*Cor.* None half so powerful as Love, in my opinion;  
'slife, Sister, thou art beautiful, and haft a Fortune too,  
which before I wou'd lay out upon so shameful a pur-  
chase as fuch a Bedfellow for life as *Oñavio*, I wou'd turn  
errant keeping Curtezan, and buy my better Fortune.

*Mar.* That Word too startles me.

*Cor.* What Curtezan! why, 'tis a noble Title, and has  
more Votaries than Religion; there's no Merchandize  
like ours, that of Love, my Sister:—and can you be  
frighted with the Vizor, which you your self put on?

*Mar.*

*Mar.* 'Twas the only Disguise that cou'd secure us from the search of my Uncle and *Ottavio*. Our Brother *Julio* is by this too arriv'd, and I know they'll all be diligent,—and some Honour I was content to sacrifice to my eternal Repose.

*Cor.* Spoke like my Sister! a little impertinent Honour, we may chance to lose, 'tis true; but our down-right Honesty I perceive you are resolv'd we shall maintain thro all the dangers of Love and Gallantry; tho to fay truth, I find enough to do, to defend my Heart against some of those Members that nightly serenade us, and daily show themselves before our Window, gay as young Bridegrooms, and as full of expectation.

*Mar.* But is't not wondrous, that amongst all these Crouds we should not once see *Fillamour*? I thought the Charms of a fair young Curtezan might have oblig'd him to some Curiosity at least.

*Cor.* Ay! and an *English* Cavalier too, a Nation so fond of all new Faces.

*Mar.* Heaven, if I shou'd never see him, and I frequent all publick Places to meet him! or if he be gone from *Rome*, if he have forgot me, or some other Beauty have employ'd his Thoughts!

*Cor.* Why, if all these if's and or's come to pafs, we have no more to do than to advance in this fame glorious Profession, of which now we only seem to be—in which, to give it its due, there are a thousand Satisfactions to be found, more than in a dull virtuous Life: Oh the world of Dark-Lanthorn-Men we should have! the Serenades, the Songs, the Sighs, the Vows, the Prefents, the Quarrels, and all for a Look or a Smile, which you have been hitherto so covetous of, that *Petro* swears our Lovers begin to suspect us for some honest Jilts; which by some is accounted much the leuder scandal of the two:—therefore I think faith, we must e'en be kind a little to redeem our Reputations.

*Mar.* However we may railly, certainly there's nothing so hard to Woman, as to expoſe her ſelf to villainous Man.

*Cor.* Faith, Sister, if 'twere but as eaſy to ſatisfy the  
+ nice

nice scruples of Religion and Honour, I should find no great Difficulty in the rest—Besides, another Argument I have, our Mony's all gone, and without a Miracle can hold out no longer honefly.

*Mar.* Then we must sell our Jewels.

*Cor.* When they are gone, what Jewel will you part with next?

*Mar.* Then we must—

*Cor.* What, go home to *Viterbo*, ask the old Gentleman pardon, and be receiv'd to *Grace* again, you to the Embraces of the amiable *Octavio*, and I to *St. Terefa's*, to whistle thro a Grate like a Bird in a Cage, for I shall have little heart to sing.—But come, let's leave this sad talk, here's Men—let's walk and gain new Conquest, I love it dearly—

[*Walk down the Garden.*

*Enter Gall. Fill. and Jul. see the Women.*

*Gal.* Women! and by their garb for our purpose too—they're *Curtezans*, let's follow 'em.

*Fil.* What shall we get by gazing but Disquiet? if they are fair and honest, we look, and perhaps may sigh in vain; if beautiful and loose, they are not worth regarding.

*Gal.* Dear notional Knight, leave your satirical Fopperies, and be at least good-humour'd, and let's follow them.

*Jul.* I'll leave you in the Pursuit, and take this Opportunity to write my Uncle word of my Arrival; and wait on you here anon.

*Fil.* Prithee do so: hah, who's that with such an Equipage? [*Exit Julio, Fil. and Gal.* going after. *Marcella and Cor.* meet just entring; *Laura* with her Equipage, dress like a Man.

*Gal.* Pox, let the Tradelmen ask, who cringe for such gay Customers, and follow us the Women!

[*Exit Fil. and Gal.* down the Scene, *Lau.* looking after 'em.

*Lau.* 'Tis he, my Cavalier, my Conqueror: *Antonio*, let the Coaches wait,—and stand at distance all: Now, *Silvio*, on thy Life forget my Sex and Quality, forget my useleſs name of *Laura Lucretia*, and call me Count of—

*Sil.* What, Madam?

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*Lau.*

*Lau.* Madam ! ah foolish Boy, thy feminine Courage will betray us all :—but—call me—Count—  
—and tell me, *Silvio*, how is it I appear ?  
How dost thou like my Shape—my Face and Dres ?  
My Mien and Equipage, may I not pass for Man ?  
Looks it *en Prince* and *Maculine* ?

*Sil.* Now as I live, you look all over what you wish,  
and such as will beget a Reverence and Envy in the Men,  
and Passion in the Women. But what's the Cause of all  
this Transformation ?

*Lau.* Love ! Love ! cou'dst thou not guess  
'twas Love ? that dear *Englese* I must enjoy, my *Silvio*.

*Sil.* What, he that adores the fair young Curtezan ?

*Lau.* That very he ; my Window joins to hers, and  
'twas with Charms  
Which he' ad prepar'd for her, he took this Heart,  
Which met the welcome Arrows in their flight,  
And sav'd her from their Dangers.  
Oft I've return'd the Vows he'as made to her,  
And sent him pleas'd away ;  
When thro' the errors of the Night, and distance,  
He has mistook me for that happy Wanton,  
And gave me Language of so soft a Power,  
As ne'er was breath'd in vain to listning Maids.

*Sil.* But with Permission, Madam, how does this Change  
of Petticoat for Breeches, and shifting Hous'les too, ad-  
vance that Love ?

*Lau.* This Habit, befores many Opportunities 'twill give  
me of getting into his acquaintance, secures me too from  
being known by any of my Relations in *Rome* : then I  
have changed my Hous'e for one so near to that of *Silvi-*  
*anetta's*, and so like it too, that even you and I have  
oft mistook the entrance ; by which means Love, Fortune  
or Chance, may with my Industry contrive some kind Mi-  
take that may make me happier than the rest of Woman-  
kind.

*Sil.* But what shall be reserv'd then for Count *Julio*,  
whose last Letters promise his Arrival within a Day or two,  
and whom you're then to marry ?

*Lau.* Referv'd for him ! a Wife ! a Wife, my *Silvio*,  
That unconcern'd domeslick Neccesary,

Who

Who rarely brings a Heart, or takes it soon away.—

*Sil.* But then your Brother, Count *Ottavio*, do you not fear his Jealousy?

*Lau.* *Ottavio* ! Oh, Nature has set his Soul and mine at And I can know<sub>o</sub> no Fear but where I love. (odds,

*Sil.* And then hat thing which Ladies call their Honour.

*Lau.* Honour, that hated Idol, even by those That set it up to worship ! No,

I have a Soul, my Boy, and that's all Love ;

And I'll the Talent which Heaven lent improve.

[*Going out, meets Marcella and Cornelia follow'd by Gal. and Fil.*

*Sil.* Here be the Curtezans, my Lord.

*Lau.* Hah, *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia* ! purſu'd too by my Cavalier ! I'll round the Garden, and mix my ſelf a- mongſt 'em. [Exit with her Train.

*Mar.* Prithee, Sister, let's retire into the Grove, to a- void the Purſuit of theſe Cavaliers.

*Cor.* Not I, by theſe killing Eyes ! I'll ſtand my ground were there a thouſand, all arm'd with conqueſting Beautys.

*Mar.* Hah—now on my Conſcience yonder's *Fillamour*.

*Cor.* Ha ! *Fillamour*.

*Mar.* My Courage fails me at the fight of him——I must retire.

*Cor.* And I'll to my Art of Love.

[*Mar. retires, and leans againſt a Tree, Cor. walks about reading.*

*Gal.* 'Tis the, 'tis *Silvianetta* : Prithee advance, that thou mayſt behold her, and renounce all honest Women ; ſince in that one young Sinner there are Charms that wou'd excufe even to thee all frailty.

*Fil.* The Forms of Angels cou'd not reconcile me To Women of her Trade.

*Gal.* This is too happy an Opportunity, to be lost in convincing thy Singularity,—— [Gal goes bowing by the ſide of Cornelia. *Fil. walks about in the Scene.* —If Creatures ſo fair and charming as your ſelf, had any need of Prayer, I ſhou'd believe by your profound Atten- tion you were at your Evening's Devotion.

*Cor.* That you may find your Miſtake in the opinion of my

my Charms, pray believe I am so, and ought not to be interrupted.

*Gal.* I hope a Man may have leave to make his Devotions by you, at least without Danger or Offence.

*Cor.* I know not that, I have reason to fear your Devotion may be ominous; like a blazing Star, it comes but seldom,—but ever threatens mischief—Pray Heaven, I share not in the Calamity.

*Gal.* Why, I confess, Madam, my Fit of Zeal does not take me often; but when it does, 'tis very harmless and wondrous hearty.

*Cor.* You may begin then, I shall not be so wicked as to disturb your Orisons.

*Gal.* Wou'd I cou'd be well assur'd of that, for mine's Devotion of great Necessity, and the Blessing I pray for infinitely concerns me; therefore in christian Charity keep down your Eyes, and do not ruin a young Man's good Intentions, unles they wou'd agree to send kind Looks, and save me the expence of Prayer.

*Cor.* Which wou'd be better laid out, you think, upon some other Blessing.

*Gal.* Why faith 'tis good to have a little Bank upon occasion, tho I hope I shall have no great need hereafter,—if the charming *Silvianetta* be but kind, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

*Cor.* You're very well acquainted with my Name, I find.

*Gal.* Your Name! 'tis all I have to live on!  
Like cheerful Birds, 'tis the first Tune I sing,  
To welcome in the Day:  
The Groves repeat it, and the Fountains purle it,  
And every pretty Sound that fills my Ear,  
Turns all to *Silvianetta*. [Fil. looks awhile on Marcella.  
*Fil. Galliard,* look there—look on that lovely Woman; 'tis *Marcella*, the beautiful *Marcella*.

[Offers to run to her, *Gal.* holds him.

*Gal.* Hold! *Marcella!* where?

*Fil.* That Lady there; didst ever see her equal.

*Gal.* Why faith, as you say, *Harry*, that Lady is beautiful—and make us thankful—kind: why 'tis *Euphemia*,

*mia*, Sir, the very Curtezan I wou'd have shew'd you.—  
*Fil.* Forbear, I am not fit for Mirth.

*Gal.* Nor I in Humour to make you merry;  
 I tell ye—yonder Woman—is a Curtezan.

*Fil.* Do not profane, nor rob Heaven of a Saint.

*Gal.* Nor you rob Mankind of such a Blessing, by giving  
 it to Heaven before its time.—I tell thee 'tis a Whore, a  
 fine desirable expensive Whore.

*Fil.* By Heaven it cannot be! I'll speak to her, and call  
 her my *Marcella*, and undeceive thy leud Opinion.

*Gal.* Do, salute her in good Company for an honest  
 Woman—do, and spoil her Markets:—'twill be a  
 pretty civil spiteful Compliment, and no doubt well ta-  
 ken,—come, I'll convince ye, Sir.

[*Goes and pulls* Philippa.—Harkye, thou kind Help meet for Man—thou gentle  
 Child of Night—what is the Price of a Night or two of  
 Pleasure with yonder Lady—*Euphemia*, I mean, that Ro-  
 man Curtezan—

*Fil.* Oh Heavens! a Curtezan!

*Phil.* Sure you're a great Stranger in *Rome*, that cannot  
 tell her Price.

*Gal.* I am so; name it, prithee, here's a young *English*  
 Purchaser—Come forward, Man, and cheapen for your  
 self.—

*Phil.* Oh spare your pains, she wants no Customers.—

[*Flings away*.]

*Fil.* No, no, it cannot, must not be *Marcella*;  
 She has too much Divinity about her,  
 Not to defend her from all Imputation,  
 Scandal wou'd die to hear her Name pronounc'd.

*Phil.* Believe me, Madam, he knows you not; I over-  
 heard all he said to that Cavalier, and find he's much in  
 love.

*Mar.* Not know me, and in love! punish him Heaven  
 for his Falshood: but I'll contribute to deceive him on,  
 and ruin him with Perjury.

*Fil.* I am not yet convinc'd, I'll try her farther. [*Goes to her bowing.*]—But, Madam, is that heavenly Beauty  
 + purchasable?

purchasable? I'll pay a Heart, rich with such Wounds and Flames—

*Gal.* Not forgetting the Mony too, good Lad, or your Wounds and Flames will be of little use.

[*Gal. goes to Cornelia.*]

*Mar.* He tells you Truth, Sir, we are not like the Ladies of your Country, who tire out their Men with loving upon the square, Heart for Heart, till it becomes as dull as Matrimony: to Women of our Profession there's any Rhetorick like ready Mony, nor Billet-deux like Bills of Exchange.

*Fil.* Oh! that Heaven shou'd make two Persons so resembling, and yet such different Souls. [Looks on her.—]Sdeath, how she darts me thro with every Look! But if she speak, she heals the Wound again.

*Enter Octavio, with Followers.*

*O&A.* Hah, my Rival *Filamour* here! fall on—draw, Sir,—and say, I gave you one Advantage more, and fought thee fairly.

[*Draws on Fil. who fights him out; the Ladies run off:* *Gal.* falls on the Followers, with whom whilst he is engag'd, enters *Julio*, draws and affests him; and *Laura* at the same time on the other side. *Enter Petro* drest like a Civility-Master; *Sir Signal* and *Tickletext*: *Sir Signal* climbs a Tree, *Tick.* runs his Head into a Bush, and lies on his Hands and Knees. *Pet.* affsts *Gal.* and fights out the Bravoes. *Pet.* re-enters.

*Lau.* Hah, my Cavalier engag'd amongst the Slaves!

*Pet.* My Lady's Lovers! and set upon by *Ottavio*! we must be diligent in our Affairs: *Sir Signal*, where are ye? Seignior *Tickletext*.—I hope they have not miscarried in the fray.

*Sir Sig.* Oh vos Servitor, vos Signiora; miscarried! no, the Fool has Wit enough to keep out of harm's way.

[*Comes down from the Tree.*]

*Pet.* Oh very discreetly done, Seignior.—

[*Sees Tick. in a bush, pulls him out by the heels.*]

*Sir Sig.* Why how now, Goverour, what afraid of Swords?

*Tick.* No, Sir, I am not afraid of Swords, but I am afraid of Danger.

*Enter Gal. embracing Laura; after 'em, Julio and Fil.*  
*Fil. looks about.*

*Gal.* This Bravery, Sir, was wondrous.

*Lau.* 'Twas only Justice, Sir, you being opprest with odds.

*Fil.* She's gone, she's gone in Triumph with my Soul.

*Jul.* What was the matter, Sir? how came this Mischief?

*Fil.* Oh easily, Sir; I did but look, and infinitely loved.

*Jul.* And therefore were you drawn upon, or was it some old Pique?

*Fil.* I know not, Sir, Oh tell me not of Quarrels.  
The Woman, Friend, the Woman has undone me.

*Gal.* Oh a blessed Hearing! I'm glad of the Reformation: Sir, you were so queamish, forfooth, that a Whore wou'd not down with ye; no 'twou'd spoil your Reputation.

*Fil.* A Whore! wou'd I cou'd be convinc'd she were so; 'twou'd call my Virtue home, and make me a Man again.

*Gal.* Thou ly'st—thou'rt as weak a Brother as the best of us, and believe me, *Harry*, these sort of Damsels are like Witches, if they once get hold of a Man, he's their own till the Charm be ended; you gues what that is, Sir.

*Fil.* Oh, *Frank*, hadst thou then felt how tenderly she prest my Hand in hers, as if she wou'd have kept it there for ever, it wou'd have made thee mad, stark mad in Love!—and nothing but *Marcella* cou'd have charm'd me.

*[Aside.]*

*Gal.* Ay, Gad, I'll warrant thee,—well, thou shalt this Night enjoy her.

*Fil.* How?

*Gal.* How! why faith *Harry*, e'en the old way, I know no other. Why thou shalt lie with her, Man; come, let's to her.

*Fil.* Away, let's follow her instantly.

*[Going out is stopp'd by Sir Signal.*

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Sig. Tick. Petro.*

*Sir Sig.* Seignior, I have brought Mr. *Tickletext* to beg your Pardon—Sir.

*Fil.* I've other businels, Sir. [Goes out.

*Gal.* Come, let's follow him; and you my generous Cavalier, must give me leave to beg the Honour of your Friendship.

*Lau.* My Inclinations, Sir, have given you more—pray let me wait on you to your Lodgings, lest a farther Infolence shou'd be offer'd you.

*Gal.* Sir, you oblige too fast. [They go out.

*Sir Sig.* Ah *che Diavilo Ayles* these hot-brain'd Fellows, sure they're drunk.

*Pet.* Oh fy Seignior, drunk, for a Man of Quality—'tis intolerable.

*Sir Sig.* Ay: why how so, Seignior *Morigoroso*?

*Pet.* *Imbriaco* had made it a fine Speech indeed.

*Sir Sig.* Why faith, and so it had, as thus,—*ach Diavilo Ayles* these are hot brain'd Fellows, sure they are *imbriaco*,—Now wou'd not I be drunk for a thousand Crowns: *Imbriaco* sounds *Cinquante per cent* better.—Come, noble Seignior, let's *andiamo a cafa*, which is as much as to say, let's amble home.—

*Tick.* In troth, wondrous expert—*Certo* Seignior, he's an apt Scholar.

*Sir Sig.* Ah, Sir, you shall see, when I come to my Civilities.—

*Pet.* Where the first Lesson you shall learn, is, how to give and how to receive with a Bon-Grace.

*Tick.* That receiving Lesson I will learn my self.

*Pet.* This unfrequented part of the Garden, Seignior, will fit our purpose as well as your Lodgings.—first then — Seigniors, your Addreſs.

[*Puts himself in the middle.*

[*Petro bows on both sides, they do the like.*

—Very well, that's at the Approach of any Person of Quality, after which you must take out your Snuff-Box.

*Sir Sig.* Snuff-Box; why we take no Snuff, Seignior.

*Pet.* Then Sir, by all means you must learn: for, besides the Mode and Gravity of it, it inviveates the *Peri-*

*cranium*; that is, sapientates the Brain,—that is, inspries Wit, Thought, Invention, Understanding, and the like—you conceive me, Seigniors—

*[Bowing.]*

*Sir Sig.* Most profoundly, Seigniors.—

*[Bowing.]*

*Pet.*—Then Seigniors, it keeps you in confidence, and Countenance; and whilst you gravely seem to take a snuff, you gain time to answer to the purpose, and in a politick Posture—as thus—to any intricate Question.

*Tick.* Hum—*certo* I like that well; and 'twere admirable if a Man were allow'd to take it when he's out in's Sermon.

*Pet.* Doubtless, Seignior, you might, it helps the Memory better than Rosemary: therefore I have brought each of you a Snuff-Box.

*Sir Sig.* By no means: excuse me Seignior.

*[Refuses to take 'em.]*

*Pet.* Ah Baggatelles, Seignior, Baggatelles: and now Seigniors, I'll teach you how to take it with a handsom Grace: Seignior, your Hands—and yours, Seignior: *[Lays Snuff on their hands.]*—so, now draw your hand to and fro under your Noses, and snuff it hard up—Excellent well. *[They daub all their Noses, and make Grimaces, and sneeze.]*

*Sir Sig.* Methinks, Seignior, this Snuff stinks most damnable: pray what scent do you call this?

*Pet.* *Cackamarda Orangate*, a rare Perfume I'll assure ye, Sir.

*Sir Sig.* *Cackamarda Orangate*; and 'twere not for the Name of *Cackamarda*, and so forth, a Man had as good have a Sir-reverence at his Nose.

*[Sneezes often, he crys bonprovache.]*

*Pet. Bonprovache*—Seignior, you do not understand it yet, *bonprovache*.

*Sir Sig.* Why Sir, 'tis impossible to endure this fame *Cackamarda*; why Assafetida is odoriferous to it. *[Sneezing.]*

*Pet.* 'Tis your right *Dulce Piquante*, believe me:—but come, Seigniors, wipe your Noses, and proceed to your giving Lesson.

*Sir Sig.* As how, Seignior?

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Why—present me with something—that—Diamond on your Finger, to shew the manner of giving handomly. [Sir Sig. gives it him.

—Oh fie, Seignior—between your Finger and Thumb—thus—with your other fingers at a distance—with a speech, and a bow.—

Sir Sig. *Illustissimo* Seignior, the manifold Obligations,

*Pet.* Now a fine turn of your hand—thus—Oh that sets off the Present, and makes it sparkle in the Eyes of the Receiver.— [Sir Sig. turns his hand.

Sir Sig. Which you have heap'd upon me,—

*Pet.* There flourishes. [He flourishes.

Sir Sig. Obliges me to beg your acceptance of this small Present, which will receive a double Lustre from your fair Hand. [Gives it him.

*Pet.* Now kis your fingers ends, and retire back with a bow.

*Tick.* Most admirably perform'd.

Sir Sig. Nay, Sir, I have a Docity in me, tho I say't: Come Governor, let's see how you can out-do me in the Art of presenting.

*Tick.* Well, Sir, come; your Snuff-Box will serve instead of my Ring, will it not?

*Pet.* By no means, Sir, there is such a certain Relation between a Finger and a Ring, that no Present becomes either the giving or the receiving Hand half so well.

Sir Sig. Why, 'twill be restor'd again, 'tis but to practise by.

*Pet.* Ay, Seignior, the next thing you are to learn is to receive.

*Tick.* Most worthy Seignior, I have so exhausted the *Cornucopia* of your Favours, [Flourishes]—and tasted so plenteously of the fulness of your bounteous Liberality, that to retaliate with this small Gem—is but to offer a Spark, where I have received a Beam of superabundant Sunshine.— [Gives it.

Sir Sig. Most rhetorically perform'd, as I hope to breathe; Tropes and Figures all over.

*Tick.* Oh Lord, Sir *Signal*.

*Pet.* Excellent—Now let's see if you can refuse as civilly as you gave, which is by an obstinate denial; stand

both together — Illustrious Seigniors, upon my Honour my little Merit has not intitled me to the Glory of so splendid an Offering ; Trophies worthy to be laid only at your Magnanimous Feet.

Sir Sig. Ah, Seignior, no, no.

Pet. Seignior *Tickletext.*

[*He offers, they refuse going backward.*

Tick. Nay, certo Seignior—

Pet. With what confidence can I receive so rich a Present ? Seignior *Tickletext*, ah—Seignior—

Sir Sig. I vow Seignior—I'm ashamed you shou'd offer it.

Tick. In verity, so am I, [Still going back, he follows.

Pet. *Pardio Baccus*, most incomparable.—

Tick. But when, Seignior, are we to learn to receive again ?—

Pet. Oh, Sir, that's always a Lesson of it self :—but now, Seigniors, I'll teach you how to act a story ?

Sir Sig. How, how, Seignior, to act a story ?

Pet. Ay, Sir, no matter for words or sense, so the Body perform its part well.

Sir Sig. How, tell a story without words ! why this were an excellent device for Mr. *Tickletext*, when he's to hold forth to the Congregation, and has lost his Sermon-Notes — why this is wonderful.—

Pet. Oh, Sir, I have taught it Men born deaf [Gets between 'em : Makes a sign of being fat ; galloping about the Stage.] and blind :—look ye, stand close together, and observe—closer yet :—a certain Eclejaftico, Plump and Rich — Riding along the Road, meets a Paver strapiaco,—un Pavaro strapiaco, Paure strapiaco :—strapiaco [Puts himself into the Posture of a lean Beggar ; his hands right down by his sides,—and picks both their Pockets. Elemofuna per un Paure strapiaco, par a Moure de Dievos —at last he begs a Julio—Neinte (makes the fat Bishop) then the Paure strapiaco begs a Mezo Julio—(lean) Neinte (fat)—une bacio—(lean)—Neinte—(fat)—at last he begs his Blessing— and see how willingly the Ecclejaftick gave his Benediction. [Opening his Arms, he hits them both

*in the face.]—Scusa scusa mea Patrona's—*

*[Begs their pardon.*

*Sir Sig.* Yes, very willingly, which by the way he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

*Tick.* Marry, I wou'd he had been a little sparing of that too at this time—(*neezes*) a shame on't, it has stir'd this fame *Cackamardo* again most foully.

*Pet.* Your Pardon, Seignior;—but come, Sir *Signal*,—let's see how you will make this silent relation—Come, stand between us two—

*Sir Sig.* Nay, let me alone for a memory—come.

*Pet.* I think I have reveng'd my Backword-beating.

*[Goes off.*

*Sir Sig.* Un paureo strapado—plump and rich—no, no, the Ecclefaſtico meet un paureo strapado—and begs the Julio.

*Tick.* Oh no, Sir, the strapado begs the Julio.

*Sir Sig.* Ay, ay, and the Ecclefaſtico crys Neinte—(*Snaps his nail.*) un meze Julio!—Neinte—un Bacio, Neinte: your Blessing then Seignior Ecclefaſtico.

*[Spreads out his Arms to give his blessing—and hits Tick.*

*Tick.* Adds me, you are a little too liberal of this fame Benediction.

*Sir Sig.* Hah—but where's Seignior *Morigoroso*? what, is he gone?—but now I think on't, 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

*Tick.* It may be so, but I wish I had my Ring again, I do not like the giving Leſſon without the taking one; why, this is picking a Man's Pocket, *certo*.

*Sir Sig.* Not so, Governour, for then I had had a conſiderable loss: Look ye here,—how—(*feeling in his Pocket.*) how—(*in another*) how—gone? as I live, my Money, Governour; all the Gold *Barberacho* receiv'd of my Merchant to day—all gone.—

*Tick.* Hah—and mine—all my flock, the Money which I thought to have made a prefent to the Gentlewoman, *Barberacho* was to bring me to—(*Aſide.*)—Undone, undone—Villains, Cutpurſes—Cheats, on, run after him.

*Sir Sig.* A Pox of all silent stories: Rogue, Thief—undone.—

*[Exeunt.*

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Julio and his Page.*

*Jul.* HOW, the Lady whom I followed from St. Peter's Church a Curtezan?

*Pag.* A Curtezan, my Lord, fair as the Morning, and as young.

*Jul.* I know she's fair and young; but is she to be had, Boy?

*Pag.* My Lord, she is—her Footman told me she was a Zittella.

*Jul.* How a Zittella!—a Virgin, 'tis impossible.

*Pag.* I cannot swear it, Sir, but so he told me; he said she had a World of Lovers: Her name is *Silvanetta*, Sir, and her Lodgings—

*Jul.* I know't, are on the *Corso*; a Curtezan? and a Zittella too? a pretty contradiction; but I'll bate her the last, so I might enjoy her as the first: whate'er the price be, I'm resolv'd upon the adventure; and will this minute prepare my self. (*Going off, Enters Mor. and Octa.*)—hah does the Light deceive me, or is that indeed my Uncle, in earnest conference with a Cavalier?—'tis he—I'll step aside till he's past, lest he hinders this Night's diversion.

[*Goes aside.*]

*Mor.* I say 'twas rashly done, to fight him unexamin'd.

*Oct.* I need not ask; my Reason has inform'd me, and I'm convinc'd, where-e'er he has conceal'd her, that she is fled with *Fillamour*.

*Jul.* Who is't they speak of?

*Mor.* Well, well, sure my Ancestors committed some horrid crime against Nature, that she sent this Pest of Woman-kind into our Family,—two Nieces for my share!—by Heaven, a Proportion sufficient to undo six Generations.

*Jul.* Hah! two Nieces, what of them?

[*Aside.*]

*Mor.* I am like to give a blessed account of 'em to their

their Brother *Julio* my Nephew, at his return ; there's a new plague now :—but my comfort is, I shall be mad, and there's an end on't. [Weeps.]

*Vel.* My Curiosity must be satisfied,—have patience, Noble Sir.—

*Mor.* Patience is a flatterer, Sir,—and an Afs, Sir ; and I'll have none on't—hah, what art thou ?

*Jul.* Has five or six Years made ye lose the remembrance of your Nephew—*Julio* ?

*Mor.* *Julio* ! wou'd I had met thee going to thy Grave. [Weeps.]

*Jul.* Why so, Sir ?

*Mor.* Your Sisters, Sir, your Sisters are both gone.— [Weeps.]

*Jul.* How gone, Sir ?

*Mor.* Run away, Sir, flown, Sir.

*Jul.* Heavens ! which way ?

*Mor.* Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle Women—in short, Sir, your Sister *Marcella* was to have been married to this noble Gentleman,—nay was contracted to him, fairly contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel ; but no sooner was his back turn'd, but in a pernicious Moon-light night she shews me a fair pair of heels, with a young Baggage, your other Sister *Cornelia*, who was just come from the Monastery where I bred her, to see her Sister married.

*Jul.* A curse upon the Sex ! why must Man's Honour Depend upon their Frailty ?

—Come—give me but any light which way they went, And I will trace 'em with that careful Vengeance—

*O&A.* Spoke like a Man, that understands his Honour ; And I can guefs how we may find the Fugitives.

*Jul.* Oh name it quickly, Sir !

*O&A.* There was a young Cavalier—some time at *Viterbo*, Who I confess had Charms, Heaven has denied to me, That Trifle, Beauty, which was made to please Vain foolish Woman, which the brave and wife Want leisure to design.—

*Jul.* And what of him ?

*O&A.* This fine gay thing came in your Sister's way, and made

made that Conquest Nature meant such Fools for: and, Sir, she's fled with him.

*Jul.* Oh, show me the Man, the daring hardy Villain, Bring me but in the view of my Revenge,—and if I fail to take it, Brand me with everlasting Infamy.

*Oz.* That we must leave to Fortune and our Industry.—Come, Sir, let's walk and think best what to do,

[*Going down the Scene, enter Fill. and Gall.*  
*Fill.* Is not that *Julio?* Boy, run and call him back.

[*Ex. Boy, re-enters with Jul.*  
*Jul.* Oh, *Fillamour*, I have heard such killing news since last I left thee—

*Fill.* What prithee?

*Jul.* I had a Sister, Friend—dear as my Life, And bred with all the Virtues of her Sex; No Vestals at the Holy Fire employ'd themselves In innocenter busines than this Virgin; Till Love, the fatal Fever of her Heart; Betray'd her harmles Hours; And just upon the point of being married, The Thief stole in, and rob'd us of this Treasure: She's left her Husband, Parents, and her Honour, And's fled with the base Ruiner of her Virtue.

*Fill.* And lives the Villain durst affront ye thus?

*Jul.* He does.

*Gal.* Where, in what distant World?

*Jul.* I know not.

*Fill.* What is he call'd?

*Jul.* I know not neither,—some God direct me to the Ravisher!

And if he scape my Rage, May Cowards point me out for one of their tame Herd.

*Fill.* In all your Quarrels I must join my Sword.

*Gal.* And if you want,—here's another, Sir, that, tho' it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, shall not be idle in good company.

*Jul.* I thank you both; and if I have occasion, will borrow their assistance; but I must leave you for a minute,

I'll wait on you anon.—

[They all three walk as down the street, talking.

Enter Laura, with her Equipage.

*Lau.* Beyond my wish, I'm got into his Friendship ;  
But Oh, how distant Friendship is from Love,  
That's all bestow'd on the fair Prostitute !  
—Ah *Silvio*, when he took me in his Arms,  
Pressing my willing Bosom to his Breast,  
Kissing my Cheek, calling me lovely Youth,  
And wond'ring how such Beauty, and such Bravery,  
Met in a Man so young ! Ah then my Boy,  
Then in that happy minute,  
How near was I to telling all my Soul !  
My Blushes and my Sighs were all prepar'd ;  
My Eyes cast down, my trembling Lips just parting.—  
But still as I was ready to begin,  
He calls out *Silvianetta* !  
And to prevent mine, tells me all his Love.  
—But see—he's here.—

[Fill. and Gal. coming up the Scene.

*Gal.* Come, lay by all full'en Unrefolves : for now  
the hour of the Berjere approaches, Night, that was  
made for Lovers.—Hah ! my Dear *Sans-Cœur* ? my  
Life ! my Soul ! my Joy !  
Thou art of my opinion !

*Lau.* I'm sure I am, whate'er it be.

*Gal.* Why my Friend here, and I, have sent and paid  
our Fine for a small Tenement of Pleasure, and I'm for  
taking present possession ;—but hold—if you shou'd be  
a Rival after all.—

*Lau.* Not in your *Silvianetta* ! My Love has a nice  
Appetite,  
And muſt be fed with high uncommon Delicates.  
I have a Miftrefs, Sir, of Quality ;  
Fair, as Imagination paints young Angels ;  
Wanton and gay, as was the firſt *Corinna*,  
That charm'd our beſt of Poets ;  
Young as the Spring, and chearful as the Birds  
That welcome in the Day ;

Witty,

Witty, as Fancy makes the revelling Gods,  
And equally as bounteous when she blesses.

*Gal.* Ah, for a fine young Whore with all these Charms !  
but that same Quality allays the Joy: there's such a damn'd  
ado with the Obligation, that half the Pleasure's lost in  
Ceremony.

—Here for a thousand Crowns reign alone,  
Revel all day in Love without controul.

—But come to our busines, I have given order for  
Mufick, Dark Lanthorns, and Pistols.

[*This while Fill. stands studying.*  
*Fil.* Death, if it should not be *Marcella* now !

[*Pausing aside.*  
*Gal.* Prithee no more considering,—refolve, and  
let's about it.

*Fill.* I wou'd not tempt my Heart again ! for Love,  
What e'er it may be in another's Breast,  
In mine 'twill turn to a religious Fire ;  
And so to burn for her, a common Mistres,  
Wou'd be an Infamy below her Practice.

*Gal.* Oh if that be all, doubt not *Harry*, but an Hour's  
Conversation with *Euphemia* will convert it to as leud a  
flame, as a man cou'd wish.

*Lau.* What a coil's here about a Curtezan ! what ado  
to persuade a Man to a Blessing all *Rome* is languishing  
for in vain !—Come, Sir, we must deal with him, as  
Physicians do with peevish Children, force him to take  
what will cure him.

*Fil.* And like those damned Physicians, kill me for  
want of method : no, I know my own Distemper best,  
and your Applications will make me mad.

*Gal.* Pox on't, that one cannot love a Woman like a  
Man, but one must love like an Af.

*Lau.* S'heart I'll be bound to lie with all the Women  
in *Rome*, with les's ado than you are brought to one.

*Gal.* Hear ye that, *Henry* ? s'death, art not ashamed to  
be instructed by one so young !—But see—the Star there  
appears—the Star that conducts thee to the Shore of  
Blifs—

She comes ! let's feel thy [Marcella and Cornelia above.  
Heart

Heart, she comes !

So breaks the Day on the glad Eastern Hills,  
Or the bright God of Rays from *Thetis'* Lap :  
A Rapture, now, dear Lad, and then fall to ; for thou  
art old Dog at a long Grace.

*Fil.* Now I'm mere Man again, with all his Frailties—

*[Aside.]*

—Bright lovely Creature !—

*Gal.* Damn it, how like my Lady's eldest Son was  
that ?

*Fil.* May I hope my Sacrifice may be accepted by you  
by Heaven it must be she ! Still she appears more like.—

*[Aside.]*

*Mar.* I've only time to tell you Night approaches,  
And then I will expect you.

*[Enter Crapine, gazes on the Ladies.]*

*Crap.* 'Tis she, *Donna Marcella*, on my life, with the  
young wild *Cornelia* ! —hah—yonder's the *English* Ca-  
valier too ; nay then, by this Hand I'll be paid for all my  
fruitless jaunts, for this good news—say, let me mark  
the Houfe.—

*Mar.* Now to my Disguise.

*[Ex. Marcella.]*

*Gal.* And have you no kind message to send to my  
Heart ? cannot this good Example instruct you how to  
make me happy ?

*Cor.* Faith Stranger, I must consider first ; she's skil-  
ul in the Merchandize of Hearts, and has dealt in Love  
with succes hitherto, she may lose one Venture, and  
never mis it in her Stock : but this is my first, and shou'd  
it prove to be a bad bargain, I were undone for ever.

*Gal.* I dare secure the Goods found—

*Cor.* And I believe will not lie long upon my hands.

*Gal.* Faith, that's according as you'll dispose on't, Ma-  
dam—for let me tell you—gad a good handsome proper  
Fellow is as staple a Commodity as any's in the Nation ;—  
but I wou'd be reserv'd for your own use. Faith take a  
Sample to night, and as you like it, the whole Piece ;  
and that's fair and honest dealing I think, or the Devil's  
in't.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Ah Stranger,—you have been so over-liberal for those same Samples of yours, that I doubt they have spoiled the sale of the rest ;—Cou'd you not afford, think ye, to throw in a little Love and Constancy, to inch out that want of Honesty of yours ?

*Gal.* Love ! oh in abundance !  
By those dear Eyes, by that soft smiling Mouth,  
By every secret Grace thou hast about thee,  
I love thee with a vigorous, eager Passion ;  
—Be kind, dear *Silvianetta*—prithee no,  
Say you believe, and make me blest to Night.

*Crap.* *Silvianetta* ! so, that's the Name she has rift'd for *Cornelia*, I perceive. [Aside.]

*Cor.* If I should be so kind-hearted, what good use wou'd you make of so obliging an Opportunity ?

*Gal.* That which the happy Night was first ordain'd for.

*Cor.* Well Seignior, 'tis coming on, and then I'll try what Courage the Darkness will inspire me with :—till then—farewell.—

*Gal.* Till then a thousand times adieu.—

[Blowing up kisses to her.]

*Phil.* Ah, Madam, we're undone,—yonder's *Crapine*, your Uncle's Valet.

*Cor.* Now a Curse on him ; shall we not have one night with our Cavaliers?—let's retire, and continue to out-wit him, or never more pretend to't. Adieu, Seignior Cavalier—remember Night.—

*Gal.* Or may I lose my Senſe to all Eternity.

[Kisses his fingers and bows, she returns it for a while.]

*Lau.* Gods, that all this that looks at least like Love, Shou'd be dispens'd to one insensible ! Whilſt every syllable of that dear Value, Whisper'd to me, wou'd make my Soul all Extasy. [Aside.]  
—Oh spare that Treasure for a grateful Purchase ; And buy that common Ware with trading Gold, Love is too rich a Prize !—I shall betray my ſelf.—

[Aside.]

*Gal.*

*Gal.* Away, that's an heretical Opinion, and which  
This certain Reafon muft convince thee of ;  
That Love is Love, wherever Beauty is,  
Nor can the Name of Whore make Beauty lefs,

*Enter Marcella like a Man, with a Cloke about her.*

*Mar.* Seignior, is your Name *Fillamour* ?

*Fil.* It is, what wou'd you, Sir ?—

*Mar.* I have a Letter for you—from *Viterbo*, and your  
*Marcella*, Sir.

*Fil.* Hah—*Viterbo* ! and *Marcella* !

It shocks me like the Ghost of fome forsaken Mistrefs,  
That met me in the way to Happiness,  
With fome new long'd-for Beauty ! [Opens it, reads.

*Mar.* Now I shall try thy Virtue, and my Fate.—

*[Aside.]*

*Fil.* What is't that checks the Joy, that shou'd furprize  
me at the receit of this ?

*Gal.* How now ! what's the cold fit coming on ?

*[Pauses.]*

*Fil.* I have no power to go—where this—invites me—  
By which I prove 'tis no encrease of Flame that warms  
my Heart,

But a new Fire just kindled from thofe Eyes—  
Whofe Rays I find more piercing than *Marcella*'s.

*Gal.*—Ay, Gad a thoufand times—prithee what's the  
matter ?

*Mar.* Oh this false—fouly Man—wou'd I had leifer  
To be reveng'd for this Inconfiancy !

*[Aside.]*

*Fil.* —But still she wants that Virtue I admire.

*Gal.* Virtue ! 'S'death thou art always fumbling upon  
that dull string that makes no Musick.—What Letter's  
that ? [Reads.] If the first Confefion I ever made of  
Love be grateful to you, come arm'd to night with a Friend  
or too ; and behind the Garden of the Fountains, you will  
receive—hah *Marcella* !—Oh damn it, from your honeft  
Woman !—Well, I fee the Devil's never fo busy with  
a Man, as when he has refolv'd upon any Goodnefs !  
S'death, what a rub's here in a fair caſt,—how is't man ?  
Alegremente ! bear up, defy him and all's Works.

*Fil.* But I have sworn, sworn that I lov'd *Marcella* ; and Honour, Friend, obliges me to go, take her away and marry her.—And I conjure thee to assist me too.

*Gal.* What to night, this night, that I have given to *Silvianetta* ! and you have promis'd to the fair—*Euphemia* !

*Lau.* If he shou'd go, he ruins my design, [Aside.]  
—Nay, if your word, Sir—be already past—

*Fil.* 'Tis true, I gave my promise to *Euphemia* ; but that, to Women of her Trade, is easily absolv'd.

*Gal.* Men keep not Oaths for the sakes of the wife Magistrates to whom they are made, but their own Honour, *Harry*.—And is't not much a greater crime to rob a gallant, hospitable Man of his Niece, who has treated you with Confidence and Friendship, than to keep touch with a well-meaning Whore, my conscientious Friend ?

*Lau.* Infinite degrees, Sir.

*Gal.* Befides, thou'lt an hour or two good, between this and the time requir'd to meet *Marcella*.

*Lau.* Which an industrious Lover would manage to the best advantage.

*Gal.* That were not given over to Virtue and Constancy ; two the best excuses I know for Idleness.

*Fil.*—Yes—I may fee this Woman.

*Gal.* Why Gad-a-mercy, Lad.

*Fil.*—And break my Chains, if possible.

*Gal.* Thou wilt give a good essay to that I'll warrant thee, Before she part with thee ; come let's about it.

[They go out on either side of *Fil.* persuading him.

*Mar.* He's gone, the Curtezan has got the day, Vice has the start of Virtue every way ;

[Aside to *Mar.*]

And for one Bleffing honest Wives obtain,

The happier Mistrefs does a thoufand gain.

I'll home—and praetise all their Art to prove,

That nothing is so cheaply gain'd as Love. [Exeunt.

*Gal.* Stay what Farce is this—prithee let's fee a little.

[Offering to go.]

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Signal, Mr. Tickletext, with his Cloke ty'd about him, a great Inkhorn ty'd at his Girdle, and a great Folio under his Arm, Petro dreſt like an Antiquary.*

—How now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what dreſt as if you were going a Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem*?

*Tick.* I make no ſuſh profane Journeys, Sir.

*Gal.* But where have you been, Mr. *Tickletext*?

*Sir Sig.* Why, Sir, this moſt Reverend and Renowned Antiquary has been ſhowing us Monumental Rarities and Antiquities.

*Gal.* 'Tis *Petro*, that Rogue.

*Fil.* —But what Folio have you gotten there, Sir, *Knox*, or *Cartwright*?

*Pet.* Nay, if he be got into that heap of Nonsense, I'll ſteal off and undrefs. *[Aside.]* *Ex. Petro.*

*[Tick. opening the Book.]*

*Tick.* A ſmall Volume, Sir, into which I tranſcribe the moſt memorabie and remarkable Tranſactions of the Day.

*Lau.* That doubtleſs muſt be worth ſeeing.

*Fil.* *[Reads.]* April the twentieth, arofe a very great Storm of Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Rain,—which was a ſhreud ſign of foul Weather. The 22d 9 of our 12 Chickens getting loofe, flew over-board, the other three miraculously escaping, by being eaten by me that Morning for breakfast.

*Sir Sig.* Harkye *Galliard*—thou art my Friend, and 'tis not like a Man of Honour to conceal any thing from one's Friend,—know then I am the moſt fortunate Raſcal that ever broke bread,—I am this night to viſit, Sirrah,—the neſteſt, the moſt deſicious young Harlot, Mum—under the Roſe—in all *Rome*, of *Barberacho*'s acquaintance.

*Gal.* ——Hah—my Woman on my Life! and will ſhe be kind?

*Sir Sig.* Kind! hang Kindneſs Man, I'm refolv'd upon Conqueſt by Parly or by Force.

*Gal.* Spoke like a Roman of the firſt Race, when noble Rapes, not whining Courtſhip, did the Lover's buſineſs.

*Sir Sig.* 'Sha, Rapes Man! I mean by force of Money, pure dint of Gold, faith and troth: for I have given 500 Crowns

Crowns entrance already, & *Par Dios Bacchus 'tis tropo Caro—tropo Caro*, Mr. *Galliard*.

*Gal.* And what's this high-priz'd Lady's Name, Sir?

*Sir Sig.* *La Silvianetta*,—and lodges on the *Corso*, not far from St. *James's* of the Incurables—very well situated in case of disaster—hah.

*Gal.* Very well,—and did not your wife Worship know this *Silvianetta* was my Mistreſſ?

*Sir Sig.* How! his Mistreſſ! what a damn'd Noddy was I to name her! *[Aside.]*

*Gal.* D'ye hear fool! renounce me this Woman instantly, or I'll first discover it to your Governour, and then cut your Throat, Sir.

*Sir Sig.* Oh *Doux Ment*—dear *Galliard*—Renounce her,—*Corpo de mi*, that I will foul and body, if she belong to thee, Man.—

*Gal.* No more; look to't—look you forget her Name—or but to think of her—farewel! *[Nods at him.]*

*Sir Sig.* Farewell, quoth ye—'tis well I had the Art of dissembling after all, here had been a sweet broil upon the Coast elſe.—

*Fil.* Very well, I'd trouble my ſelf to read no more, ſince I know you'l be ſo kind to the world to make it publick.

*Tick.* At my return, Sir, for the good of the Nation, I will print it, and think it will deserve it.

*Lau.* This is a precious Rogue, to make a Tutor of.

*Fil.* Yet theſe Mooncalfs dare pretend to the breeding of our Youth; and the time will come, I fear, when none ſhall be reputed to travel like a Man of Quality, who has not the advantage of being impos'd upon by one of theſe pedantic Novices, who inſtructs the young Heir in what himſelf is moſt profoundl y ignorant of.

*Gal.* Come, 'tis dark, and time for our Design,—your Servant Seigniors. *[Exeunt Fil. and Gal.]*

*Lau.* I'll home, and watch the kind deceiving Minute, that may conduct him by miſtake to me. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Petro, like Barberacho, juſt as Tick. and Sir Signal are going out.*

*Sir Sig.* Oh *Barberacho*, we are undone! Oh the Dia- villo take that Master you ſent me? *Pet.*

*Pet.* Master, what Master?

*Sir Sig.* Why, Seignior Morigorofo!

*Pet.* Mor—olo—what shou'd he be?

*Sir Sig.* A Civility-Master he should have been, to have taught us good Manners ;—but the Cornuto cheated us most damnably, and by a willing mistake taught us nothing in the World but Wit.

*Pet.* Oh abominable Knavery ; why, what a kind of Man was he ?

*Sir Sig.* ——Why——much such another as your self.

*Tick.* Higher, Seignior, higher.

*Sir Sig.* ——Ay, somewhat higher—but just of his pitch.

*Pet.* Well, Sir, and what of this Man ?

*Sir Sig.* Only pickt our Pockets, that's all.

*Tick.* Yes, and cozen'd us of our Rings.

*Sir Sig.* Ay, and gave us Cackamarda Orangata for Snuff.

*Tick.* And his Blessing to boot when he had done.

*Sir Sig.* A vengeance on't, I feel it still.

*Pet.* Why, this 'tis to do things of your own head ; for I sent no such Seignior Morofo—but I'll see what I can do to retrieve 'em—I am now a little in haste, farewell.— [Offers to go, *Tick.* goes out by him and jogs him.

*Tick.* Remember to meet me—farewel Barberacho.

[Goes out, *Sir Sig.* pulls him.

*Sir Sig.* Barberacho—is the Lady ready ?

*Pet.* Is your Money ready ?

*Sir Sig.* Why now, tho I am threatned, and kill'd, and beaten, and kick'd about this Intrigue, I must advance. [Aside.]— But dost think there's no danger ?

*Pet.* What in a delicate young amorous Lady, Seignior ?

*Sir Sig.* No, no, mum, I don't much fear the Lady ; but this fame mad fellow *Galliard*, I hear, has a kind of a hankering after her—

Now dare not I tell him what a discovery I have made.

[Aside.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* Let me alone to secure you, meet me in the *Piazzo d'Hispania*, as soon as you can get your self in order ; where the two Fools shall meet, and prevent either's coming. [Aside.]

*Sir Sig.* Enough,—here's a Bill for 500 Crowns more upon my Merchant, you know him by a good token, I lost the last Sum you receiv'd for me, a pox of that Hand-fel ; away, here's company. [Ex. Pet. Enter Octavio.] Now will I disguise my self, according to the mode of the Roman Inamorato's ; and deliver my self upon the place appointed. [Ex. Sir Sig.]

*Oct.* On the *Corso* didst thou see 'em ?

*Crap.* On the *Corso*, my Lord, in discourse with three Cavaliers, one of which has given me many a Pistole, to let him into the Garden a-nights at *Viterbo*, to talk with *Donna Marcella* from her Chamber Window, I think I shou'd remember him.

*Oct.* Oh that Thought fires me with Anger fit for my Revenge, [Aside.] And they are to Serenade 'em, thou say'ft ?

*Crap.* I did, my Lord : and if you can have patience till they come, you will find your Rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

*Oct.* I do believe thee, and have prepared my Bravoes to attack him : if I can act but my Revenge to night, how shall I worship Fortune ? Keep out of fight, and when I give the word, be ready all. I hear some coming, let's walk off a little.—

*Enter Marcella in Man's Clothes, and Philippa as a Woman with a Lanthorn.* *Oct.* and *Crap.* go off the other way.

*Mar.* Thou canst never convince me, but if *Crapine* saw us, and gaz'd so long upon us, he must know us too ; and then what hinders but by a diligent watch about the House, they will surprize us, e'er we have secur'd our selves from 'em ?

*Phil.* And how will this exposing your self to danger prevent 'em ?

*Mar.* My design now is, to prevent *Fillamour's* coming into danger, by hindring his approach to this House : I wou'd

wou'd preserve the kind Ingrate with any hazard of my own ; and 'tis better to die than fall into the hands of *Oslavio*. I'm desperate with that thought, and fear no danger : however, be you ready at the door, and when I ring admit me—ha—who comes here?

*Enter Tickletext with a Periwig and Crevat of Sir Signal's: A Sword by his side, and a dark Lanthorn; she opens hers, looks on him and goes out.*

*Tick.* A Man ! now am I, tho an old Sinner, as timorous as a young Thief : 'tis a great inconvenience in these Popish Countrys, that a man cannot have liberty to steal a Wench without danger ; not that I need fear who see me except *Galliard*, who suspecting my busyness, will go near to think I am wickedly inclin'd. Sir *Signal* I have left hard at his Study, and Sir *Henry* is no nocturnal Inamorato, unles like me he dissemble it.—Well, certo 'tis a wonderful pleasure to deceive the World : And as a learned Man well observ'd, that the Sin of Wenching lay in the Habit only ; I having laid that aside, *Timothy Tickletext*, principal Holder-forth of the *Covent-Garden* Conventicle, Chaplain of *Buffoon-Hall* in the County of *Kent*, is free to recreate himself.

*Enter Gal. with a dark Lanthorn.*

*Gal.* Where the Devil is this *Fillamour*? and the Mu-sick? which way cou'd he go to lose me thus?

[*Looks towards the Door.*

—He is not yet come—

*Tick.* Not yet come—that must be *Barberacho*!—Where are ye, honest *Barberacho*, where are ye!

[*Groping towards Gal.*

*Gal.* Hah ! *Barberacho*? that Name I am sure is us'd by none but Sir *Signal* and his Coxcomb Tutor ; it must be one of thofe—Where are ye Seignior, where are ye?

[*Goes towards him, and opens the Lanthorn—and shuts it strait.*

—Oh 'tis the Knight,—are you there, Seignior?

*Tick.* Oh art thou come, honest Rascal—conduct me quickly, conduct me to the beautiful and fair *Silvianetta*.

[*Gives him his Hand.*

*Gal*

*Gal.* Yes, when your Dogship's damn'd. *Silvianetta!*  
'Sdeath, is she a Whore for Fools? [Draws.  
*Tick.* Hah Mr. *Galliard*, as the Devil would have it;  
—I'm undone if he fees me.

[*He retires hastily, Gal. gropes for him.*  
*Gal.* Where are you Fop? Buffoon! Knight!

*Tickletext retiring hastily runs against Octavio, who is just entering, almost beats him down; Oct. strikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws: Tick. gets close up in a corner of the Stage; Oct. gropes for him, as Gal. does, and both meet and fight with each other.*

—What dare you draw,—you have the impudence to be valiant then in the dark, [they pass] I wou'd not kill the Rogue,—'Sdeath you can fight then, when there's a Woman in the cafe!

*Oct.* I hope 'tis *Fillamour*; [Aside.] You'll find I can, and possibly may spoil your making Love to night.

*Gal.* Egad Sweet-heart, and that may be, one civil Thrust will do't;—and 'twere a damn'd rude thing to disappoint so fine a Woman,—therefore I'll withdraw whilst I'm well. [He slips out.

*Enter Sir Signal, with a Masquerading Coat over his Clothes, without a Wig or Crevat, with a dark Lanthorn.*

*Sir Sig.* Well, I have most neatly escap'd my Tutor; and in this disguise defy the Devil to claim his own.—

Ah *Caspeto de Deavilo*; What's that?

[Advancing softly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of Oct. Sword, as he is groping for Gal.

*Oct.* Traitor, darest thou not stand my Sword?

*Sir Sig.* Hah! Swords! no Seignior—*scusa mea*, Seignior,—

[Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his out-strech't Arms, runs his Lanthorn in Julio's face, who is just entring; finds he's oppos'd with a good push backward, and slips aside into a corner over-against Tickletext; Julio meets Octavio, and fights him; Oct. falls, Julio opens his Lanthorn, and sees his mistake.

*Jul.* Is it you, Sir?

+

*Oct.*

*Oth.* *Julio!* From what Mistake grew all this Violence?

*Jul.* That I shou'd ask of you, who meet you arm'd against me.

*Oth.* I find the Night has equally deceiv'd us; and you are fitly come to share with me the hopes of dear Revenge. [Grobes for his Lanthorn, which is dropt.

*Jul.* I'd rather have purfu'd my kinder Paffion, Love, and Desire, that brought me forth to night,

*Oth.* I've learnt where my false Rival is to be this Evening.

And if you'll join your Sword, you'll find it well employ'd.

*Jul.* Lead on, I'm as impatient of Revenge as you.—

*Oth.* Come this way then, you'll find more Aids to serve us. [Goes out.

*Tick.* —So! Thanks be prais'd, all's still again, this Fright were enough to mortify any Lover of les Magnanimity than my self.—Well of all Sins, this itch of Whoring is the most hardy,—the most impudent in Repulses, the most vigilant in watching, most patient in waiting, most frequent in Dangers; in all Disasters but Disappointment, a Philosopher: yet if Barberacho come not quickly, my Philosophy will be put to't certo.

*This while Sir Signal is venturing from his Post, listening, and slowly advancing towards the middle of the Stage.*

*Sir Sig.* The Coast is once more clear, and I may venture my Carcase forth again,—tho such a Salutation as the last, wou'd make me very unfit for the matter in hand.—The Battoon I cou'd bear with, the Fortitude and Courage of a Hero: But these dangerous Sharps I never lov'd. What different Rencounters have I met withal to night, *Corpo de me?* A Man may more safely pass the Gulf of Lyons, than convoy himself into a Baudy-Houfe in Rome; but I hope all's past, and I will say with *Alexander*,—*Viva l'Esperance en despetto del Fatto.* [Advances a little.

*Tick.* Sure I heard a noise!—No, 'twas only my fur-mise. [They both advance softly, meeting just in the

middle of the Stage, and coming close up to

each other; both cautiously start back, and stand a *tipto* in the posture of Fear, then gently feeling for each other, (after listening and hearing no Noise) draw back their Hands at touching each other's; and shrinking up their Shoulders, make grimaces of more Fear.

*Tick. Que Equefto.*

*Sir Sig.* Hah, a Man's Voice!—I'll try if I can fright him hence.

*[A/ide.*

*Una Malladette Spiritto Incarnate.* [In a horrible tone.

*Tick.* Hah, *Spiritto Incarnate!* that Devil's Voice I shou'd know.

*Sir Sig.* See Seignior! *Una Spiritto*, which is to say, *un Spiritalo, Immortallo, Incorporella, Inanimate, Immaterialle, Philosophical, Invisible* — *Unintelligible Diavillo.* [In the same tone.

*Tick.* Ay, ay, 'tis my hopeful Pupil, upon the same design with me, my life on't, cunning young Whoremaster;—I'll cool your Courage—good Seignior *Diavillo*; if you be the *Diavillo*, I have *una certa* *Immaterialle Invisible Conjuratione*, that will so neatly lay your *Inanimate unintelligible Diavillo*—*ship.*

[Pulls out his wooden Sword.

*Sir Sig.* How! he must needs be valiant indeed that dares fight with the Devil. [Endeavours to get away, *Tick.* beats him about the Stage.]—Ah Seignior, Seignior, *Mia!* ah—*Caspeto de Baccus*—he cornuto, I am a damn'd silly Devil that have no dexterity in vanishing.

[Groeps and finds the Door—going out, meets just entring Fillamour, Galliard, with all the Musick — he retires, and stands close.

—Hah,—what have we here, new Mischief!— [Tick. and he stands against each other, on either side of the Stage.

*Fil.* Prithee how came we to lose ye?

*Gal.* I thought I had follow'd ye——but 'tis well we are met again. Come tune your Pipes.

[They play a little, enter Marcella as before.

*Mar.* This must be he. [Goes up to 'em.

*Gal.* Come, come, your Song, Boy, your Song.

*Whilst*

*Whilst 'tis singing, Enter Octavio, Julio, Crapine, and  
Bravo's.*

The S O N G.

*Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore,  
Il mio Core non fa per te      } bis.  
Suffrir non vo tormenti      }  
Senza mai sperar mar ce  
Belta che sia Tiranna,  
Belta che sia Tiranna,  
Dell meo offerto recetto non e  
Il tuo rigor singunna  
Se le pene  
Le catene  
Tenta auolgere al mio pie  
See see Crudel Amore      } bis.  
Il mio Core non fa per te.*

*Lusinquier, Lusinquier,      } bis.  
Pui non Credo alta tue fe  
L' incendio del tuo foce  
Nel mio Core pui vivo none  
Belta che li die Luoce  
Belta che li die Luoce  
Ma il rigor L'Ardore s'bande  
Io non fato tuo gioce  
Ch' il Veleno  
Del mio seno  
Vergorosa faggito se n'e.  
See see Crudel Amore      } bis.  
Il mio Core non fa per te.*

*Oz. 'Tis they we look for, draw and be ready.—  
Tick. Hah, draw—then there's no safety here certo.*

*[Ajide.*

*Octavio, Julio, and their Party draw, and fight  
with Fil. and Gal. Marcella ingages on their side ;  
all fight, the Musick confusedly amongst 'em : Gal.  
loses his Sword, and in the hurry gets a Base Viol,  
and happens to strike Tickletext, who is getting  
away—his Head breaks its way quite thro, and  
it hangs about his neck ; they fight out.*

*Enter Petro with a Lanthorn. Sir Signal stands close still.*  
*Tick.* Oh undone, undone ! where am I, where am I ?

*Pet.* Hah—that's the voice of my amorous *Ananias*,  
 —or I am mistaken—what the Devil's the matter ?

[*Opens his Lanthorn.*—Where are ye, Sir?—hah, cuts fo—what new-found  
 Pillory have we here ?

*Tick.* Oh honest *Barberacho*, undo me, undo me  
 quickly.

*Pet.* So I design, Sir, as fast as I can—or lose my aim—  
 there, Sir, there : All's well—I have set you free, come  
 follow me the back way into the house.

[*Ex. Pet. and Tickletext.*  
*Enter Fillamour and Marcella, with their Swords drawn,*  
*Gal. after 'em.*

*Gal.* A plague upon 'em, what a quarter's here for a  
 Wench, as if there were no more i'th' Nation?—wou'd  
 I'd my Sword again.

[*Gropes for it.*  
*Mar.* Which way shall I direct him to be safer?—how  
 is it, Sir? I hope you are not hurt.

*Fil.* Not that I feel, what art thou ask'ft so kindly?

*Mar.* A Servant to the Roman Curtezan, who sent  
 me forth to wait your coming, Sir; but finding you in  
 danger, shad' it with you.—Come, let me lead you  
 into safety, Sir—

*Fil.* Thou'ft been too kind to give me cause to doubt  
 thee.

*Mar.* Follow me, Sir, this Key will give us entrance  
 thro the Garden.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Octavio with his Sword in his hand.*

*Oc.* Oh ! what damn'd luck had I so poorly to be van-  
 quish't ! When all is hush'd, I know he will return,—there-  
 fore I'll fix me here, till I become a furious Statue—but  
 I'll reach his heart.

*Sir Sig.* 'Oh lamentivolo fato—what bloody Villains  
 these Popish *Italians* are ?

*Enter Julio.*

*Oc.* Hah—I hear one coming this way—  
 —hah—the door opens too, and he makes toward it—  
 pray Heaven he be the right, for this I'm sure's the House.

—Now

—Now Luck, an't be thy will—

[Follows Julio towards the door softly.

*Jul.* The Rogues are fled, but how secure I know not:—

And I'll pursue my first design of Love,

And if this *Silvianetta* will be kind—

Enter Laura from the *House in a Night-gown*.

*Lau.* Whist—who is't names *Silvianetta*?

*Jul.* A Lover, and her Slave—

[She takes him by the hand.

*Lau.* Oh, is it you,—are you escap'd unhurt?

Come to my Bosom—and be safe for ever—

*Jul.* 'Tis Love that calls, and now Revenge must stay,  
—this hour is thine, fond Boy; the next that is my own I'll give to Anger.—

*Og.* Oh, ye pernicious Pair,—I'll quickly change the Scene of Love into a rougher and more unexpected Entertainment.

[She leads Julio in.—*Og.* follows close, they shut the door upon 'em. *Sir Sig.* thrusts out his head to hearken, hears no body, and advances.

*Sir Sig.* Sure the Devil reigns to night; wou'd I were shelter'd, and let him rain Fire and Brimstone: for pa's the freets I dare not—this shou'd be the Houfe—or hereabouts I'm sure 'tis. —Hah—what's this—a String—of a Bell I hope——I'll try to enter; and if I am mistaken, 'tis but crying Con licentia. [Rings, enter Philippa.

*Phil.* Who's there?

*Sir Sig.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, let me in quickly.—

*Phil.* Who—the English Cavalier?

*Sir Sig.* The same—I am right—I see I was expected.

*Phil.* I'm glad you're come—give me your hand.—

*Sir Sig.* I am fortunate at last,—and therefore will say with the famous Poet.

*No Happiness like that atchiev'd with Danger,*

*Which once o'ercome—I lie at Rack and Manger.*

[Exeunt.

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Fillamour and Galliard, as in Silvianetta's Apartment.*

*Fill.*—**H**ow splendidly these common Women live ! How rich is all we meet with in this Palace ; And rather seems the Apartment of some Prince, Than a Receptacle for Lust and Shame.

*Gal.* You see, *Harry*, all the keeping Fools are not in our Dominions ; but this grave, this wise People, are Mistres-ridden too.

*Fill.* I fear we have mistook the House, and the Youth that brought us in may have deceived us, on some other design ; however whilst I've this—I cannot fear—[Draws.

*Gal.* A good caution, and I'll stand upon my guard with this ; but see—here's one will put us out doubt.

[Pulls a Pistol out of his pocket.]

*Fill.* Hah ! the fair Inchantress.

[Enter Mar. richly and loosely dress'd.]

*Mar.* What, on your guard, my lovely Cavalier ? Lies there a danger  
In this Face and Eyes, that needs that rough resistance ?—  
Hide, hide that mark of Anger from my sight,  
And if thou wou'dst be absolute Conqueror here,  
Put on soft Looks, with Eyes all languishing,  
Words tender, gentle Sighs, and kind Desires.

*Gal.* Death, with what unconcern he hears all this !  
Art thou posseſt ?—Pox, why doſt not answer her ?

*Mar.* I hope he will not yield.— [Aside.]  
—He stands unmov'd—

Surely I was miſtaken in this Face,  
And I believe in Charms that have no power.

*Gal.* 'Sdeath, thou deservest not ſuch a noble Creature,—  
have 'em both my ſelf.— [Aside.]

*Fill*

*Fill.* ——Yes, thou hast wondrous power,  
And I have felt it long. [Pausingly.]

*Mar.* How !

*Fill.* ——I've often seen that Face——but 'twas in  
Dreams: and sleeping lov'd extremely !  
And waking—figh'd to find it but a Dream :  
The lovely Phantom vanish'd with my Slumbers,  
But left a strong Idea on my heart  
Of what I find in perfect Beauty here,

—But with this difference, she was virtuous too.

*Mar.* What silly she was that ?

*Fill.* She whom I dream'd I lov'd.

*Mar.* You only dreamt that she was virtuous too ;  
Virtue it self's a Dream of so slight force,  
The very fluttering of Love's Wings destroys it ;  
Ambition, or the meaner hope of Interest, wakes it to  
nothing ;

In Men a feeble Beauty shakes the dull slumber off.—

*Gal.* Egad, she argues like an Angel, *Harry*.

*Fill.* ——What hast thou'st made to damn thy self so  
young ! Hast thou been long thus wicked ? hast thou  
finn'd past Repentance ?  
Heaven may do much to fave so fair a Criminal ;  
Turn yet, and be forgiven.

*Gall.* What a Pox dost thou mean by all this Canting ?

*Mar.* A very pretty Sermon, and from a Priest so gay,  
It cannot chuse but edify.  
Do Holy men of your Religion, Seignior, wear all this  
Habit ?

Are they thus young and lovely ? Sure if they are,  
Your Congregation's all compos'd of Ladies ;  
The Laity must come abroad for Mistresses.

*Fill.* Oh that this charming Woman were but honest !

*Gal.* 'Twere better thou wert damn'd ; honest !  
Pox thou dost come out with things so mal a propo—

*Mar.* Come leave this Mask of foolish Modesty,  
And let us haste where Love and Mufick calls ;  
Mufick, that heightens Love, and makes the Soul  
Ready for soft Impressions.

*Gal.* So, she will do his busines with a Vengeance.

*Fill.* Plague of this tempting Woman, she will ruin me :  
 I find weak Virtue melt from round my Heart,  
 To give her Tyrant Image a Possession :  
 So the warm Sun thaws Rivers icy Tops,  
 Till in the stream he sees his own bright Face.

*Gal.* Now he comes on apace,—how is't, my Friend ?  
 Thou stand'st as thou'dst forgot thy busines here,  
 —The Woman, *Harry*, the fair Curtezan ;  
 Canst thou withstand her Charms ? I've busines of my  
 own, Prithee fall to—and talk of Love to her.

*Fill.* Oh, I cou'd talk Eternity away,  
 In nothing else but Love ;—cou'dst thou be honest ?

*Mar.* Honest ! was it for that you sent two thousand  
 Crowns,

Or did believe that trifling Sum sufficient  
 To buy me to the slavery of Honesty ?

*Gal.* Hold there, my brave Virago.

*Fill.* No, I wou'd sacrifice a nobler Fortune,  
 To buy thy Virtue home.

*Mar.* What shou'd it idling there ?

*Fill.* Why—make thee constant to some happy Man,  
 That wou'd adore thee for't.

*Mar.* Unconfionable ! constant at my years ?  
 —Oh 'twere to cheat a thousand,  
 Who between this and my dull Age of Constancy,  
 Expect the distribution of my Beauty.

*Gal.* 'Tis a brave Wench—

*[Aside.]*

*Fill.* Yet charming as thou art, the time will come  
 When all that Beauty, like declining Flowers,  
 Will wither on the Stalk,—but with this difference,  
 The next kind Spring brings Youth to Flowers again,  
 But faded Beauty never more can bloom.

—If Interest make thee wicked, I can supply thy Pride.—

*Mar.* Curse on your necessary Trash !—which I despise, but as 'tis useful to advance our Love.

*Fill.* Is Love thy busines ? who is there born so high,  
 But Love and Beauty equals ?  
 And thou mayst chuse from all the wishing World.  
 This Wealth together wou'd inrich one Man,  
 Which dealt to all, wou'd scarce be Charity.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Together ! 'tis a Mafs wou'd ransom Kings :  
Was all this Beauty given for one poor petty Conquest ?  
—I might have made a hundred Hearts my slaves,  
In this lost time of bringing one to Reaſon.—  
Farewell, thou dull Philoſopher in Love ;  
When Age has made me wife, I'll ſend for you again.

[Offers to go, Gal. holds her.

*Gal.* By this good Light, a noble glorious Whore.

*Fill.* Oh stay, I muſt not let ſuch Beauty fall,  
—A Whore—confider yet the Charms of Reputation,  
The Eafe, the Quiet, and Content of Innocence,  
The awfull Reverence all good Men will pay thee,  
Who, as thou art, will gaze without reſpect,  
—and cry—what pity 'tis the is—a Whore—

*Mar.* O you may give it what coarfe name you please,  
But all this Youth and Beauty ne'er was given,  
Like Gold to Misers, to be kept from uſe. [Going out.

*Fill.* Loft, loft—paſt all Redemption.

*Gal.* Nay, Gad, thou ſhalt not loſe her ſo—I'll fetch  
her back, and thou ſhalt ask her pardon.

[Runs out after her.

*Fill.* By Heaven 'twas all a Dream ! an airy Dream !  
The visionary Pleaſure diſappears,—and I'm my ſelf again,  
—I'll fly before the droufy Fit o'ertake me.

[Going out, Enter Gal. and then Marcella.

*Gal.* Turn back—the yields, the yields to pardon thee,  
Gone ! nay, hang me if ye part.

[Runs after him, ſtill the Piſtol in his Hand.

*Mar.* Gone ! I have no leiuſe now for more diſembling.  
[Takes the Candle, and goes in.

Enter Petro, leading in Mr. Tickletext, as by dark.

*Pet.* Remain here, Seignior, whiſt I ſtep and fetch a light.  
*Tick.* Do ſo, do ſo, honeſt Barberacho.—Well,  
my eſcape even now from Sir *Signal* was miraculoſe,  
thanks to my Prudence and Proweſs ; had he diſcover'd  
me, my Dominion had ended, and my Authority been  
of none effect certo.

Philippa at the door guts in Sir *Signal*.

*Phil.* Now, Seignior, you're out of danger, I'll fetch  
a Candle, and let my Lady know of your being here.

[Exit. *Phil.* Sir *Sig.* advances a little.

*Enter Petro with a light, goes between 'em, and starts.*

*Tick. Sir Signal!* —

*Sir Sig. My Goverour!*

*Pet.* The two Fools met! a pox of all ill luck! Now shall I lose my Credit with both my wife Patrons; my Knight I cou'd have put off with a small Harlot of my own, but my Levite having seen my Lady *Cornelia*, that is, *La Silvianetta*, — none but that *Susanna* wou'd satisfy his Eldership. But now they have both fav'd me the labour of a farther invention to difpatch 'em.

*Sir Sig.* I perceive my Goverour's as much confounded as my self; — I'll take advantage by the forelock, be very impudent, and put it upon him faith — Ah, Goverour, will you never leave your whoring? never be staid, sober and discreet, as I am.

*Tick.* So, so, undone, undone! just my Documents to him. — [Walks about, *Sir Sig.* follows.]

*Sir Sig.* And must I neglect my precious studies, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your Person? Will you never consider where you are? In a leud Papist Country, amongst the Romish Heathens! And for you, a Goverour, a Tutor, a Director of unbridled Youth, a Gownman, a Politician; for you, I say, to be taken at this unrighteous time of the Night, in a flaunting Cavaliero Drefs, an unlawful Weapon by your side, going the high way to Satan, to a Curtezan; and to a Romish Curtezan! Oh Abomination! Oh *scandalum infinitum*!

*Tick.* Paid in my own Coin.

*Pet.* So, I'll leave the Devil to rebuke Sin; and to my young Lady, for a little of her assistance in the management of this Affair. — [Exit *Pet.*]

*Tick.* I do confess, I grant ye I am in the house of a Curtezan, and that I came to visit a Curtezan, and do intend to visit each Night a several Curtezan, till I have finished my work. —

*Sir Sig.* Every night one! Oh Glutton!

*Tick.* My great work of Conversion, upon the whole Nation, Generation, and Vocation of this wicked provoking sort of Womankind call'd Curtezans. I will turn 'em; yes, I will turn 'em, for 'tis a shame that Man shou'd bow down to those that worship Idols.

And

And now I think, Sir, I have sufficiently explain'd the busines in hand,—as honest *Barberacho* is my witness ;— And for you—to—scandalize—me—with so naughty an Interpretation—afflicteth me wonderfully.—

[Pulls out his handkerchief, and weeps.

*Sir Sig.* —Alas, poor Mr. *Tickletext*, now as I hope to be fav'd it grieves my heart to see thee weep ; faith and troth now, I thought thou hadst some carnal Affignation :—but ne'er stir, I beg thy pardon, and think thee as innocent as my self, that I do—but see, the Lady's here—s'life dry your Eyes man. [Enter *Cornelia, Phil. and Pet.*

*Cor.* I cou'd beat thee for being thus misfaken, and am resolv'd to flatter him into some mischief, to be reveng'd on 'em for this disappointment ; go you, and watch for my Cavalier the while.

*Tick.* Is the come ? Nay then turn me loose to her.

*Cor.* My Cavalier ! [Addressing to *Sir Sig.* *Tick.* pulls him by, and speaks.

*Tick.* —Lady—

*Sir Sig.* You, Sir ! why who the Devil made you a Cavalier ? most *Potentissima Seigniora*, I am the man of Title, by name *Sir Signal Buffoon*, sole Son and Heir to Eight Thousand Pound a Year.—

*Tick.* Oh Sir, are you the Man she looks for ?

*Sir Sig.* I Sir ? no Sir : I'd have ye to know, Sir, I scorn any Woman, be she never so fair, unles her design be honest and honourable.

*Cor.* The Man of all the World I've chofen out, from all the Wits and Beauties I have seen,—to have most finely beaten. [Aside.

*Sir Sig.* How ! in love with me already,—she's damnable handsome too : now wou'd my Tutor were hang'd a little for an hour or two, out of the way. [Aside.

*Cor.* Why fly you not into my Arms, [She approaching, he shunning.

These Arms that were design'd for soft Embraces ?

*Sir Sig.* Ay, and if my Tutor were not here, the Devil take him that wou'd hinder 'em—and I think that's civil, egad.

*Tick.* Why how now, *Barberacho*, what, am I cozen'd

cozen'd then, and is Sir *Signal* the Man in favour?

[*Aside* to *Petro.*]

*Pet.* Lord, Seignior, that so wise a man as you cannot perceive her meaning,—for the Devil take me if I can.

[*Aside.*]

—Why this is done to take off all suspicion from you—and lay it on him;—don't you conceive it, Seignior?

*Tick.* Yes, honest Rogue,—Oh the witty Wag-tail,—I have a part to play too, that shall confirm it—  
young Gentlewoman.

*Cor.* Ah Belle ingrate, is't thus you recompense my suffering Love? to fly this Beauty so ador'd by all, that slight the ready Conquest of the World, to trust a Heart with you?—Ah—*Traditor Cruella.*

*Sir Sig.* Poor Heart, it goes to the very soul of me to be so coy and scornful to her, that it does; but a pox on't, her over-fondnes will discover all.

*Tick.* Fly, fly, young Man, whilst yet thou haft a spark of Virtue shining in thee, fly the temptations of this young Hypocrite; the Love that she pretends with so much zeal and ardour, is indecent, unwarrantable and unlawful; first indecent, as she is Woman—for thou art Woman—and beautiful Woman—yes, very beautiful Woman; on whom Nature hath shew'd her height of excellence in the outwork, but left thee unfinisht, imperfect and impure.

*Cor.* Heavens, what have we here?

*Sir Sig.* A Pox of my Sir *Domine*; now is he beside his Text, and will spoil all.

*Tick.* Secondly, Unwarrantable; by what Authority dost thou seduce with the Allurements of thine Eyes, and the Conjurations of thy Tongue, the Wastings of thy Hands, and the Tinklings of thy Feet, the young Men in the Villages?

*Cor.* Sirrah, how got this Madman in? seize him, and take him hence.

*Sir Sig.* *Corpo de mi*, my Governoeur tickles her notably I'faith—but had he let the care of my Soul alone to night, and have let me taken care of my Body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

*Tick.* Thirdly Unlawful—

*Cor.* Quite distracted! in pity take him hence, and lead

lead him into Darknes, 'twill fuit his Madnes best.

*Tick.* How, distracted ! take him hence.

*Pet.* This was lucky—I knew she woud come again  
—Take him hence—yes into her Bed-chamber—pretty  
device to get you to her self, Seignior.

*Tick.* Why, but is it ?—Nay then I will facilitate my  
departure—therefore I say, Oh most beautiful and tempt-  
ing Woman—

*[Beginning to preach again.]*

*Cor.* Away with him, give him clean straw and darknes,  
And chain him fast, for fear of further mischief.

*Pet.* She means for fear of losing ye.

*Tick.* Ah Baggage ! as fast as she will in those pretty  
Arms.

*[Going to lead him off.]*

*Sir Sig.* Hold, hold, man ; mad said ye !—ha, ha, ha  
—mad ! why we have a thousand of these in *England*  
that go loose about the streets, and pass with us for as fo-  
ber discreet religious persons, as a man shall wish to talk  
nonfense withal.

*Pet.* You are mistaken, Seignior, I say he is mad,  
stark mad.

*Sir Sig.* Prithee *Barberacho* what dost thou mean ?

*Pet.* To rid him hence, that she may be alone with  
you—'slife, Sir, you're madder than he——don't you  
conceive ?

*Sir Sig.* Ay, ay ; nay, I confess, *Illustrissima Seigniora*,  
my Governor has a Fit that takes him now and then, a  
kind of a frenfy,—a fegary——a whimsy—a maggot,  
that bites always at naming of Popery :—so—he's  
gone.—*Bellissima Seigniora*,—you have most artifi-  
cially remov'd him—and this extraordinary proof of your  
affection is a sign of some small kindnes towards me ;  
and tho I was something coy and reserv'd before my  
Governor, *Excellentissima Seigniora*, let me tell you, your  
Love is not cast away.

*Cor.* Oh, Sir, you bleſſ too fast ; but will you ever  
love me ?

*Sir Sig.* Love thee ! ay and lie with thee too, most  
magnanimous Seigniora, and beget a whole Race of Ro-  
man *Julius Cæsar's* upon thee ; nay, now we're alone,  
turn me loose to Impudence, i'faith.

*[Ruffles her ; Enter Philippa in haste, shutting  
the door after her.]*

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Oh, Madam, here's the young mad *English* Cavalier  
got into the House, and will not be deny'd seeing you.

*Cor.* This was lucky.

*Sir Sig.* How, the mad *English* Cavalier ! if this shou'd  
be our young Count *Galliard* now—I were in a sweet  
taking—Oh I know by my fears 'tis he ; Oh, prithee  
what kind of a manner of Man is he ?

*Phil.* A handfom—resolute—brave—bold—

*Sir Sig.* Oh, enough, enough—Madam, I'll take my  
leave—I fee you are someting busy at present—and I'll—

*Cor.* Not for the World :—*Philippa*, bring in the Cavalier—  
that you may fee there's none here fears him, Seignior.

*Sir Sig.* Oh, hold, hold—Madam, you are mis-  
taken in that point ; for, to tell you the truth, I do fear—  
having—a certain—Averfion or Antipathy—to—  
Madam—a Gentleman—Why Madam, they're the  
very Monsters of the Nation, they devour every Day a  
Virgin.

*Cor.* Good Heavens ! and is he such a Fury ?

*Sir Sig.* Oh, and the veriſt Beelzebub ;—  
besides, Madam, he vow'd my Death, if ever he catcht me  
near this House ; and he ever keeps his word in caſes of  
this Nature—Oh, that's he, [Knocking at the Door.]  
I know it by a certain trembling Instinct about me !—  
Oh, what shall I do—

*Cor.* Why—I know not.—can you leap a  
high Window ?

*Sir Sig.* He knocks again,—I protest I am the worſt  
Vaulter in Chriftdom.—Have you no moderate danger—  
between the two extremes of the Window or the mad  
Count ? no Cloſet ?—Fear has dwindled me to the scant-  
ling of a Mouſehole.

*Cor.* Let me fee,—I have no leifer to purſue my Re-  
venge farther, and wilt ref't ſatisfy'd with this,—for this  
time. [Aside.]—Give me the Candle,—and  
whiſt *Philippa* is conduſting the Cavalier to the Alcove  
by dark, you may have an Opportunity to ſlip out—  
perhaps there may be danger in his being ſeen—[Aside.]  
Farewel Fool— [Ex. *Cornelia with the Candle*, *Phil.*

*goes to the Door, lets in Gal. takes him by the hand.*

*Gal.*

*Gal.* Pox on't, my Knight's bound for *Viterbo*, and there's no persuading him into safe Harbour again——  
He has given me but two hours to dispatch matters here,——  
and then I'm to embark with him upon this new Discovery  
of honourable Love, as he calls it, whose Adventurers are  
Fools, and the returning Cargo, that dead Commodity cal-  
led a Wife! a Voyage very suitable to my Humour.——  
Who's there?——

*Phil.* A Slave of *Silvianetta*, Sir; give me your hand.  
[*Ex. over the stage, Sir Sig. goes out softly.*]

*The S C E N E changes to a Bed-chamber  
Alcove, Petro leading in Tickletext.*

*Pet.* Now, Seignior, you're safe and happy in the Bed-  
chamber of your Mistrefs——who will be here imme-  
diately I'm fure; I'll fetch a Light, and put you to Bed  
in the mean time——

*Tick.* Not before Supper I hope, honest *Barberacho*.

*Pet.* Oh Seignior, that you shall do lying, after the  
manner of the antient *Romans*.

*Tick.* *Certo*, and that was a marvellous good lazy Cuf-  
tom. [*Ex. Pet.*]

*Enter Phillipa, with Galliard by dark.*

*Phil.* My Lady will be with you instantly——[*Goes out.*]

*Tick.* Hah, sure I heard some body come softly in at  
the door: I hope 'tis the young Gentlewoman.

[*He advances forward.*]

*Gal.* Silence and Night, Love and dear Opportunity,  
[*In a soft Tone.*]

Join all your aids to make my *Silvia* kind;  
For I am fill'd with the expecting Blis.

[*Tick. thrusts his Head out to listen.*  
And much Delay or Disappointment kills me.

*Tick.* Disappointment kills me,——and me too,  
*certo*——'tis she—— [*Gropes about.*]

*Gal.* Oh haste, my Fair, haste to my longing Arms,  
Where are you, dear and loveliest of your Sex?

*Tick.* That's I, that's I, my *Alma, mea Core, mea  
Vita!* [*Groping and speaking low.*]

*Gal.* Hah——art thou come, my Life! my Soul! my  
Joy! [*Goes to embrace Tick. they meet and kiss.*]  
'Sdeath

Sdeath what's this, a bearded Mistress ! Lights, Lights there, quickly Lights ! nay, curse me if thou scap'st me.

*Tick. struggles to get away, he holds him by the Crevat and Perriwig; Enter Petro with a Candle.*

*Gal. Barberacho*—confound him, 'tis the Fool whom I found this Evening about the House, hovering to roost him here!—Ha—what the Devil have I caught—a *Tartar*? escap'd again ! the Devil's his Confederate.—

*Pet. puts out the Candle, comes to Tick. unties his Crevat behind, and he slips his head out of the Perriwig, and gets away, leaving both in Gal's hands.*

*Pet.* Give me your Hand, I'll lead you a back-pair of stairs thro the Garden.

*Tick.* Oh, any way to save my Reputation—oh—

*Gal.* Let me but once more grasp thee, and thou shalt find more safety in the Devil's Clutches : none but my Mistress serve ye !

*Pet. with Tick. running over the Stage, Gal. after 'em, with the Crevat and Perriwig in one Hand, his Pistol in 'other.*

*Enter Philippa with a Light.*

*Phil.* Mercy upon us ! what's the matter ? what Noise is this—hah a Pistol ! what can this mean ?

*[A Pistol goes off.*

*Enter Sir Signal running.*

*Sir Sig.* Oh save me, gentle Devil, save me, the Stairs are fortify'd with Cannons and double Culverins ; I'm purfu'd by a whole Regiment of arm'd Men ! here's Gold in abundance, save me.—

*Phil.* What Cannons ? what arm'd Men ?

*Sir Sig.* Finding my self purfu'd as I was groping my way thro the Hall, and not being able to find the Door, I made towards the flairs again, at the foot of which I was saluted with a great Gun—a pox of the Courtesy.

*Gal. [Without]* Where are ye, Knight, Buffoon, Dog of *Egypt* ?

*Sir Sig.* Thunder and Lightning ! 'tis *Galliard's* Voice.

*Phil.* Here, step behind this Hanging—there's a Chimney which may shelter ye till the Storm be over,—if you be not smother'd before.

*[Puts*

[*Puts him behind the Arras.*

*Enter Gal. as before, and Cor. at the other door.*

*Cor.* Heavens ! what rude Noife is this ?

*Gal.* Where have you hid this Fool, this lucky Fool ?  
He whom blind Chance, and more ill-judging Woman,  
Has rais'd to that Degree of Happiness,  
That witty Men muſt sigh and toil in vain for ?

*Cor.* What Fool, what Happiness ?

*Gal.* Ceafe, cunning falfe one, to excuse thy ſelf,  
See here the Trophies of your shameful Choicē,  
And of my Ruin, cruel—fair Deceiver !

*Cor.* Deceiver, Sir, of whom ? in what despairing mi-  
nute did I ſwear to be a conſtant Miftrefſ ? to what dull  
whining Lover did I vow, and had the heart to break it ?

*Gal.* Or if thou hadſt, I know of no ſuch Dog as  
wou'd believe thee :  
No, thou art falfe to thy own Charms, and haſt betray'd  
To the poſſeſſion of the vileſt Wretch (them)  
That ever Fortune curſt with Happiness ;  
Falſe to thy Joys, falſe to thy Wit and Youth :  
All which thou'ſt damn'd with ſo much careful Industry  
To an eternal Fool,  
That all the Arts of Love can ne'er redeem thee.

*Sir Sig.* Meaning me, meaning me.

[*Peeping out of the Chimney, his Face blackt.*

*Cor.* A Fool ! what Indiſcretion haue you ſeen in me,  
ſhou'd make ye think I wou'd chooſe a witty Man for a  
Lover, who perhaps loves out his Month in pure good Hu-  
bandry, and in that time does more Mifchief than a hundred  
Fools. You conquer without Reſiſtance, you treat with-  
out Pity, and triumph without Mercy : and when you are  
gone, the World crys—ſhe had not Wit enough to be  
kept ! Thus we forfeit both our Liberties and Diſcretion  
with you villainous witty Men : for Wiſdom is but good  
Succeſſ in things, and those that fail are Fools.

*Gal.* Moſt gloriously diſputed !  
You're grown a Machiavelian in your Art.

*Cor.* Oh, neceſſary Maxims only, and the firſt Politicks  
we learn from Obſervation—I haue known a Curtezan  
grown infamous, depis'd, decay'd, and ruin'd, in the  
poſſeſſion

Possession of you witty Men, who when she had the Luck to break her Chains, and cast her Net for Fools, has liv'd in slate, finer than Brides upon their Wedding day, and more profuse than the young amorous Coxcomb that set her up an Idol.

*Sir Sig.* Well argued of my fide, I see the Baggage loves me ! [Peeping out with a Face more smutted.

*Gal.* And haft thou ? Oh, but prithee jilt me on, And say thou haft not destin'd all thy Charms

To such a wicked Use.

Is that dear Face and Mouth for Slaves to kiss ? Shall those bright Eyes be gaz'd upon, and serve But to reflect the Images of Fools ?

*Sir Sig.* That's I fill. [Peeping more black.

*Gal.* Shall that soft tender Boson be approacht By one who wants a Soul, to breathe in languishment At every Kiss that presses it ?

*Sir Sig.* Soul ! what a pox care I for Soul—as long as my Perfon is so amiable ?

*Gal.* No, renounce that dull Discretion that undoes thee, Cunning is cheaply to be wife ; leave it to thofe that have No other Powers to gain a Conquest by, It is below thy Charms.

—Come swear, and be foresworn most damnably, Thou haft not yielded yet ; say 'twas intended only, And tho thou ly'ft, by Heaven I must believe thee ; —Say, —haft thou—given him—all ?

*Cor.* I've done as bad, we have discours'd th' Affair, And 'tis concluded on.—

*Gal.* As bad ! by Heaven much worse ! discours'd with Wert thou so wretched, fo depriv'd of Senfe, (him ! To hold Discourse with such an Animal ? Damn it ; the Sin is ne'er to be forgiven.

—Hadft thou been wanton to that leud degree, By dark he might have been conducted to thee ; Where silently he might have serv'd thy purpofe, And thou hadft had fome poor excuse for that : But bartering words with Fools admits of none.

*Cor.* I grant ye,—had I talk'd fense to him, which had been enough to have lost him for ever.

Sir

*Sir Sig.* Poor Devil, how fearful 'tis of losing me !

*[Aside.]*

*Gal.* That's some Atonement for thy other Sins,——  
Come break thy Word, and wash it quite away.

*Sir Sig.* That cogging won't do, my good Friend, that  
won't do.

*Gal.* Thou shalt be just and perjur'd, and pay my Heart  
the debt of Love you owe it.

*Cor.* And wou'd you have the Heart——to make a  
Whore of me ?

*Gal.* With all my Soul, and the Devil's in't if I can give  
thee a greater proof of my Paffion.

*Cor.* I rather fear you wou'd debauch me into that dull  
slave call'd a Wife.

*Gal.* A Wife ! have I no Conscience, no Honour in me ?  
Prithee believe I wou'd not be so wicked—

No,—my Desires are generous, and noble,  
To set thee up, that glorious insolent thing,  
That makes Mankind such Slaves, almighty Curtezan !

—Come, to thy private Chamber let us haste,  
The sacred Temple of the God of Love ;  
And consecrate thy Power. *[Offers to bear her off.]*

*Cor.* Stay, do you take me then for what I seem ?

*Gal.* I am sure I do, and wou'd not be mistaken for a  
Kingdom ;

But if thou art not, I can soon mend that fault,  
And make thee so.——Come I'm impatient to begin the  
Experiment. *[Offers again to carry her off.]*

*Cor.* Nay then I am in earnest,—hold mistaken Stranger—  
I am of noble Birth ; and shou'd I in one hap-  
lefs loving Minute destroy the Honour of my House, ru-  
in my Youth and Beauty, and all that virtuous Education  
my hoping Parents gave me ?

*Gal.* Pretty dissembled Pride and Innocence ! and  
wounds no less than smiles !—Come let us in,——where  
I will give thee leave to frown and jilt ; such pretty Frauds  
advance the Appetite. *[Offers again.]*

*Cor.* By all that's good I'm a Maid of Quality,  
Blest with a Fortune equal to my Birth.

*Gal.* I do not credit thee ; or if I did,  
For once I wou'd dispense with Quality,

And

And to express my Love, take thee with all these Faults.  
*Cor.* And being so, can you expect I'll yield?  
*Gal.* The sooner for that reason, if thou'rt wife;  
The Quality will take away the Scandal.—  
Do not torment me longer— [Offers to lead her again.  
*Cor.* Stay and be undeceiv'd,—I do conjure ye.—  
*Gal.* Art thou no Curtezan?  
*Cor.* Not on my Life, nor do intend to be.  
*Gal.* No Prostitute? nor doft intend to be?  
*Cor.* By all that's good, I only feign to be so.  
*Gal.* No Curtezan! haft thou deceiv'd me then?  
Tell me thou wicked honest cozening Beauty,  
Why didst thou draw me in, with such a fair Pretence,  
Why such a tempting Preface to invite,  
And the whole Piece so useleſſ and unedifying?  
—Heavens! not a Curtezan!  
Why from thy Window didſt thou take my Vows,  
And make ſuch kind Returns? Oh damn your Quality:  
What honest Whore but wou'd have ſcorn'd thy Cunning?  
*Cor.* I make ye kind Returns!  
*Gal.* Perfuaide me out of that too; 'twill be like ye.  
*Cor.* By all my Wifhes I never held Discourse with you  
—but this Evening, ſince I firſt ſaw your Face.  
*Gal.* Oh the Impudence of Honesty and Quality in Wo-  
A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me! (man!  
Bear witneſſ, oh thou gentle Queen of Night,  
Goddefs of Shades, ador'd by Lovers moſt;  
How oft under thy Covert ſhe has damn'd her ſelf,  
With feign'd Love to me! [In Passion.  
*Cor.* Heavens! this is Impudence: that Power I call  
to witneſſ too, how damnable thou injur'd me. [Angry.  
*Gal.* You never from your Window talk'd of Love to me?  
*Cor.* Never.  
*Gal.* So, nor you're no Curtezan?  
*Cor.* No, by my Life.  
*Gal.* So, nor do intend to be, by all that's good?  
*Cor.* By all that's good, never.  
*Gal.* So, and you are real honest, and of Quality?  
*Cor.* Or may I ſtill be wretched.  
*Gal.* So, then farewell Honesty and Quality!—  
'Sdeath, what a Night, what Hopes, and what a Miftrefs,  
have

have I all lost for Honesty and Quality ! [Offers to go.

*Cor.* Stay.—

*Gal.* I will be rack'd first, let go thy hold ! [In fury.

—Unless thou wou'dst repent.— [In a soft tone.

*Cor.* I cannot of my fixt Resolves for Virtue !

—But if you could but—love me—honourably—

For I affum'd this Habit and this Drefs.—

*Gal.* To cheat me of my Heart the readiest way :

And now, like gaming Rooks, unwilling to give o'er till you have hook'd in my last stake, my Body too, you cozen me with Honesty.—Oh damn the Dice—I'll have no more on't I, the Game's too deep for me, unless you play'd upon the square, or I could cheat like you.—Farewel Quality— [Goes out.

*Cor.* He's gone ; *Philippa*, run and fetch him back ; I have but this short Night allow'd for Liberty ; Perhaps to morrow I may be a Slave. [Ex. Phil.

—Now o' my Conscience there never came good of this troublesome Virtue—hangt I was too serious ; but a Devil on't, he looks so charmingly—and was so very pressing, I durst trust my gay Humour and good Nature no farther.

[She walks about, *Sir Signal* peeps and then comes out.

*Sir Sig.* He's gone !—fo, ha, ha, ha.

As I hope to breathe, Madam, you have most neatly dispatcht him ; poor fool—to compare his Wit and his Person to mine.—

*Cor.* Hah, the Coxcomb here still.—

*Sir Sig.* Well, this Countenance of mine never fail'd me yet.

*Cor.* Ah— [Looking about on him, sees his face black, squeeks and runs away.

*Sir Sig.* Ah, whe what the Deavilo's that for ?

—Whe 'tis I, 'tis I, most Serenissima Signiora !

[Gal. returns and Philippa.

*Gal.* What noise is that, or is't some new design To fetch me back again ?

*Sir Sig.* How ! *Galliard* return'd !

*Gal.* Hah ! what art thou ? a Mortal or a Devil ?

*Sir Sig.* How, not know me ? now might I pass upon him most daintily for a Devil, but that I have been beaten out of one Devilship already, and dare venture no more Conjurational. [Gal.

*Gal.* Dog, what art thou—not speak! Nay then I'll inform my self, and try if you be flesh and blood.

[*Kicks him, he avoids.*

*Sir Sig.* No matter for all this—'tis better to be kick'd than discovered, for then I shall be kill'd:—and I can sacrifice a Limb or two to my Reputation at any time.

*Gal.* Death, 'tis the Fool, the Fool for whom I am abuse'd and jilted; 'tis some revenge to disappoint her Cunning, and drive the Slave before me—Dog! were you her last reserve? [Kicks him, he keeps in his cry.

*Sir Sig.* Still I say Mum.

*Gal.* The Afs will still appear thro all disguises, Nor can the Devil's shape secure the Fool—

[Kicks him, he runs out, as *Cor.* enters and holds *Gal.*

*Cor.* Hold, Tyrant—

*Gal.* Oh Women, Women, fonder in your Appetites Than Beasts, and more unnatural! For they but couple with their Kind, but you Promiscuously shuffle your Brutes together, The Fop of busines with the lazy Gown-man—the learned Afs with the illiterate Wit—the empty Coxcomb with the Politician, as dull and insignificant as he; from the gay Fool made more a Beast by Fortune to all the loath'd infirmities of Age. Farewel—I scorn to croud with the dull Herd, or graze upon the Common where they fatten.

[*Goes out.*

*Fill.* I know he loves, by this concern I know it, And will not let him part dissatisfied. [*Goes out.*

*Cor.*—By all that's good I love him more each moment, and know he's destin'd to be mine. [Enter *Marcella*.

—What hopes, *Marcella*? what is't we next shall do?

*Mar.* Fly to our last reserve; come, let's haste and dres: in that disguise we took our flight from *Viterbo* in, —and something I refolve.

*Cor.* My soul informs me what—I ha't! a Project worthy of us both—which whilst we dres I'll tell thee, —and by which,

My dear *Marcella*, we will stand or fall:

'Tis our last Stake we set; and have at all.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Petro, Tickletext, from the Garden.*

*Tick.* **H**aste honest *Barberacho*, before the Day discover us to the wicked World, and that more wicked *Galliard*.

*Pet.* Well Seignior, of a bad turn it was a good one, that he took you for Sir *Signal*! the Scandal lies at his door now Sir,—so the Ladder's fast, you may now mount and away.

*Tick.* Very well, go your ways, and commend me, honest *Barberacho*, to the young Gentlewoman, and let her know, as soon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my Reputation, I'll visit her again.

*Pet.* I'll warrant ye, Seignior, for the future.

*Tick.* So, now get you gone lest we be discover'd.

*Pet.* Farewell Seignior, *a bon viage*.

[*Ex. Pet. Tick descends.*]

*Tick.* 'Tis marvellous dark, and I have lost my Lanthorn in the fray! [Groping.]—hah—whereabouts am I—hum—what have we here!—ah, help, help, help! [Stumbles at the Well, gets hold of the Rope, and slides down in the Bucket.] I shall be drown'd, Fire, Fire, Fire! for I have Water enough! Oh for some House,—some Street; nay wou'd *Rome* itself were a second time in flames, that my Deliverance might be wrought by the necessity for Water: but no human Help is nigh—oh!

*Enter Sir Sig. as before.*

*Sir Sig.* Did ever any Knight-Adventurer run thro so many Difasters in one night! my worshipful Carcase has been cudgel'd most plentifully, first bang'd for a Coward, which by the way was none of my Fault, I cannot help Nature: then clawed away for a *Diavillo*, there I was the Fool; but who can help that too? frightened with *Gal's* coming into an Ague; then chimney'd into a Fever, where I had a fine Regale of Soot, a Perfume which nothing but my *Cackamarda Orangate* cou'd exceed; and which I find by [snuff's] my smelling has defac'd Nature's Image, and a second time made me be suspected for

a Devil.—let me see——[*Opens his Lanthorn, and looks on his Hands.*] 'tis so—I am in a cleanly Pickle: if my Face be of the same Hue, I am fit to scare away old *Beelzebub* himself efaith: [*Wipes his Face.*] —ay, 'tis so, like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier: well I'll home, scrub my self clean if possible, get me to Bed, devise a handsom Lye to excuse my long stay to my Governour, and all's well, and the Man has his Mare again. [*Shuts his Lanthorn and gropes away, runs against the Well.*] —*Que questo (feels gently.)* Make me thankful 'tis substantial Wood, by your leave——[*Opens his Lanthorn.*] How! a Well! sent by Providence that I may wash my self, lest People smoke me by the scent, and beat me a-new for flinking: [*Sets down his Lanthorn, pulls off his Masking-Coat, and goes to draw Water.*] 'Tis a damnable-heavy Bucket! now do I fancy I shall look, when I am washing my self, like the sign of the Labour-in-vain.

*Tick.* So, my cry is gone forth, and I am deliver'd by Miracle from this Dungeon of Death and Darknes, this cold Element of Destruction——

*Sir Sig.* Hah—sure I heard a dismal hollow Voice.

[*Tick, appears in the Bucket above the Well.*]

*Tick.* What, art thou come in Charity?

*Sir Sig.* Ah le Diavilo, le Diavilo, le Diavilo.

[*Lets go the Bucket, and is running frightened away.*]

*Enter Fillamour and Page, he returns.*

—How, a Man! I was ever wretched Wight so miserable, the Devil at one hand, and a *Roman* Night-walker at the other; which danger shall I chuse?——

[*Gets to the door of the House.*]

*Tick.* So, I am got up at last——thanks to my Knight: for I am sure 'twas he! hah he's here——I'll hear his Busines. [Goes near to Fillamour.]

*Fil.* Confound this Woman, this bewitching Woman: I cannot shake her from my fullen Heart; Spite of my Soul I linger hereabouts, And cannot to *Viterbo*.

*Tick.* Very good; a dainty Rascal this!

*Enter Galliard with a Lanthorn, as from Silvia's House, held by Philippa.*

*Fil.* ——Hah, who's this coming from her House? perhaps

perhaps 'tis *Galliard*.

*Gal.* No Argument shall fetch me back, by Heaven.

*Fil.* 'Tis the mad Rogue.

*Tick.* Oh Lord, 'tis *Galliard*, and angry too; now cou'd I but get off, and leave Sir *Signal* to be beaten, 'twere a rare project—but 'tis impossible without discovery.

*Phil.* But will you hear her, Seignior?

*Gal.* That is, will I lose more time about her? plague on't I have thrown away already such Songs and Sonnets, such Madrigals and Posies, such Night-walks, Sighs, and direful Lovers looks, as wou'd have mollify'd any Woman of Conscience and Religion; and now to be popt i'th' mouth with Quality! Well, if ever you catch me lying with any but honest well-meaning Damfels hereafter, hang me:—farewel, old Secret, farewell.

[*Ex. Philippa.*

—Now am I ashamed of being cozen'd so damnable, *Fillamour*, that virtuous Rascal, will so laugh at me; s'heart cou'd I but have debaucht him, we had been on equal terms.—but I must help my self with lying, and swear I have—a—

*Fil.* You shall not need, I'll keep your Counsel, Sir.

*Gal.* Hah—*estes vous là?* —

*Tick.* How, *Fillamour* all this while! some Comfort yet, I am not the only Professor that dissembles: but how to get away—

*Gal.* Oh *Harry*, the most damnable defeated!

[*A Noise of Swords.*

*Fil.* Hold? what Noife is that? two Men coming this way as from the house of the Curtezans.

*Enter Julio backwards, fighting Octavio and Bravoes.*

*Gal.* Hah on retreating,—S'death I've no Sword!

*Enter Julio and Octavio fighting.*

*Fil.* Here's one, I'll take my Page's.

[*Takes the Boy's Sword.*

*Gal.* Now am I mad for mischief; hold my Lanthorn, Boy.

[*They fight on Julio's side, and fight Octavio*

*out at the other side: Enter Laura and Sabina at the Fore-door, which is the same*

*where Sir Signal stands: Tick. groping*

*up that way, finds Sir Sig. just entring in ;  
Laura and Sab. pass over the stage.*

*Sir Sig.* Hah, a door open ! I care not who it belongs to, 'tis better dying within Doors like a Man, than in the Street like a Dog.

[*Going in, Tick. in great fear comes up and pulls him.*  
*Tick.* Seignior, gentle Seignior, who'er you are that owns this Mansion, I befeech you to give Protection to a wretched Man half dead with Fear and Injury.

*Sir Sig.* Nay, I defy the Devil to be more dead with Fear than I—Seignior you may enter, perhaps 'tis some body that will make an Excuse for us both,—but hark, they return. [*Both go in, just after Lau. and Sab. enter.*

*Lau.* He's gone ! he's gone ! perhaps for ever gone.—Tell me, thou silly Manager of Love, how got this Ruffian in ? how was it possible without thy Knowledge he cou'd get Admittance ?

*Sab.* Now as I hope to live and learn, I know not, Madam, unlesf he follow'd you when you let in the Cavalier, which being by dark he easily conceal'd himself ; no doubt some Lover of *Silvianetta's*, who mistaking you for her, took him too for a Rival.

*Lau.* 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is to blame, my cursed Fortune,  
Who like Misers deals her scanty Bounties with so slow a That or we die before the Blessing falls, (hand,  
Or have it snatcht ere we can call it ours.

[*Raving.*] To have him in my House, to have him kind, Kind as young Lovers when they meet by stealth ; As fond as Age to Beauty, and as soft As Love and Wit cou'd make impatient Youth, Preventing even my Wishes and Desires, —Oh Gods ! and then, even then to be defeated, Then from my o'erjoy'd Arms to have him snatcht ; Then when our Vows had made our Freedom lawful ; What Maid cou'd suffer a Surprize so cruel ? —The Day begins to break.—go search the Streets, And bring me news he's safe, or I am lost.

*Enter Gal. Fil. and Jul.*

*Fill. Galliard, where art thou?*

*Gal.*

*Gal.* Here safe, and by thy side.—

*Lau.* 'Tis he !

*Ful.* Who'er he were, the Rogue fought like a Fury, and but for your timely Aid I'd been in some Danger.

*Fil.* But *Galliard*, thou wert telling me thy Adventure with *Silvianetta*; there may be comfort in't.

*Lau.* So, now I shall hear with what concern he speaks of me.—

*[Aside.]*

*Gal.* Oh damn her, damn her !

*Lau.* Hah !

*Gal.* The veriest Jilt that ever learnt the Art.

*Lau.* Heavens !

*Gal.* Death, the Whore took me for some amorous English elder Brother, and was for Matrimony, in the Devil's name ; thought me a loving Fool, that ne'er had seen so glorious a sight before, and wou'd at any rate enjoy.

*Lau.* Oh Heav'n ! I'm amaz'd, how much he differs from the thing he was but a few Minutes since.

*[Aside.]*

*Gal.* And to advance her Price, set up for Quality ; nay swore she was a Maid, and that she did but act the Curtezan.

*Lau.* Which then he seem'd to give a credit to.— O the forsworn Dissembler !

*Gal.* But when I came to the matter then in debate, she was for honourable Love forsooth, and wou'd not yield, no marry wou'd she, not under a Licence from the Parson of the Parish.

*Ful.* Who was it, prithee ? 'twere a good Deed to be so reveng'd on her.

*Gal.* Pox on her ; no, I'm sure she's a damn'd Gipsy, for at the same time she had her Lovers in reserve, lay hid her Bed-chamber.

*Lau.* 'Twas that he took unkindly, And makes me guilty of that rude Address.

*Gil.* Another Lover had she ?

*Gal.* Yes, our Coxcomb Knight Buffoon, laid by for a relishing Bit, in case I prov'd not season'd to her Mind.

*Lau.* Hah, he knew him then.

*Gal.* But damn her, she passes with the Night, the Day will bring new Objects.

*Fil.* Oh I do not doubt it, *Frank.*

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*Lau.* False and Inconstant ! Oh I shall rave, *Silvia* —  
[Aside to Sil.

*Enter Cornelia in Men's Clothes with a Letter.*

*Cor.* Here be the Cavaliers : give me, kind Heaven, but hold of him ; and if I keep him not, I here renounce my Charms of Wit and Beauty — Seigniors, is there a Cavalier amongst ye, call'd *Fillamour* ?

*Fil.* I own that Name ; what wou'd you, Sir ?

*Cor.* Only deliver this, Seignior. [Fil. goes aside, opens his Lanthorn, and reads, Jul. and Gal. talk aside.

*Fil.* [Reads. I'll only tell you I am Brother to that Marcella whom you have injur'd, to oblige you to meet me an Hour hence, in the Piazo d'Hispanio : I need not say with your Sword in your hand, since you will there meet Julio Sebastiano Morofini ! — Hah ! her Brother fure return'd from Travel. — Seignior, — I will not fail to answser it as he desires.

[To Cornelia.

I'll take this Opportunity to steal off undiscover'd.

[Aside going out.

*Cor.* So, I've done my Sister's Busines ; now for my own.

*Gal.* But my good Friend, pray what Adventure have you been on to night.

*Jul.* Faith, Sir, 'twas like to have prov'd a pleafant one, I came just now from *Silvianetta*, the fair young Curtezan.

*Cor.* Hah ! what said the Man — came from me ! [Aside.

*Gal.* How, Sir, you with *Silvianetta* ! when ?

*Jul.* Now, all the dear live-long Night.

*Cor.* A pox take him, who can this be ?

[Aside.

*Gal.* This night ! this night ! that is not yet departed.

*Jul.* This very happy Night, — I told you I saw a lovely Woman at St. Peter's Church.

*Gal.* You did so.

*Jul.* I told you too I follow'd her home, but cou'd learn neither her Name nor Quality ; but my Page getting into the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me News of both : her Name *Silvianetta*, her Quality a Curtezan.

*Cor.* I at Church yester day ! now hang me if I had any fuch devout Thoughts about me : why what a damn'd scandalous Rascal's this ?

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Fill'd with hopes of Success, at night I made her a Visit, and under her Window had a skirmish with some Rival, who was then ferenading her.

*Gal.* Was't he that fought us then, — [Aside. — But it seems you were not mistaken in the House — On with your Story pray — Death, I grow Jealous now — [Aside.] You came at Night you said?

*Jul.* Yes, and was receiv'd at the door by the kind *Silvianetta*, who softly whisper'd me, come to my Bosom, and be safe for ever! and doublets took me for some happier Man.

*Lau.* Confusion on him, 'twas my very Language!

[Aside raving.]

*Jul.* Then led me by dark into her Chamber.

*Cor.* Oh this damn'd lying Rascal! I do this? [Aside.]

*Jul.* But oh the things, the dear obliging things, the kind, the fair young Charmer said and did.

*Gal.* To thee!

*Jul.* To me.

*Gal.* Did *Silvianetta* do this, *Silvianetta* the Curtezan?

*Jul.* That passes, Sir, for such, but is indeed of Quality.

*Cor.* This Stranger is the Devil, how shou'd he know that Secret else?

*Jul.* She told me too 'twas for my sake alone, whom from the first Minute she saw she lov'd, she had assum'd that Name and that Disguise, the sooner to invite me.

*Lau.* 'Tis plain, the things I utter'd! — Oh my Heart!

*Gal.* Curse on the publick Jilt, the very Flattery she wou'd have past on me.

*Cor.* Pox take him, I must draw on him, I cannot hold. [Aside.]

*Gal.* Was ever such a Whore?

*Lau.* Oh that I knew this Man, whom by mistake I lavish't all the Secrets of my Soul to! [Aside.]

*Jul.* I preft for something more than dear Expressions, And found her yield apace;

But fighing, told me of a fatal Contract, She was oblig'd to make to one she never saw;

And yet if I wou'd vow to marry her, when she cou'd prove to merit it, she wou'd deny me nothing.

*Lau.* 'Tw as I by Heaven, that heedleſs Fool was I.

*Jul.* Which I with Lover's eager Joy perform'd,  
And on my Knees utter'd the halſy Words,  
Which ſhe repeated o'er, and gave me back.

*Gal.* So, he 'has fwallow'd with a vengeance the very  
Bait ſhe had prepar'd for me, or any body that wou'd  
bite. [Aside.]

*Jul.* But e'er I cou'd receive the dear Reward of all  
my Vows, I was drawn upon by a Man that lay hid in  
her Chamber, whether by chance or deſign I know not ;  
who fought me out, and was the fame you found me en-  
gag'd with.

*Cor.* A pleaſant Raſcal this, as e'er the Devil taught his  
Leſſon to.

*Gal.* So, my Comfort is, ſhe has jilted him too moſt  
damnably.

*Cor.* Sliſe, I have anger enough to make me valiant ;  
why ſhou'd I not make uſe on't, and beat this lying Vil-  
lain whiſt the Fit holds ?

*Gal.* And you deſign to keep theſe Vows, tho' you're  
contracted to another Woman ?

*Jul.* I neither thought of breaking theſe, or keeping  
theſe ; my Soul was all employ'd another way.

*Lau.* —It ſhall be ſo, *Silvio*, —I've thought upon a  
way that muſt redeeme all : —hark and obſerve me.

[Ex. Julio.] *[Takes Sil. and whiſpers to him.]*

*Jul.* But I'm impatient to purſue my Adventure, which  
I muſt endeavour to do, before the Light diſcover the  
Miftake. —Farewel, Sir.

*Gal.* Go and be ruin'd quite, ſhe has the Knack of  
doing it.

*Sil.* I'll warrant ye, Madam, for my Part. [Ex. Laura.]

*Gal.* I have a damn'd hankering after this Woman :  
why cou'd I not have put the cheat on her, as *Julio* has ?  
I ſtand as little on my Word a : as he good round Oath  
or two had done the Bufineſs. —But a pox on't, I lovd  
too well to be fo wife. [Silvio comes up to him.]

*Sab.* *Con licentia, Seignior !* is your Name *Galliard* ?

*Gal.* I am the Man, sweet Heart, —let me behold  
thee—hah—*Sans Cœur*'s Page !

*Sab.* A duce of his Lanthorn, what ſhall I ſay now ?

Softly

—Softly, Seignior, I am that Page whose chiefest Busines is to attend my Lord's Mistrefs, Sir.

*Cor.* His Mistrefs ! whose Mistrefs, what Mistrefs, s'life, how that little Word has nettled me ! [Aside, lightning close.]

*Gal.* Upon my Life the Woman that he boasted of— [Aside hugging of himself.] ——A fair young amorous— noble—Wanton—

And she wou'd speak with me, my lovely Boy !

*Sab.* You have prevented the Commands I had ; but should my Lord know of it—

*Gal.* Thou wert undone, I understand thee—

And will be secret as a Confessor,  
As lonely Shades, or everlasting Night.

Come lead the way.

*Cor.* Where I will follow thee, tho to the Bed of her thou'rt going too, and even prevent thy very Busines there. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E, *A Chamber.*

*Enter* Laura, *as before, in a Night-Gown.*

*Lau.* Now for a Power that never yet was known  
To charm this Stranger quickly into Love.  
Assist my Eyes, thou God of kind Desires ;  
Inspire my Language with a moving Force,  
That may at once gain and secure the Victory.

*Enter* Silvio.

*Sab.* Madam, your Lover's here : your time's but short ; consider too, Count *Julio* may arrive.

*Lau.* Let him arrive ; having fecur'd my self of what I I'll leave him to complain his unknown Lov's (love, To carelefs Winds as pitilefs as I—*Sabina*, see the Rooms Be fill'd with Lights, whilst I prepare my self to entertain him.

Darknes shall ne'er deceive me more —

[Enter to Sil. Gal. gazing about him,  
Cor. peeping at the Door.]

*Gal.* All's wondrous rich,—gay as the Court of Love,  
But still and silent as the Shades of Death ;  
—Hah—Musick ! and excellent !

[*Soft Musick whil'st they speak.*

344 *The Feign'd Curtezans; or,*

Pox on't—but where's the Woman?—I need no preparation.—

*Cor.* No, you are always provided for such Encounters, and can fall to *fans* Ceremony,—but I may spoil your Stomach. [A Song tuning.

*Gal.* A Voice too! by Heaven and 'tis a sweet one: Grant she be young, and I'll excuse the rest, Yet vie for Pleasure with the happiest *Roman*.

[*The Song as by Laura, after which soft Musick till she enters.*

The S O N G by a Person of Quality.

**F**arewell the World and mortal Cares,  
The ravish'd Strephon cry'd,  
As full of Joy and tender Tears  
He lay by Phillis' side:  
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,  
Whilst not one Thought of mine  
At any other Bliss shall aim,  
But those dear Arms, but those dear Arms of thine.

Still let me gaze in thy bright Eyes,  
And hear thy charming Tongue;  
I nothing ask t'increase my Joys,  
But thus to feel 'em long.  
In close Embraces let us lie,  
And spend our Lives to come;  
Then let us both together die,  
And be each other's, be each other's Tomb.

—Death, I'm fir'd already with her Voice—

*Cor.* So, I am like to thrive.—

*Enter* Julio.

*Jul.* What mean these Lights in every Room, as if to make the day without the Sun, and quite destroy my Hopes!—hah, *Galliard* here!

*Cor.* A Man! grant it some Lover, or some Husband, Or any thing that will but spoil the Sport. (Heaven, The Lady! Oh blast her, how fair she is!

*Enter*

*Enter Laura with her Lute, drest in a careless rich Dress, follow'd by Sabina, to whom she gives her Lute.*

*Jul.* Hah ! 'tis the same Woman.

*Lau.* A Stranger here ! What Art can help me now ?—

[Sees Julio and flarts.

*Gal.* By all my Joys a lovely Woman 'tis.

*Lau.* Help me, Deceit, Dissembling, all that's Woman—

[She flarts and gazes on Gal. pulling Silvio.

*Cor.* Sure I shou'd know that Face. —

*Lau.* Ah look my *Silvio*, is't not he ? — it is !

That Smile, that Air, that Mien, that Bow is his :

'Tis he, by all my Hopes, by all my Wishes.

*Gal.* He ! yes, yes, I am he, I thank my Stars, And never blest 'em half so much for being fo,

As for the dear Variety of Woman.

(neft.

*Cor.* Curse on her Charms, she'll make him love in ear-

*Lau.* It is my Brother ; and Report was false.

[Going towards him.

*Gal.* How, her Brother ! Gad I'm sorry we are so near akin with all my Soul ; for I'm damnably pleas'd with her.

*Lau.* Ay, why do ye shun my Arms ? or are ye Air ?

And not to be enclos'd in human Twines—

Perhaps you are the Ghost of that dead Lord,

That comes to whisper Vengeance to my Soul.

*Gal.* S'heart, a Ghost ! This is an odd preparative to Love. [Aside.

*Cor.* 'Tis *Laura*, my Brother *Julio's* Mistrefs, and Sister to *Octavio*.

*Gal.* Death, Madam ! do not scare away my Love with Tales of Ghosts, and Fancies of the Dead. I'll give ye Proofs I'm living loving Man, as errant an amorous Mortal as Heart can wish—I hope she will not jilt me too.

[Aside.

*Cor.* So ! he's at his common Proof for all Arguments ; if she shou'd take him at his Word now, and she'll be sure to do't.

*Lau.* Amiable Stranger, pardon the Mistake, And charge it on a Paffion for a Brother : Devotion was not more retir'd than I, Vestals or widow'd Matrons when they weep ;

Till by a fatal Chance I saw in you,  
The dear Resemblance of a murder'd Brother. [Weeps.]

*Jul.* What the Devil can she mean by this? [Aside.]

*Lau.* I durst not trust my Eyes, yet still I gaz'd,  
And that encreas'd my Faith you were my Brother:  
But since they err'd, and he indeed is dead,  
Oh give me leave to pay you all that Love,

That Tenderneſſ and Paſſion that was his. [Weeping.]

*Cor.* So, I knew ſhe wou'd bring Matters about ſome  
way or other. Oh Mischief, Mischief, help me! S'life I  
can be wicked enough when I have no uſe on't! and now  
have, I'm as harmleſs as a Fool. [As Gal. is earnestly  
talking to Lau. Julio pulls him by the Sleeve.]

*Lau.* Oh fave me, fave me from the Murderer.

*Jul.* Hah!

*Gal.* A Murderer, where?

*Lau.* I faint, I die with horror of the Sight!

*Gal.* Hah—my Friend a Murderer! ſure you miſ-  
take him, Madam; he ſaw not *Rome* till yesterdaу; an  
honest Youth, Madam, and one that knows his diſtance  
upon occaſion!—S'life how camſt thou here?—  
prithee be gone and leave us.

*Jul.* Why, do you know this Lady, Sir?

*Gal.* Know her!—a—ay, ay,—Man—and all  
her Relations, ſhe's of Quality:—withdraw, withdraw—  
Madam—a—he is my Friend, and ſhall be civil.—

*Lau.* I have an easy Faith for all you ſay:—but  
yet however innocent he be, or dear to you, I beg he  
wou'd depart—he is ſo like my Brother's Murderer,  
that one Look more wou'd kill me—

*Jul.* A Murderer! charge me with Cowardice, with  
Rapes or Treafons—Gods, a Murderer!

*Cor.* A Devil on her, ſhe has robb'd the Sex of all their  
Arts of Cunning.

*Gal.* Pox on't thou'rt rude; go, in good Manners go.

*Lau.* I do conjure ye to torture me no more:  
If you wou'd have me think you're not that Murderer,  
Be gone, and leave your Friend to calm my Heart  
Into ſome kinder Thoughts.

*Gal.* Ay, prithee go, I'll be ſure to do thy Buſineſſ for  
thee.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a friendly Part, no doubt.

*Jul.* 'Tis but in vain to stay—I see she did mistake her Man last night, and 'twas to Chance I am in debt for that good Fortune ;—I will retire to shew my Obedience, Madam. [*Exit. Jul. Gal. going to the door with him.*]

*Lau.* He's gone, and left me Mistress of my Wish. Descend ye little winged Gods of Love, Descend and hove round our Bower of Blifs ; Play all in various Forms about the Youth, And empty all your Quivers at his Heart. [*Aside.*]

[*Gal. returns, she takes him by the hand.* ——Advance thou dearer to my Soul than Kindred,

Thou more than Friend or Brother. Let meaner Souls base-born conceal the God ; Love owns his Monarchy within my Heart, So Kings that deign to visit humble Roofs, Enter disguis'd, but in a noble Palace,

Own their great Power, and shew themselves in Glory.

*Gal.* I am all Transport with this sudden Blifs,

And want some kin Allay to fit my Soul for Recompence.

*Cor.* Yes, yes, my forward Friend, you shall have an Allay, if all my Art can do't, to damp thee even to Disappointment.

*Gal.* My Soul's all Wonder ; now let us retire, And gaze till I have soften'd it to Love.

[*Going out, is met by Cor.*

*Cor.* Madam !

*Lau.* More Interruption !——hah——

[*Turns.*

*Cor.* My Master, the young Count *Julio*—

*Lau.* *Julio* !

*Gal.* What of him ?

[*Aside.*

*Cor.* Being just now arriv'd at *Rome*—

*Lau.* Heavens arriv'd !

[*Aside.*

*Cor.* Sent me to beg the Honour of waiting on you.

*Lau.* Sure Stranger, you mistake.—

*Cor.* If, Madam, you are *Laura Lucretia*.—

*Gal.* *Laura Lucretia* ! by Heaven the very Woman he's to marry. [*Aside.*

*Lau.* This would surprize a Virgin less resolv'd : But what have I to do with ought but Love ?

[*Aside.*

—And

—And can your Lord imagine this an Hour  
To make a ceremonious Visit in ?

*Gal.* Riddles by Love ! or is't some Trick again ?

*Cor.* Madam, where Vows are past, the want of Ceremony may be pardon'd. *Aside.*

*Lau.* I do not use to have my Will disputed,  
Be gone, and let him know I'll be obeyed.

*Cor.* S'life she'll out-wit me yet, ————— *Aside.*  
Madam, I see this Nicenefs is not general,

—You can except some Lovers.

*Gal.* My pert young Confident, depart, and let your Master know he'll find a better welcome from the fair vain Curtezan, *Silvianetta*, where he has past the Night, and given his Vows.

*Lau.* Dearly devis'd, and I must take the hint.

*Cor.* He knows me sure, and says all this to plague me. *Aside.*  
My Lord, my Master with a Curtezan ! he's but just now arriv'd.

*Gal.* A pretty forward saucy lying Boy this ; and may do well in time.—Madam, believe him not, I saw his Master yesterday, ————— convers'd with him.—I know him, he's my Friend ; —'twas he that parted hence but now,—he told me all his Passion for a Curtezan scarce half an hour fince.

*Cor.* So !

*Lau.* I do not doubt it, Oh how I love him for this feasonable Lye :

—And can you think I'll see a perjur'd Man, *To Cor.*  
Who gives my interest in him to another ?

—Do I not help ye out most artfully ?—*Laughing to Gal.*  
*Cor.* I see they are resolv'd to out-face me.

*Gal.* Nay, vow'd to marry her.

*Lau.* Heavens, to marry her !

*Cor.* To be conquer'd at my own Weapon to !————  
Lying ? 'tis a hard cafe.— *Aside.*

*Gal.* Go Boy, you may be gone ; you have your Answer, Child, and may depart—Come, Madam, let us leave him. *Cor.*

*Cor.* Gone, no help ! Death I'll quarrel with him,—  
nay fight him,—damn him,—rather than lose him  
thus.—Stay, Seignior. [Pulls him.] —You call me  
Boy—but you may find your self mistaken, Sir,—  
And know—I've that about me may convince ye.

[*Shewing his Sword.*

—'Thus done some Execution.

*Gal.* Prithee on whom, on what small Village Curs ?  
The barking of a Mastiff woud unman thee. [*Offers to go.*

*Cor.* Hold—follow me from the refuge of her Arms ;  
As thou'rt a Man, I do conjure thee do't :

—I hope he will, I'll venture beating for't. [*Afside.*

*Gal.* Yes, my brisk little Rascal I will—a—

*Lau.* By all that's good you shall not stir from hence ;  
ho, who waits there, *Antonio, Silvio, Gaspero ?* [Enter all.  
—take that fierce Youth, and bear him from my fight.

*Cor.* You shall not need ; s'life these rough Rogues  
will be too hard for me ; I've one prevention left,—fare-  
wel.

*May'st thou supply her with as feeble Art,  
As I shou'd do, were I to play thy part.*

[*Goes out with the rest.*

*Gal.* He's gone, now let's redeem our blessed Minutes  
lost. [*Go in.*

S C E N E changes to the Street.—

Piazo d'Hispania.

*Enter Julio alone.*

*Jul.* Now by this breaking Day-light I cou'd rave : I  
knew she mislook me last night, which made me so eager  
to improve my lucky Minutes. Sure *Galliard* is not the  
Man, I long to know the Mystery ;—hah—who's here ?  
—*Fillamour* !

*Enter Fillamour met by Marcella in Man's Clothes ; they  
pass by each other and jostle.*

*Mar.* I take it, you are he I look for, Sir.

*Fil.* My name is *Fillamour*.

*Mar.* Mine, *Julio Sebastiano Morosini*.

*Jul.* Hah my name, by Heaven ! [*Afside.*

*Fill.* I doubt it not, since in that lovely Face

I see the charming Image of *Marcella*.

*Jul.* Hah!—

*Mar.* You might, e'er Travel ruffled me to Man. [Aside.  
—I shou'd return thy Praife whilst I survey thee,  
But that I came not here to compliment ;—draw—

[Draws.

*Fill.* Why, cause thou'rt like *Marcella*?

*Mar.* That were sufficient reaſon for thy Hate,  
But mine's because thou haſt betray'd her basely.

—She told me all the story of her Love,  
How well you meant, how honeſtly you swore,  
And with a thouſand Tears implored my Aid  
To break the Contract she was forc'd to make  
T' *Oſtavio*, and give her to your Arms :  
I did, and brought you word of our Design,  
—I need not tell ye what returns you made :  
Let it ſuffice, my Sister was neglected,  
Neglected for a Curtezan,—a Whore ;

I watcht, and faw each Circumſtance of Falſhood.

*Jul.* Damnation ! what means this ?

*Fill.* I ſcorn to ſave my Life by Lyes or Flatteries ;  
But credit me, the Visit that I made  
I durſt have fworn had been to my *Marcella* ;  
Her Face, her Eyes, her Beauty was the fame,  
Only the buſineſſ of her Language differ'd,  
And undeceiv'd my hope.

*Mar.* In vain thou think'st to flatter me to Faith,—  
When thou'dſt my Sister's Letter in thy hand, which ended  
that diſpute,  
Even then I ſaw with what regret you read it ;  
What care you took to diſobey it too—  
The ſhivering Maid, half dead with fears and terrors of  
the Night,  
In vain expected a Relief from Love or thee.  
Draw, that I may return her the glad news I have reveng'd  
her.

*Jul.* Hold, much miſtaken Youth ; 'tis I am *Julio*,  
thou *Fillamour* know'st my name, know'st I arriv'd but  
yesterday at *Rome*, and heard the killing News of both my  
Sisters Flights, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*,—and thou art  
ſome Impoſture. [To *Marcella*.  
*Mar.*

*Mar.* If this now shou'd be true, I were in a fine condition.— [Aside.

*Fil.* Fled ! *Marcella* fled !

*Jul.* 'Twas she I told thee yesterday was lost :  
But why art thou concern'd ?— explain the Mystery.

*Fil.* I lov'd her more than Life; nay, even than  
Heaven ;

And dost thou question my concern for her ?

Say how, and why, and whither is she fled ?

*Jul.* Oh wou'd I knew, that I might kill her in her  
Lover's Arms ; or if I found her innocent, restore her to  
*Otavio*.

*Fil.* To *Otavio* ! and is my Friendship of so little  
worth, you cannot think I merit her ?

*Jul.* This is some trick between 'em ; but I have  
sworn most solemnly, have frown by Heaven and my  
Honour to resign her, and I will do't or die—therefore  
declare quickly, declare where she is, or I will leave thee  
dead upon the place. [To *Marcella*.

*Mar.* So, Death or *Otavio*, a pretty hopeful Choice  
this !

*Fil.* Hold ! by Heaven you shall not touch a single  
hair, thus—will I guard the Secret in his bosom.

[*Puts himself between 'em, draws.*  
*Jul.* 'Tis plain thou'lt injur'd me,—and to my Honour  
I'll sacrifice my Friendship, follow me. [Ex. *Jul. Fil.*

Enter *Petro* and *Cornelia*.

*Mar.* Ah *Petro*, fly, fly, swift and rescue him.—

[Ex. *Pet.* with his *Sword* in his hand.

*Cor.* Oh have I found thee, fit for my purpose too ?  
Come, haste along with me,—thou must present my  
Brother *Julio* instantly, or I am lost, and my Project's  
lost, and my Man's lost, and all's lost.

Enter *Petro*.

*Pet.* *Victoria, Villoria*, your Cavalier's the Conquer-  
or ; the other wounded in his Sword-hand, was easily  
disarmed.

*Mar.* Then let's retire, if I am seen I'm lost ;—*Petro*,  
stay here for the Cavalier, and conduct him to me to this  
house ;—I must be speedy now.—

*Cor.* Remember this is *Julio*. [Pointing to *Marcella*.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* I know your design, and warrant ye my part :—  
hah, *Ottavio.* [Exit.

*Enter Ottavio, Morofini and Crapine.*

*Ott.* Now Cowardice, that everlasting Infamy, dwell ever on my face, that Men may point me out that hated Lover that saw his Mistrefs falfe, stood tamely by whilst she repeated Vows ; nay, was so infamous, so dully tame, to hear her swear her Hatred and Averision, yet still I calmly listen'd ; tho my Sword were ready, and did not cut his throat for't.

*Mor.* I thought you said you'd fought.

*Ott.* Yes, I did rouze at last, and wak'd my Wrongs ; But like an Afs, a patient Fool of Honour, I gave him friendly notice I wou'd kill him ; And fought like Prizers, not as angry Rivals.

*Mor.* Why that was handfome,—I love fair play ; what wou'd you else have done ?

*Ott.* Have fall'n upon him like a sudden Storm, (*Enter Pet. and Fill.*) quick unexpected in his height of Love :— see—see yonder ; or I'm mistaken by this glimmering Day, or that is *Fillamour* now entering at her door ; 'tis he, by my Revenge—What say you, Sir ?

*Mor.* By th' Mafs I think 'twas he— [Enter Julio.

*Ott.* *Julio*, I've caught the Wantons in their Toil, I have 'em fast, thy Sister and her Lover. [Embraces him.

*Jul.* Eternal Shame light on me if they scape then.

*Ott.* Follow me quick, whilst we can get Admittance.

*Jul.* Where—here ?

*Ott.* Here,—come all and see her Shame and my Revenge.

*Jul.* And are you not mistaken in the House ?

*Ott.* Mistaken ! I saw the Ravisher enter just now, thy Uncle saw it too ; Oh my exceffive Joy ! come, if I lye—say I'm a Dog, a Villain. [Exeunt as into the House.

S C E N E *Changes to a Chamber. Enter Sir Signal a little groping.*

*Sir Sig.* There's no finding my way out,—and now does Fear make me fancy this some enchanted Castle.—

*Enter*

*Enter Tick. listening.*

*Tick.* Hah, an enchanted Castle!

*Sir Sig.* Belonging to a monstrous Giant; who having spirited away the King of *Tropicopican's* Daughter, keeps her here inclos'd, and that I a wandring Knight am by fickle Fortune sent to her Deliverance. [Tick. listens.

*Tick.* How's that! spirited away the King of *Tropicopican's* Daughter; bleſs me, what unlawful Wickedneſſ is practis'd in this Romish Heathenish Country! [Aside,

*Sir Sig.* And yet the Devil of any Dwarf, Squire or Damsel have I met with yet,—wou'd I were cleanly off this busineſſ—hah, Lights as I live, and People coming this way!—bleſs me from the Giant!—Oh Lord what shall I do!—

[Falls on his Knees.

*Tick.* I fear no Giants, having Justice on my Side; but Reputation makes me tender of my Person.—Hah—what's this, a Curtain: I'll wind my ſelf in this, it may ſecure me. [Winds himſelf in a Window-Curtain.

*Sir Sig.*—They're entring, what shall I do?—hah—here's a Corner; defend me from a Chimney.

(Creeps to the Corner of the Window, and feels a ſpace between Tick's Legs and the Corner; creeps in, and stands up just behind Tickletext.

Enter Gal. leading Laura; Sab. with Lights just after 'em; Jul. Oct. Mor. and Crap.

*Oct.* Juſt in the happy Minute!

*Gal.* I've ſworn by every God, by every Power divine, to marry thee, and ſave thee from the Tyranny of a forc'd Contract.—Nay Gad, if I lose a fine Wench for want of Oaths this bout, the Devil's in me.

*Oct.* What think ye now, Sir?

*Jul.* Damnation on her, ſet my Rage at Liberty, That I may kill 'em both. [Mor. holds him.

*Mor.* I fee no caufe for that, ſhe may be virtuous yet.

*Oct.* Do ye think as ſuch to paſs her off on me, Or that I'll bear the Infamy of your Family? No, I ſcorn her now, but can revenge my Honour on a Rival.

*Mor.* Nay then I'll fee fair Play,—turn and defend thy Life. [Goes to Gal. who turns.

*Jul*

*Jul.* Whilst I do Justice on the Prostitute:—hah—  
Defend me, 'tis the Woman that I love.

*[He gazes, she runs to Gal.]*

*Lau.* *Ottavio!*

*Ott.* *Laura!* my Sister, perfidious shameful—

*[Offers to kill her.]*

*Jul.* Hold, thy Sister this? that Sister I'm to marry.

*Lau.* Is this then *Julio*? and do all the Powers confire  
to make me wretched?

*Ott.* May I be dumb for ever.

*[Holds his Sword down, and looks sadly; Jul. holds*

*Lau. by one hand, pleads with Ott. with the other.* Enter *Fillamour* and *Pet.*

*Fil.* ——Hah, *Galliard*, in danger too. *[Draws,*

*steps to 'em, Mor. puts between.]*

*Ott.* *Fillamour* here! how now, what's the matter  
Friend? *[They talk whilst enter Marcella and Cornelius.]*

*Cor.* Hah, new Broils; sure the Devil's broke loose to  
night.—my Uncle as I live!

*Mor. pleads between Fil. and Ottavio.*

*Mar.* And *Ottavio*, where shall we fly for Safety?

*Cor.* I'll even trust to my Breeches, 'tis too late to re-  
treat;—s'lfe here be our Cavaliers too; nay then,  
ne'er fear falling into the Enemies hands.

*Fil.* I, I fled with *Marcella*! had I been blest with so  
much Love from her, I wou'd have boasted on't i'th' face  
of Heaven.

*Mor.* La ye, Sir. *[To Ottavio.]*

*Fil.* The lovely Maid I own I have a Passion for;  
But by the Powers above the Flame was sacred,  
And wou'd no more have past the Bounds of Honour  
Or Hospitality, than I wou'd basely murder; and were the  
I wou'd from all the World make her for ever mine. (free,

*Mor.* Look ye, Sir, a plain case this.

*Gal.* He tells ye simple truth, Sir.

*Ott.* Was it not you this scarce past night I fought with  
here, in the House by dark, just when you had exchanged  
your Vows with her?

*Lau.* Heavens! was it he?

*[Aside.]*

*Fil.* This Minute was the first I ever enter'd here.

*Jul.* 'Twas I, Sir, was that interrupted Lover,—and  
this the Lady. *Lau.*

*Lau.* And must I yield at last?

[*Aside.*

*Otl.* Wonders and Riddles!

*Gal.* And was this the *Silvianetta*, Sir, you told the Story of?

[*Silily.*

*Jul.* The same whom Inclination, Friends, and Destiny, conspire to make me blest with.

*Gal.* So many Disappointments in one night wou'd make a Man turn honest in spite of Nature.

[*Sir Sig. peeps from behind.*

*Sir Sig.* Some Comfort yet, that I am not the only Fool defeated.

*Otl.* I'm satisfy'd (*To Fil.*)—but what cou'd move you, Sir—(*to Gal.*) to injure me, one of my Birth and Quality?

*Gal.* Faith, Sir, I never stand upon Ceremony when there's a Woman in the cafe,—nor knew I 'twas your Sister: Or if I had, I shou'd ha' lik'd her ne'er the worse for that, had she been kind.

*Jul.* It is my Busineſſ to account with him, And I am satisfy'd he has not injur'd me, he is my Friend.

*Gal.* That's frankly faid; and uncompell'd, I swear she's innocent.

*Otl.* If you're convinc'd, I tob am satisfy'd, And give her to you whilst that Faith continues.

[*Gives him her.*

*Lau.* And must I, must I force my Heart to yield? And yet his generous Confidence obliges me.

[*Aside.*

*Otl.* And here I vow by all the sacred Powers, (*kneels*) that punish Perjury, never to set my Heart on faithleſſ Woman;—never to love nor marry; (*Rises*) Travel shall be my busineſſ—thou my Heir.

[*To Julio.*

*Sir Sig.* So, poor foul, I'll warrant he has been defeated too.

*Mar. Marcella,* Sir, will take ye at your Word.

*Fil. Marcella!*

*Mar.* Who owns with Blushes Truths shou'd be conceal'd, but to prevent more Mischief,—That I was yours, Sir, was against my Will, (*to Otl.*) my Soul was *Filla-mour's* e'er you claim'd a right in me; tho' I never saw or held discourse with him, but at an awful distance,— nor knew he of my Flight.

*Otl.*

*Oz.* I do believe, and give thee back my Claim, I scorn the brutal part of Love ; the noblest Body, where the Heart is wanting. [They all talk aside, *Cornelia comes up to Galliard.*

*Cor.* Why how now, Cavalier, how like a discarded Favourite do you look now, who whilst your Authority lasted, laid about ye, domineer'd, huff and bluster'd, as if there had been no end on't ; now a Man may approach ye without terror—You see the Meat's snach't out of your Mouth, Sir, the Lady's disposed on ; whose Friends and Relations you were so well acquainted with.

*Gal.* Peace Boy, I shall be angry else —

*Cor.* Have you never a cast Mistris, that will take compassion on you : Faith what think ye of the little Curtezan now ?

*Gal.* As ill as e'er I did ; what's that to thee ?

*Cor.* Much more than you're aware on, Sir— —and faith, to tell you Truth, I'm no Servant to Count *Julio*, but e'en a little mischievous Instrument she sent hither to prevent your making love to *Donna Laura*.

*Gal.* 'Tis the her self.—how cou'd that Beauty hide it self so long from being known ? (Aside.) —Malicious little Dog in a Manger, that wou'd neither eat, nor suffer the Hungry to feed themselves, what spiteful Devil cou'd move thee to treat a Lover thus ? but I am pretty well reveng'd on ye.

*Cor.* On me !

*Gal.* You think I did not know those pretty Eyes, that lovely Mouth I have so often kist in cold imagination.

*Cor.* Softly, Tormentor. [They talk aside.

*Mar.* In this disguise we parted from *Viterbo*, attended only by *Petro* and *Philippa* : At *Rome* we took the Title and Habit of two Curtezans ; both to shelter us from knowledge, and to oblige *Fillamour* to visit us, which we believ'd he would in curiosity ; and yesterday it so fell out as we desired.

*Fill.* Howe'er my Eyes might be imposed upon, you see my Heart was firm to its first Object ; can you forget and pardon the mistake ?

*Jul.* She shall, and with *Ottavio's* and my Uncle's leave,—thus make your Title good.— [Gives her to *Fill.* *Oz.*

*Oft.* 'Tis vain to strive with Destiny. [Gives her.  
*Mor.* With all my heart,—but where's *Cornelia* all this while?

*Gal.* Here's the fair Strangler, Sir. [Leads her to *Mor.* he holds his Cane up to her.

*Mor.* Why thou Baggage, thou wicked Contriver of Mischief, what excuse had'st thou for running away? thou had'st no Lover.

*Cor.* 'Twas therefore, Sir, I went to find one; and if I am not mistaken in the mark, 'tis this Cavalier I pitch upon for that use and purpose.

*Gal.* Gad I thank ye for that,—I hope you'll ask my leave first, I'm finely draw in i'faith—Have I been dreaming all this night of the possession of a new-gotten Mistress, to wake and find my self noos'd to a dull Wife in the morning?

*Fill.* Thou talk'st like a Man that never knew the Pleasures thou despisest; faith try it, *Frank*, and thou wilt hate thy past loose way of living.

*Cor.* And to encourage a young Setter up, I do here promise to be the most Mistress-like Wife,—You know, Seignior, I have learnt the trade, tho I had not stock to practice; and will be as expensive, insolent, vain, extravagant and inconstant, as if you only had the keeping part, and another the amorous Assignations. What think ye, Sir?

*Fill.* Faith she pleads well, and ought to carry the Cause.

*Gal.* She speaks Reason, and I'm resolv'd to trust good Nature:—Give me thy dear hand.—

[They all join to give it him, he kisses it.

*Mor.* And now ye are both sped, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil question; are you sure you have been honest? if you have, I know not by what miracle you have liv'd.

*Pet.* Oh, Sir, as for that, I had a small stock of Cash in the hands of a couple of *English* Bankers, one Sir *Signal Buffoon*—

*Sir Sig.* Sir *Signal Buffoon*, what a pox does he mean me trow? [Peeping.

*Pet.* —And one Mr. *Tickletext*.

*Tick.* How was that? *certo* my Name!

(Peeps out, and both see each other; their Faces being close together, one at one side the Curtain, and the other at the other.

*Gal.*

*Gal.* and *Fill.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Sig.* And have I caught you i'faith, Mr. Governour ?  
Nay ne'er put in your head for the matter, here's none  
but Friends, mun.

*Gal.* How now, what have we here ?

*Sir Sig.* Speak of the Devil, and he appears.

[Pulls his Governour forward.

*Tick.* I am undone,—but good Sir *Signal*, do not cry  
Whore first, as the old Proverb says.

*Sir Sig.* And good Mr. Governour, as another old Pro-  
verb says, do not let the Kettle call the Pot black-arfe ?—

*Fill.* How came you hither, Gentlemen ?

*Sir Sig.* Why faith, Sir, divining of a Wedding or two  
forward, I brought Mr. Chaplain to give you a cast of his  
Office, as the saying is.

*Fill.* What, without Book, Mr. *Tickletext* ?

*Cor.* How now, sure you mistake, these are two  
Lovers of mine.

*Sir Sig.* How, Sir, your Lovers ! we are none of  
thoſe, Sir, we are *Engliſhmen*.

*Gal.* You mistake, Sir *Signal*, this is *Silvianetta*.

*Sir Sig.* and *Tick.* How !

[*Aſide.*

*Gal.* Here's another Spark of your acquaintance,—do  
you know him ?

*Tick.* How *Barberacho* : nay then all will out.—

*Gal.* Yes, and your Fencing and Civility-Master.

*Sir Sig.* Ay,—Why was it you that pickt our Pockets  
then, and cheated us ?

*Gal.* Most damnable,—but since 'twas for the supply  
of two fair Ladies, all shall be restor'd again.

*Tick.* Some comfort that.

*Fill.* Come, let's in, and forgive all ; 'twas but one  
Night's Intrigue, in which all were a little faulty.

*Sir Sig.* And Governour, pray let me have no more  
Domineering and Usurpation : but as we have hitherto  
been honest Brothers in Iniquity, so let's wink hereafter at  
each others Frailties ;

*Since Love and Women easily betray Man,  
From the grave Gown-man to the busy Lay-man.*

## E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

SO hard the times are, and so thin the Town,  
 Tho but one Playhouse, that must too lie down ;  
 And when we fail, what will the Poets do ?  
 They live by us as we are kept by you :  
 When we disband, they no more Plays will write,  
 But make Lampoons, and libel ye in spite ;  
 Discover each false Heart that lies within,  
 Nor Man nor Woman shall in private sin ;  
 The precise whoring Husband's haunts betray,  
 Which the demurer Lady to repay, }  
 In his own coin does the just debt defray.  
 The brisk young Beauty link'd to Lands and Age,  
 Shuns the dull Property, and strokes the youthful Page ;  
 And if the Strippling apprehend not soon,  
 Turns him aside, and takes the brawny Groom ;  
 Whilst the kind Man so true a Husband proves,  
 To think all's well done by the thing he loves ;  
 Knows he's a Cuckold, yet content to hear  
 Whate'er Heaven sends, or Horns or lusty Heir.  
 Fops of all sorts he draws more artfully,  
 Than ever on the Stage did Nokes or Leigh :  
 And Heaven be prais'd when these are scarce, each Bro-  
 O'th' Pen contrives to set on one another. }  
 These are the effects of angry Poets Rage,  
 Driven from their Winter-Quarters on the Stage ;  
 And when we go, our Women vanish too,  
 What will the well-fledg'd keeping Gallant do ?  
 And where but here can he expect to find  
 A gay young Damsel manag'd to his mind,  
 Who ruins him, and yet seems wondrous kind ? }  
 On

*One insolent and false, and what is worse,  
Governs his Heart, and manages his Purse,  
Makes him what' er she'd have him to believe,  
Spends his Estate, then learns him how to live ?  
I hope these weighty Considerations will  
Move ye to keep us altogether full ;  
To treat us equal to our great Desert,  
And pay your Tributes with a franker Heart ;  
If not, th' aforesaid Ills will come, and we must part.* }

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*The End of the Second Volume.*









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